

THE  
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,  
and Politics.*

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VOL. XXV.—FEBRUARY, 1870.—NO. CXLVIII.

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JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER IV.

ON the following Saturday afternoon, Rachel Miller sat at the front window of the sitting-room, and arranged her light task of sewing and darning, with a feeling of unusual comfort. The household work of the week was over; the weather was fine and warm, with a brisk drying breeze for the hay on the hill-field, the last load of which Joseph expected to have in the barn before his five-o'clock supper was ready. As she looked down the valley, she noticed that the mowers were still swinging their way through Hunter's grass, and that Cunningham's corn sorely needed working. There was a different state of things on the Astén place. Everything was done, and well done, up to the front of the season. The weather had been fortunate, it was true; but Joseph had urged on the work with a different spirit. It seemed to her that he had taken a new interest in the farm; he was here and there, even inspecting with his own eyes the minor duties which had been formerly intrusted to his man Dennis. How

could she know that this activity was the only outlet for a restless heart?

If any evil should come of his social recreation, she had done her duty; but no evil seemed likely. She had always separated his legal from his moral independence; there was no enactment establishing the period when the latter commenced, and it could not be made manifest by documents, like the former. She would have admitted, certainly, that her guardianship must cease at some time, but the thought of making preparation for that time had never entered her head. She only understood conditions, not the adaptation of characters to them. Going back over her own life, she could recall but little difference between the girl of eighteen and the woman of thirty. There was the same place in her home, the same duties, the same subjection to the will of her parents,—no exercise of independence or self-reliance anywhere, and no growth of those virtues beyond what a passive maturity brought with it.

Even now she thought very little about any question of life in connection

with Joseph. Her parents had trained her in the discipline of a rigid sect, and she could not dissociate the idea of morality from that of solemn renunciation. She could not say that social pleasures were positively wrong, but they always seemed to her to be enjoyed on the outside of an open door labelled "Temptation"; and who could tell what lay beyond? Some very good people, she knew, were fond of company, and made merry in an innocent fashion; they were of mature years and settled characters, and Joseph was only a boy. The danger, however, was not so imminent: no fault could be found with his attention to duty, and a chance so easily escaped was a comfortable guaranty for the future.

In the midst of this mood (we can hardly say, train of thought), she detected the top of a carriage through the bushes fringing the lane. The vehicle presently came into view: Anna Warriner was driving, and there were two other ladies on the back seat. As they drew up at the hitching-post on the green, she recognized Lucy Henderson getting out; but the airy creature who sprang after her,—the girl with dark, falling ringlets,—could it be the stranger from town? The plain, country-made gingham dress, the sober linen collar, the work-bag on her arm,—could they belong to the stylish young lady whose acquaintance had turned Anna's head?

A proper spirit of hospitality required her to meet the visitors at the gate; so there was no time left for conjecture. She was a little confused, but not dissatisfied at the chance of seeing the stranger.

"We thought we could come for an hour this afternoon, without disturbing you," said Anna Warriner. "Mother has lost your receipt for pickling cherries, and Bob said you were already through with the hay-harvest; and so we brought Julia along,—this is Julia Blessing."

"How do you do?" said Miss Blessing, timidly extending her hand, and

slightly dropping her eyelids. She then fell behind Anna and Lucy, and spoke no more until they were all seated in the sitting-room.

"How do you like the country by this time?" Rachel asked, feeling that a little attention was necessary to a new guest.

"So well that I think I shall never like the city again," Miss Blessing answered. "This quiet, peaceful life is such a rest; and I really never before knew what order was, and industry, and economy."

She looked around the room as she spoke, and glanced at the barn through the eastern window.

"Yes, your ways in town are very different," Rachel remarked.

"It seems to me, *now*, that they are entirely artificial. I find myself so ignorant of the proper way of living that I should be embarrassed among you, if you were not all so very kind. But I am trying to learn a little."

"O, we don't expect too much of town's-folks," said Rachel, in a much more friendly tone, "and we're always glad to see them willing to put up with our ways. But not many are."

"Please don't count *me* among those!" Miss Blessing exclaimed.

"No, indeed, Miss Rachel!" said Anna Warriner; "you'd be surprised to know how Julia gets along with everything,—don't she, Lucy?"

"Yes, she's very quick," Lucy Henderson replied.

Miss Blessing cast down her eyes, smiled, and shook her head.

Rachel Miller asked some questions which opened the sluices of Miss Warriner's gossip,—and she had a good store of it. The ways and doings of various individuals were discussed, and Miss Blessing's occasional remarks showed a complete familiarity with them. Her manner was grave and attentive, and Rachel was surprised to find so much unobtrusive good sense in her views. The reality was so different from her previously assumed impression, that she felt bound to make some reparation. Almost before she



was aware of it, her manner became wholly friendly and pleasant.

"May I look at your trees and flowers?" Miss Blessing asked, when the gossip had been pretty well exhausted.

They all arose and went out on the lawn. Rose and woodbine, phlox and verbena, passed under review, and then the long, rounded walls of box attracted Miss Blessing's eye. This was a feature of the place in which Rachel Miller felt considerable pride, and she led the way through the garden gate. Anna Warriner, however, paused, and said:—

"Lucy, let us go down to the spring-house. We can get back again before Julia has half finished her raptures."

Lucy hesitated a moment. She looked at Miss Blessing, who laughed and said, "O, don't mind me!" as she took her place at Rachel's side.

The avenue of box ran the whole length of the garden, which sloped gently to the south. At the bottom, the green walls curved outward, forming three fourths of a circle, spacious enough to contain several seats. There was a delightful view of the valley through the opening.

"The loveliest place I ever saw!" exclaimed Miss Blessing, taking one of the rustic chairs. "How pleasant it must be, when you have all your neighbors here together!"

Rachel Miller was a little startled; but before she could reply, Miss Blessing continued:—

"There is such a difference between a company of young people here in the country, and what is called 'a party' in the city. There it is all dress and flirtation and vanity, but here it is only neighborly visiting on a larger scale. I have enjoyed the quiet company of all your folks so much the more, because I felt that it was so very innocent. Indeed, I don't see how anybody *could* be led into harmful ways here."

"I don't know," said Rachel: "we must learn to mistrust our own hearts."

"You are right! The best are weak—of themselves; but there is more

safety where all have been brought up unacquainted with temptation. Now, you will perhaps wonder at me when I say that I could trust the young men—for instance, Mr. Asten, your nephew—as if they were my brothers. That is, I feel a positive certainty of their excellent character. What they say they mean: it is otherwise in the city. It is delightful to see them all together, like members of one family. You must enjoy it, I should think, when they meet here."

Rachel Miller's eyes opened wide, and there was both a puzzled and a searching expression in the look she gave Miss Blessing. The latter, with an air of almost infantine simplicity, her lips slightly parted, accepted the scrutiny with a quiet cheerfulness which seemed the perfection of candor.

"The truth is," said Rachel, slowly, "this is a new thing. I hope the merry-makings are as innocent as you think; but I'm afraid they unsettle the young people, after all."

"Do you, really?" exclaimed Miss Blessing. "What have you seen in them which leads you to think so? But no—never mind my question: you may have reasons which I have no right to ask. Now, I remember Mr. Asten telling Anna and Lucy and myself, how much he should like to invite his friends here, if it were not for a duty which prevented it; and a duty, he said, was more important to him than a pleasure."

"Did Joseph say that?" Rachel exclaimed.

"O, perhaps I ought n't to have told it," said Miss Blessing, casting down her eyes and blushing in confusion: "in that case, *please* don't say anything about it! Perhaps it was a duty towards you, for he told me that he looked upon you as a second mother."

Rachel's eyes softened, and it was a little while before she spoke. "I've tried to do my duty by him," she faltered at last, "but it sometimes seems an unthankful business, and I can't always tell how he takes it. And so he wanted to have a company here?"

"I am so sorry I said it!" cried Miss Blessing. "I never thought you were opposed to company, on principle. Miss Chaffinch, the minister's daughter, you know, was there the last time; and, really, if you could see it— But it is presumptuous in me to say anything. Indeed, I am not a fair judge, because these little gatherings have enabled me to make such pleasant acquaintances. And the young men tell me that they work all the better after them."

"It's only on *his* account," said Rachel.

"Nay, I'm sure that the last thing Mr. Asten would wish would be your giving up a principle for his sake! I know, from his face, that his own character is founded on principle. And, besides, here in the country, you don't keep count of hospitality, as they do in the city, and feel obliged to return as much as you receive. So, if you will try to forget what I have said—"

Rachel interrupted her. "I meant something different. Joseph knows why I objected to parties. He must not feel under obligations which I stand in the way of his repaying. If he tells me that he should like to invite his friends to this place, I will help him to entertain them."

"You *are* his second mother, indeed," Miss Blessing murmured, looking at her with a fond admiration. "And now I can hope that you will forgive my thoughtlessness. I should feel humiliated in his presence, if he knew that I had repeated his words. But he will not ask you, and this is the end of any harm I may have done."

"No," said Rachel, "he will not ask me; but won't I be an offence in his mind?"

"I can understand how you feel—only a woman can judge a woman's heart. Would you think me too forward if I tell you what might be done, this once?"

She stole softly up to Rachel as she spoke, and laid her hand gently upon her arm.

"Perhaps I am wrong,—but if *you*

were first to suggest to your nephew that if he wished to make some return for the hospitality of his neighbors,—or put it in whatever form you think best,—would not that remove the 'offence' (though he surely cannot look at it in that light), and make him grateful and happy?"

"Well," said Rachel, after a little reflection, "if anything is done, that would be as good a way as any."

"And, of course, you won't mention me?"

"There's no call to do it—as I can see."

"Julia, dear!" cried Anna from the gate; "come and see the last load of hay hauled into the barn!"

"I should like to see it, if you will excuse me," said Miss Blessing to Rachel; "I have taken quite an interest in farming."

As they were passing the porch, Rachel paused on the step and said to Anna: "You'll bide and get your suppers?"

"I don't know," Anna replied: "we did n't mean to; but we stayed longer than we intended—"

"Then you can easily stay longer still."

There was nothing unfriendly in Rachel's blunt manner. Anna laughed, took Miss Blessing by the arm, and started for the barn. Lucy Henderson quietly turned and entered the house, where, without any offer of services, she began to assist in arranging the table.

The two young ladies took their stand on the green, at a safe distance, as the huge fragrant load approached. The hay overhung and concealed the wheels, as well as the hind quarters of the oxen, and on the summit stood Joseph, in his shirt-sleeves and leaning on a pitch-fork. He bent forward as he saw them, answering their greetings with an eager, surprised face.

"O, take care, take care!" cried Miss Blessing, as the load entered the barn-door; but Joseph had already dropped upon his knees and bent his shoulders. Then the wagon stood

upon the barn-floor; he sprang lightly upon a beam, descended the upright ladder, and the next moment was shaking hands with them.

"We have kept our promise, you see," said Miss Blessing.

"Have you been in the house yet?"

Joseph asked, looking at Anna.

"O, for an hour past, and we are going to take supper with you."

"Dennis!" cried Joseph, turning towards the barn, "we will let the load stand to-night."

"How much better a man looks in shirt-sleeves than in a dress-coat!" remarked Miss Blessing aside to Anna Warriner, but not in so low a tone as to prevent Joseph from hearing it.

"Why, Julia, you are perfectly countenanced! I never saw anything like it!" Anna replied.

Joseph turned to them again, with a bright flush on his face. He caught Miss Blessing's eyes, full of admiration, before the lids fell modestly over them.

"So you've seen my home, already?" he said, as they walked slowly towards the house.

"O, not the half yet!" she answered, in a low, earnest tone. "A place so lovely and quiet as this cannot be appreciated at once. I almost wish I had not seen it: what shall I do when I must go back to the hot pavements, and the glaring bricks, and the dust, and the hollow, artificial life?" She tried to check a sigh, but only partially succeeded; then, with a sudden effort, she laughed lightly, and added: "I wonder if everybody does n't long for something else? Now, Anna, here, would think it heavenly to change places with me."

"Such privileges as you have!" Anna protested.

"Privileges?" Miss Blessing echoed. "The privilege of hearing scandal, of being judged by your dress, of learning the forms and manners, instead of the good qualities, of men and women? No! give me an independent life."

"Alone?" suggested Miss Warriner.

Joseph looked at Miss Blessing, who

made no reply. Her head was turned aside, and he could well understand that she must feel hurt at Anna's delicacy.

In the house, Rachel Miller and Lucy had, in the mean time, been occupied in domestic matters. The former, however, was so shaken out of her usual quiet by the conversation in the garden, that in spite of prudent resolves to keep quiet, she could not restrain herself from asking a question or two.

"Lucy," said she, "how do you find these evening parties you've been attending?"

"They are lively and pleasant,—at least every one says so."

"Are you going to have any more?"

"It seems to be the wish," said Lucy, suddenly hesitating, as she found Rachel's eyes intently fixed upon her face.

The latter was silent for a minute, arranging the tea-service; but she presently asked again: "Do you think Joseph would like to invite the young people here?"

"She has told you!" Lucy exclaimed, in unfeigned irritation. "Miss Rachel, don't let it trouble you a moment: nobody expects it of you!"

Lucy felt, immediately, that her expression had been too frankly positive; but even the consciousness thereof did not enable her to comprehend its effect.

Rachel straightened herself a little, and said "Indeed?" in anything but an amiable tone. She went to the cupboard and returned, before speaking again. "I did n't say anybody told me," she continued; "it's likely that Joseph might think of it, and I don't see why people should expect me to stand in the way of his wishes."

Lucy was so astonished that she could not immediately reply; and the entrance of Joseph and the two ladies cut off all further opportunity of clearing up what she felt to be an awkward misunderstanding.

"I must help, too!" cried Miss Blessing, skipping into the kitchen after Rachel. "That is one thing, at least, which we can learn in the city.

Indeed, if it was n't for housekeeping, I should feel terribly useless."

Rachel protested against her help, but in vain. Miss Blessing had a laugh and a lively answer for every remonstrance, and flitted about in a manner which conveyed the impression that she was doing a great deal.

Joseph could scarcely believe his eyes, when he came down from his room in fresh attire, and beheld his aunt not only so assisted, but seeming to enjoy it. Lucy, who appeared to be ill at ease, had withdrawn from the table, and was sitting silently beside the window. Recalling their conversation a few evenings before, he suspected that she might be transiently annoyed on his aunt's account; she had less confidence, perhaps, in Miss Blessing's winning, natural manners. So Lucy's silence threw no shadow upon his cheerfulness: he had never felt so happy, so free, so delighted to assume the character of a host.

After the first solemnity which followed the taking of seats at the table, the meal proceeded with less than the usual decorum. Joseph, indeed, so far forgot his duties, that his aunt was obliged to remind him of them from time to time. Miss Blessing was enthusiastic over the cream and butter and marmalade, and Rachel Miller found it exceedingly pleasant to have her handiwork appreciated. Although she always did her best, for Joseph's sake, she knew that men have very ignorant, indifferent tastes in such matters.

When the meal was over, Anna Warriner said: "We are going to take Lucy on her way as far as the cross-roads; so there will not be more than time to get home by sunset."

Before the carriage was ready, however, another vehicle drove up the lane. Elwood Withers jumped out, gave Joseph a hearty grip of his powerful hand, greeted the others rapidly, and then addressed himself specially to Lucy: "I was going to a township-meeting at the Corner," said he; "but Bob Warriner told me you were here

with Anna, so I thought I could save her a roundabout drive by taking you myself."

"Thank you; but I'm sorry you should go so far out of your road," said Lucy. Her face was pale, and there was an evident constraint in the smile which accompanied the words.

"O, he'd go twice as far for company," Anna Warriner remarked. "You know I'd take you, and welcome, but Elwood has a good claim on you, now."

"I have no claim, Lucy," said Elwood, rather doggedly.

"Let us go, then," were Lucy's words.

She rose, and the four were soon seated in the two vehicles. They drove away in the low sunshine, one pair chatting and laughing merrily as long as they were within hearing, the other singularly grave and silent.

#### CHAPTER V.

FOR half a mile Elwood Withers followed the carriage containing Anna Warriner and her friend; then, at the curve of the valley their roads parted, and Lucy and he were alone. The soft light of the delicious summer evening was around them; the air, cooled by the stream which broadened and bickered beside their way, was full of all healthy meadow odors, and every farm in the branching dells they passed was a picture of tranquil happiness. Yet Lucy had sighed before she was aware of it,—a very faint, tremulous breath, but it reached Elwood's sensitive ear.

"You don't seem quite well, Lucy," he said.

"Because I have talked so little?" she asked.

"Not just that, but—I was almost afraid my coming for you was not welcome. I don't mean—" But here he grew confused, and did not finish the sentence.

"Indeed, it was very kind of you," said she. This was not an answer to his remark, and both felt that it was not.

Elwood struck the horse with his

whip, then as suddenly drew the reins on the startled animal. "Pshaw!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was almost fierce, "what's the use o' my beating about the bush in this way?"

Lucy caught her breath, and clenched her hands under her shawl for one instant. Then she became calm, and waited for him to say more.

"Lucy!" he continued, turning towards her, "you have a right to think me a fool. I can talk to anybody else more freely than to you, and the reason is, I want to say more to you than to any other woman! There's no use in my being a coward any longer; it's a desperate venture I'm making, but it must be made. Have you never guessed how I feel towards you?"

"Yes," she answered, very quietly.

"Well, what do you say to it?" He tried to speak calmly, but his breath came thick and hard, and the words sounded hoarsely.

"I will say this, Elwood," said she, "that because I saw your heart, I have watched your ways and studied your character. I find you honest and manly in everything, and so tender and faithful that I wish I could return your affection in the same measure."

A gleam, as of lightning, passed over his face.

"O, don't misunderstand me!" she cried, her calmness forsaking her, "I esteem, I honor you, and that makes it harder for me to seem ungrateful, unfeeling,—as I must. Elwood, if I could, I would answer you as you wish, but I cannot."

"If I wait?" he whispered.

"And lose your best years in a vain hope! No, Elwood, my friend,—let me always call you so,—I have been cowardly also. I knew an explanation must come, and I shrank from the pain I should feel in giving you pain. It is hard; and better for both of us that it should not be repeated!"

"There's something wrong in this world!" he exclaimed, after a long pause. "I suppose you could no more force yourself to love me than I could force myself to love Anna Warriner or

that Miss Blessing. Then what put it into my heart to love you? Was it God or the Devil?"

"Elwood!"

"How can I help myself? Can I help drawing my breath? Did I set about it of my own will? Here I see a life that belongs to my own life,—as much a part of it as my head or heart; but I can't reach it,—it draws away from me, and maybe joins itself to some one else forever! O my God!"

Lucy burst into such a violent passion of weeping, that Elwood forgot himself in his trouble for her. He had never witnessed such grief, as it seemed to him, and his honest heart was filled with self-reproach at having caused it.

"Forgive me, Lucy!" he said, very tenderly encircling her with his arm, and drawing her head upon his shoulder; "I spoke rashly and wickedly, in my disappointment. I thought only of myself, and forgot that I might hurt you by my words. I'm not the only man who has this kind of trouble to bear; and perhaps if I could see clearer—but I don't know; I can only see one thing."

She grew calmer as he spoke. Lifting her head from his shoulder, she took his hand, and said: "You are a true and a noble man, Elwood. It is only a grief to me that I cannot love you as a wife should love her husband. But my will is as powerless as yours."

"I believe you, Lucy," he answered, sadly. "It's not your fault,—but, then, it is n't mine, either. You make me feel that the same rule fits both of us, leastways so far as helping the matter is concerned. You need n't tell me I may find another woman to love; the very thought of it makes me sick at heart. I'm rougher than you are, and awkward in my ways—"

"It is not that! O, believe me, it is not that!" cried Lucy, interrupting him. "Have you ever sought for reasons to account for your feeling toward me? Is it not something that does not seem to depend upon what I am,—

upon any qualities that distinguish me from other women?"

"How do you know so much?" Elwood asked. "Have you—" He commenced, but did not finish the question. He leaned silently forward, urged on the horse, and Lucy could see that his face was very stern.

"They say," she began, on finding that he was not inclined to speak,—"they say that women have a natural instinct which helps them to understand many things; and I think it must be true. Why can you not spare me the demand for reasons which I have not? If I were to take time, and consider it, and try to explain, it would be of no help to you: it would not change the fact. I suppose a man feels humiliated when this trouble comes upon him. He shows his heart, and there seems to be a claim upon the woman of his choice to show hers in return. The sense of injustice is worse than humiliation, Elwood. Though I cannot, cannot do otherwise, I shall always have the feeling that I have wronged you."

"O Lucy," he murmured, in a very sad, but not reproachful voice, "every word you say, in showing me that I must give you up, only makes it more impossible to me. And it *is* just impossible,—that's the end of the matter! I know how people talk about trials being sent us for our good, and its being the will of God, and all that. It's a trial, that's true: whether it's for my good or not, I shall learn after a while; but I can find out God's will only by trying the strength of my own. Don't be afeared, Lucy! I've no notion of saying or doing anything from this time on to disturb you, but *here* you are" (striking his breast with his clenched hand), "and here you will be when the day comes, as I feel that it must and *shall* come, to bring us together!"

She could see the glow of his face in the gathering dusk, as he turned towards her and offered his hand. How could she help taking it? If some pulse in her own betrayed the thrill of admiring recognition of the man's powerful and tender nature, which sudden-

ly warmed her oppressed blood, she did not fear that he would draw courage from the token. She wished to speak, but found no words which, coming after his, would not have seemed either cold and unsympathetic, or too near the verge of the hope which she would gladly have crushed.

Elwood was silent for a while, and hardly appeared to be awaiting an answer. Meanwhile the road left the valley, climbing the shoulders of its enclosing hills, where the moist meadow fragrance was left behind, and dry, warm breezes, filled with the peculiar smell of the wheat-fields, blew over them. It was but a mile farther to the Corner, near which Lucy's parents resided.

"How came you three to go to Joseph's place this afternoon?" he asked. "Was n't it a dodge of Miss Blessing's?"

"She proposed it,—partly in play, I think; and when she afterwards insisted on our going, there seemed to be no good reason for refusing."

"O, of course not," said Elwood; "but tell me now, honestly, Lucy, what do you make out of her?"

Lucy hesitated a moment. "She is a little wilful in her ways, perhaps, but we must n't judge too hastily. We have known her such a short time. Her manner is very amiable."

"I don't know about that," Elwood remarked. "It reminds me of one of her dresses,—so ruffled, and puckered, and stuck over with ribbons and things, that you can't rightly tell what the stuff is. I'd like to be sure whether she has an eye to Joseph."

"To *him*!" Lucy exclaimed.

"Him first and foremost! He's as innocent as a year-old baby. There is n't a better fellow living than Joseph Astens, but his bringing up has been fitter for a girl than a boy. He hasn't had his eye-teeth cut yet, and it's my opinion that *she* has."

"What do you mean by that?"

"No harm. Used to the world, as much as anything else. He don't know how to take people; he thinks th' outside color runs down to the core.



So it does with him; but *I* can't see what that girl is, under her pleasant ways, and he won't guess that there's anything else of her. Between ourselves, Lucy,—you don't like her. I saw that when you came away, though you were kissing each other at the time."

"What a hypocrite I must be!" cried Lucy, rather fiercely.

"Not a bit of it. Women kiss as men shake hands. You don't go around, saying, 'Julia dear!' like Anna Warner."

Lucy could not help laughing. "There," she said, "that's enough, Elwood! I'd rather you would think yourself in the right than to say anything more about her this evening."

She sighed wearily, not attempting to conceal her fatigue and depression.

"Well, well!" he replied; "I'll pester you no more with disagreeable subjects. There's the house, now, and you'll soon be rid of me. I won't tell you, Lucy, that if you ever want for friendly service, you must look to me,—because I'm afeared you won't feel free to do it; but you'll take all I can find to do without your asking."

Without waiting for an answer he drew up his horse at the gate of her home, handed her out, said "Good night!" and drove away.

Such a singular restlessness took possession of Joseph, after the departure of his guests, that the evening quiet of the farm became intolerable. He saddled his horse and set out for the village, readily inventing an errand which explained the ride to himself as well as to his aunt.

The regular movements of the animal did not banish the unquiet motions of his mind, but it relieved him by giving them a wider sweep and a more definite form. The man who walks is subject to the power of his Antæus of a body, moving forwards only by means of the weight which holds it to the earth. There is a clog upon all his thoughts, an ever-present sense of re-

striction and impotence. But when he is lifted above the soil, with the air under his foot-soles, swiftly moving without effort, his mind, a poisoning Mercury, mounts on winged heels. He feels the liberation of new and nimble powers; wider horizons stretch around his inward vision; obstacles are measured or overlooked; the brute strength under him charges his whole nature with a more vigorous electricity.

The fresh, warm, healthy vital force which filled Joseph's body to the last embranchment of every nerve and vein—the hum of those multitudinous spirits of life, which, while building their glorious abode, march as if in triumphant procession through its secret passages, and summon all the fairest phantoms of sense to their completed chambers—constituted, far more than he suspected, an element of his disturbance. This was the strong pinion on which his mind and soul hung balanced, above the close atmosphere which he seemed to ride away from, as he rode. The great joy of human life filled and thrilled him; all possibilities of action and pleasure and emotion swam before his sight; all he had read or heard of individual careers in all ages, climates, and conditions of the race—dazzling pictures of the myriad-sided earth, to be won by whosoever dared arbitrarily to seize the freedom waiting for his grasp—floated through his brain.

Hitherto a conscience not born of his own nature,—a very fair and saintly-visaged jailer of thought, but a jailer none the less,—had kept strict guard over every outward movement of his mind, gently touching hope and desire and conjecture when they reached a certain line, and saying, "No; no farther: it is prohibited." But now, with one strong, involuntary throb, he found himself beyond the line, with all the ranges ever trodden by man stretching forward to a limitless horizon. He rose in his stirrups, threw out his arms, lifted his face towards the sky, and cried, "God! I see what I am!"

It was only a glimpse,—like that of a



landscape struck in golden fire by lighting, from the darkness. "What is it," he mused, "that stands between me and this vision of life? Who built a wall of imaginary law around these needs, which are in themselves inexorable laws? The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, they say in warning. Bright, boundless world, my home, my play-ground, my battle-field, my kingdom to be conquered! And this body they tell me to despise,—this perishing house of clay, which is so intimately myself that its comfort and delight cheer me to the inmost soul: it is a dwelling fit for an angel to inhabit! Shall not its hungering senses all be fed? Who shall decide for me—if not myself—on their claims,—who can judge for me what strength requires to be exercised, what pleasure to be enjoyed, what growth to be forwarded? All around me, everywhere, are the means of gratification,—I have but to reach forth my hand and grasp; but a narrow cell, built ages ago, encloses me wherever I go!"

Such was the vague substance of his thoughts. It was the old struggle between life—primitive, untamed life, as the first man may have felt it—and its many masters: assertion and resistance, all the more fierce because so many influences laid their hands upon its forces. As he came back to his usual self, refreshed by this temporary escape, Joseph wondered whether other men shared the same longing and impatience; and this turned his musings into another channel. "Why do men so carefully conceal what is deepest and strongest in their natures? Why is so little of spiritual struggle and experience ever imparted? The convert publicly admits his sinful experience, and tries to explain the entrance of grace into his regenerated nature; the reformed drunkard seems to take a positive delight in making his former condition degraded and loathsome; but the opening of the individual life to the knowledge of power and passion and all the possibilities of the world is kept more secret than sin.

Love is hidden as if it were a reproach; friendship watched, lest it express its warmth too frankly; joy and grief and doubt and anxiety repressed as much as possible. A great lid is shut down upon the human race. They must painfully stoop and creep, instead of standing erect with only God's heaven over their heads. I am lonely, but I know not how to cry for companionship; my words would not be understood, or, if they were, would not be answered. Only one gate is free to me,—that leading to the love of woman. There, at least, must be such an intense, intimate sympathy as shall make the reciprocal revelation of the lives possible!"

Full of this single certainty, which, the more he pondered upon it, seemed to be his nearest chance of help, Joseph rode slowly homewards. Rachel Miller, who had impatiently awaited his coming, remarked the abstraction of his face, and attributed it to a very different cause. She was thereby wonderfully strengthened to make her communication in regard to the evening company; nevertheless, the subject was so slowly approached and so ambiguously alluded to, that Joseph could not immediately understand it.

"That is something! That is a step!" he said to himself; then, turning towards her with a genuine satisfaction in his face, added: "Aunt, do you know that I have never really felt until now that I am the owner of this property? It will be more of a home to me after I have received the neighborhood as my guests. It has always controlled me, but now it must serve me!"

He laughed in great good-humor, and Rachel Miller, in her heart, thanked Miss Julia Blessing.

#### CHAPTER VI.

RACHEL MILLER was not a woman to do a thing by halves. As soon as the question was settled, she gave her heart and mind to the necessary preparations. There might have been a

little surprise in some quarters, when the fact became known in the neighborhood through Joseph's invitation, but no expression of it reached the Astens place. Mrs. Warriner, Anna's mother, called to inquire if she could be of service, and also to suggest, indirectly, her plan of entertaining company. Rachel detected the latter purpose, and was a little more acquiescent than could have been justified to her own conscience, seeing that at the very moment when she was listening with much apparent meekness, she was mentally occupied with plans for outdoing Mrs. Warriner. Moreover, the Rev. Mr. Chaffinch had graciously signified his willingness to be present, and the stamp of strictest orthodoxy was thus set upon the entertainment. She was both assured and stimulated, as the time drew near, and even surprised Joseph by saying: "If I was better acquainted with Miss Blessing, she might help me a good deal in fixing everything just as it should be. There are times, it seems, when it's an advantage to know something of the world."

"I'll ask her!" Joseph exclaimed.

"You! And a mess you'd make of it, very likely; men think they've only to agree to invite a company, and that's all! There's a hundred things to be thought of that women must look to; you could n't even understand 'em. As for speaking to her,—she's one of the *invites*, and it would never do in the world."

Joseph said no more, but he silently determined to ask Miss Blessing on her arrival; there would still be time. She, with her wonderful instinct, her power of accommodating people to each other, and the influence which she had already acquired with his aunt, would certainly see at a glance how the current was setting, and guide it in the proper direction.

But, as the day drew near, he grew so restless and uneasy that there seemed nothing better to do than to ride over to Warriner's in the hope of catching a moment's conference with her, in advance of the occasion.

He was entirely fortunate. Anna was apparently very busy with household duties, and after the first greetings left him alone with Miss Blessing. He had anticipated a little difficulty in making his message known, and was therefore much relieved when she said: "Now, Mr. Astens, I see by your face that you have something particular to say. It's about to-morrow night, is n't it? You must let me help you, if I can, because I am afraid I have been, without exactly intending it, the cause of so much trouble to you and your aunt."

Joseph opened his heart at once. All that he had meant to say came easily and naturally to his lips, because Miss Blessing seemed to feel and understand the situation, and met him halfway in her bright, cheerful acquiescence. Almost before he knew it, he had made her acquainted with what had been said and done at home. How easily she solved the absurd doubts and difficulties which had so unnecessarily tormented him! How clearly, through her fine female instinct, she grasped little peculiarities of his aunt's nature, which he, after years of close companionship, had failed to define! Miss Rachel, she said, was both shy and inexperienced, and it was only the struggle to conceal these conscious defects which made her seem—not unamiable, exactly, but irregular in her manner. Her age, and her character in the neighborhood, did not permit her to appear incompetent to any emergency: it was a very natural pride, and must be treated both delicately and tenderly.

Would Joseph trust the matter entirely to her, Miss Blessing? It was a great deal to ask, she knew, comparative stranger as she was; but she believed that a woman, when her nature had not been distorted by the conventionalities of life, had a natural talent for smoothing difficulties, and removing obstacles for others. Her friends had told her that she possessed this power; and it was a great happiness to think so. In the present case, she was *sure*

she should make no mistake. She would endeavor not to seem to suggest anything, but merely to assist in such a way that Miss Rachel would of herself see what else was necessary to be done.

"Now," she remarked, in conclusion, "this sounds like vanity in me; but I really hope it is not. You must remember that in the city we are obliged to know all the little social arts, — and artifices, I am afraid. It is not always to our credit, but then, the heart *may* be kept fresh and uncorrupted."

She sighed, and cast down her eyes. Joseph felt the increasing charm of a nature so frank and so trustful, constantly luring to the surface the maiden secrets of his own. The confidence already established between them was wholly delightful, because their sense of reciprocity increased as it deepened. He felt so free to speak that he could not measure the fitness of his words, but exclaimed, without a pause for thought: —

"Tell me, Miss Julia, did you not suggest this party to Aunt Rachel?"

"Don't give me too much credit!" she answered; "it was talked about, and I could n't help saying Ay. I longed so much to see you — all — again before I go away."

"And Lucy Henderson objected to it?"

"Lucy, I think, wanted to save your aunt trouble. Perhaps she did not guess that the real objection was inexperience, and not want of will to entertain company. And very likely she helped to bring it about, by seeming to oppose it; so you must not be angry with Lucy, — promise me!"

She looked at him with an irresistibly entreating expression, and extended her hand, which he seized so warmly as to give her pain. But she returned the pressure, and there was a moment's silence, which Anna Warriner interrupted at the right time.

The next day, on the Asten farm, all the preparations were quietly and successfully made long in advance of the first arrivals. The Rev. Mr. Chaffinch

and a few other specially chosen guests made their appearance in the afternoon. To Joseph's surprise, the Warriners and Miss Blessing speedily joined them. It was, in reality, a private arrangement which his aunt had made, in order to secure at the start the very assistance which he had been plotting to render. One half the secret of the ease and harmony which he felt was established was thus unknown to him. He looked for hints or indications of management on Miss Blessing's part, but saw none. The two women, meeting each other half-way, needed no words in order to understand each other, and Miss Rachel, gradually made secure in her part of hostess, experienced a most unaccustomed sense of triumph.

At the supper-table Mr. Chaffinch asked a blessing with fervor; a great, balmy dish of chickens stewed in cream was smoking before his nostrils, and his fourth cup of tea made Rachel Miller supremely happy. The meal was honored in silence, as is the case where there is much to eat and a proper desire and capacity to do it: only towards its close, when the excellence of the jams required acknowledgment, were the tongues of the guests loosened, and content made them cheerful.

"You have entertained us almost too sumptuously, Miss Miller," said the clergyman. "And now let us go out on the portico, and welcome the young people as they arrive."

"I need hardly ask you, then, Mr. Chaffinch," said she, "whether you think it right for them to come together in this way."

"Decidedly!" he answered; "that is, so long as their conversation is modest and becoming. It is easy for the vanities of the world to slip in, but we must watch, — we must watch."

Rachel Miller took a seat near him, beholding the gates of perfect enjoyment opened to her mind. Dress, the opera, the race-course, literature, stocks, politics, have their fascination for so many several classes of the human race; but to her there was nothing on this earth

so delightful as to be told of temptation and backsliding and sin, and to feel that she was still secure. The fact that there was always danger added a zest to the feeling; she gave herself credit for a vigilance which had really not been exercised.

The older guests moved their chairs nearer, and listened, forgetting the sweetness of sunset which lay upon the hills down the valley. Anna Warriner laid her arm around Miss Chaffinch's waist, and drew her towards the mown field beyond the barn; and presently, by a natural chance, as it seemed, Joseph found himself beside Miss Blessing, at the bottom of the lawn.

All the western hills were covered with one cool, broad shadow. A rich orange flush touched the tops of the woods to the eastward, and brightened as the sky above them deepened into the violet-gray of coming dusk. The moist, delicious freshness which filled the bed of the valley slowly crept up the branching glen, and already tempered the air about them. Now and then a bird chirped happily from a neighboring bush, or the low of cattle was heard from the pasture-fields.

"Ah!" sighed Miss Blessing, "this is too sweet to last: I must learn to do without it."

She looked at him swiftly, and then glanced away. It seemed that there were tears in her eyes.

Joseph was about to speak, but she laid her hand on his arm. "Hush!" she said; "let us wait until the light has faded."

The glow had withdrawn to the summits of the distant hills, fringing them with a thin, wonderful radiance. But it was only momentary. The next moment it broke on the irregular topmost boughs, and then disappeared, as if blown out by a breeze which came with the sudden lifting of the sky. She turned away in silence, and they walked slowly together towards the house. At the garden gate she paused.

"That superb avenue of box!" she exclaimed; "I must see it again, if only to say farewell."

They entered the garden, and in a moment the dense green wall, breathing an odor seductive to heart and senses, had hidden them from the sight — and almost from the hearing — of the guests on the portico. Looking down through the southern opening of the avenue, they seemed alone in the evening valley.

Joseph's heart was beating fast and strong; he was conscious of a wild fear, so interfused with pleasure, that it was impossible to separate the sensations. Miss Blessing's hand was on his arm, and he fancied that it trembled.

"If life were as beautiful and peaceful as this," she whispered, at last, "we should not need to seek for truth and — and — sympathy: we should find them everywhere."

"Do you not think they are to be found?" he asked.

"O, in how few hearts! I can say it to *you*, and you will not misunderstand me. Until lately I was satisfied with life as I found it: I thought it meant diversion, and dress, and gossip, and common daily duties, but now — now I see that it is the union of kindred souls!"

She clasped both her hands over his arm as she spoke, and leaned slightly towards him, as if drawing away from the dreary, homeless world. Joseph felt all that the action expressed, and answered in an unsteady voice: —

"And yet — with a nature like yours — you must surely find them."

She shook her head sadly, and answered: "Ah, a woman cannot seek. I never thought I should be able to say — to any human being — that I have sought, or waited for recognition. I do not know why I should say it now. I try to be myself — my true self — with all persons; but it seems impossible: my nature shrinks from some and is drawn towards other. Why is this? what is the mystery that surrounds us?"

"Do you believe," Joseph asked, "that two souls may be so united that they shall dare to surrender all knowledge of themselves to each other, as we do, helplessly, before God?"

"O," she murmured, "it is my dream! I thought I was alone in cherishing it! Can it ever be realized?"

Joseph's brain grew hot: the release he had invoked sprang to life and urged him forward. Words came to his lips, he knew not how.

"If it is my dream and yours, — if we both have come to the faith and the hope we find in no others, and which alone will satisfy our lives, is it not a sign that the dream is over and the reality has begun?"

She hid her face in her hands. "Do not tempt me with what I had given up, unless you can teach me to believe again?" she cried.

"I do not tempt you," he answered breathlessly. "I tempt myself. I believe."

She turned suddenly, laid a hand upon his shoulder, lifted her face and looked into his eyes with an expression of passionate eagerness and joy. All her attitude breathed of the pause of the wave that only seems to hesitate an instant before throwing itself upon the waiting strand. Joseph had no defence, knew of none, dreamt of none. The pale-brown eyes, now dark, deep, and almost tearful, drew him with irresistible force: the sense of his own shy reticent self was lost, dissolved in the strength of an instinct which possessed him body and soul, — which bent him nearer to the slight form, which stretched his arms to answer its appeal, and left him, after one dizzy moment, with Miss Blessing's head upon his breast.

"I should like to die now," she murmured: "I never can be so happy again."

"No, no," said he, bending over her; "live for me!"

She raised herself, and kissed him again and again, and this frank, almost childlike betrayal of her heart seemed to claim from Joseph the full surrender of his own. He returned her caresses with equal warmth, and the twilight deepened around them as they stood, still half-embracing.

"Can I make you happy, Joseph?"

"Julia, I am already happier than I ever thought it possible to be."

With a sudden impulse she drew away from him. "Joseph!" she whispered, "will you always bear in mind what a cold, selfish, worldly life mine has been? You do not know me; you cannot understand the school in which I have been taught. I tell you, now, that I have had to learn cunning and artifice and equivocation. I am dark beside a nature so pure and good as yours! If you must ever learn to hate me, begin now! Take back your love: I have lived so long without the love of a noble human heart, that I can live so to the end!"

She again covered her face with her hands, and her frame shrank, as if dreading a mortal blow. But Joseph caught her back to his breast, touched and even humiliated by such sharp self-accusation. Presently she looked up: her eyes were wet, and she said, with a pitiful smile: —

"I believe you *do* love me."

"And I will not give you up," said Joseph, "though you should be full of evil as I am, myself."

She laughed, and patted his cheek: all her frank, bright, winning manner returned at once. Then commenced those reciprocal expressions of bliss, which are so inexhaustibly fresh to lovers, so endlessly monotonous to everybody else; and Joseph, lost to time, place, and circumstance, would have prolonged them far into the night, but for Miss Julia's returning self-possession.

"I hear wheels," she warned; "the evening guests are coming, and they will expect you to receive them, Joseph. And your dear, good old aunt will be looking for *me*. O, the world, the world! We must give ourselves up to it, and be as if we had never found each other. I shall be wild unless you set me an example of self-control. Let me look at you once, — one full, precious, perfect look, to carry in my heart through the evening!"

Then they looked in each other's faces; and looking was not enough;

and their lips, without the use of words, said the temporary farewell. While Joseph hurried across the bottom of the lawn, to meet the stream of approaching guests which filled the lane, Miss Julia, at the top of the garden, plucked amaranth leaves for a wreath which would look well upon her dark hair, and sang, in a voice loud enough to be heard from the portico:—

"Ever be happy, light as thou art,  
Pride of the pirate's heart!"

Everybody who had been invited—and quite a number who had not been, availing themselves of the easy habits of country society—came to the Asten farm that evening. Joseph, as host, seemed at times a little confused and flurried, but his face bloomed, his blue eyes sparkled, and even his nearest acquaintances were astonished at the courage and cordiality with which he performed his duties. The presence of Mr. Chaffinch kept the gayety of the company within decorous bounds; perhaps the number of detached groups appeared to form too many separate circles, or atmospheres of talk, but they easily dissolved, or gave to and took from each other. Rachel Miller was not inclined to act the part of a moral detective in the house which she managed; she saw nothing which the strictest sense of propriety could condemn.

Early in the evening, Joseph met Lucy Henderson in the hall. He could not see the graver change in her face; he only noticed that her manner was not so quietly attractive as usual. Yet on meeting her eyes he felt the absurd blood rushing to his cheeks and brow, and his tongue hesitated and stammered. This want of self-possession vexed him: he could not account for it; and he cut short the interview by moving abruptly away.

Lucy half turned, and looked after him, with an expression rather of surprise than of pain. As she did so she felt that there was an eye upon her, and by a strong effort entered the room without encountering the face of Elwood Withers.

When the company broke up, Miss

Blessing, who was obliged to leave with the Warriners, found an opportunity to whisper to Joseph: "*Come soon!*" There was a long, fervent clasp of hands under her shawl, and then the carriage drove away. He could not see how the hand was transferred to that of Anna Warriner, which received from it a squeeze conveying an entire narrative to that young lady's mind.

Joseph's duties to his many guests prevented him from seeing much of Elwood during the evening; but, when the last were preparing to leave, he turned to the latter, conscious of a tenderer feeling of friendship than he had ever before felt, and begged him to stay for the night. Elwood held up the lantern, with which he had been examining the harness of a carriage that had just rolled away, and let its light fall upon Joseph's face.

"Do you really mean it?" he then asked.

"I don't understand you, Elwood."

"Perhaps I don't understand myself." But the next moment he laughed, and then added, in his usual tone: "Never mind: I'll stay."

They occupied the same room; and neither seemed inclined to sleep. After the company had been discussed, in a way which both felt to be awkward and mechanical, Elwood said: "Do you know anything more about love, by this time?"

Joseph was silent, debating with himself whether he should confide the wonderful secret. Elwood suddenly rose up in his bed, leaned forward and whispered: "I see,—you need not answer. But tell me this one thing: is it Lucy Henderson?"

"No; O, no!"

"Does she know of it? Your face told some sort of a tale when you met her to-night."

"Not to her,—surely not to her!" Joseph exclaimed.

"I hope not," Elwood quietly said: "I love her."

With a bound Joseph crossed the room and sat down on the edge of his friend's bed. "Elwood!" he cried;



"and you are happy, too! O, now I can tell you all,—it is Julia Blessing!"

"Ha! ha!" Elwood laughed,—a short, bitter laugh, which seemed to signify anything but happiness. "Forgive me, Joseph!" he presently added, "but there 's a deal of difference between a mitten and a ring. You will have one and I have the other. I did think, for a little while, that you stood between Lucy and me; but I suppose disappointment makes men fools."

Something in Joseph's breast seemed to stop the warm flood of his feelings. He could only stammer, after a long pause: "But I am not in your way."

"So I see,—and perhaps nobody is, except myself. We won't talk of this any more; there's many a round-about road that comes out into the straight one at last. But you,—I can't understand the thing at all. How did she — did you come to love her?"

"I don't know, I hardly guessed it until this evening."

"Then, Joseph, go slowly, and feel your way. I'm not the one to advise, after what has happened to me; but maybe I know a little more of woman-

kind than you. It's best to have a longer acquaintance than yours has been; a fellow can't always tell a sudden fancy from a love that has the grip of death."

"Now I might turn your own words against you, Elwood, for you tried to tell me what love is."

"I did; and before I knew the half. But come, Joseph: promise me that you won't let Miss Blessing know how much you feel, until —"

"Elwood!" Joseph breathlessly interrupted, "she knows it now! We were together this evening."

Elwood fell back on the pillow, with a groan. "I'm a poor friend to you," he said: "I want to wish you joy, but I can't,—not to-night. The way things are fixed in this world stumps me, out and out. Nothing fits as it ought, and if I did n't take my head in my own hands and hold it towards the light by main force, I'd only see blackness, and death, and hell!"

Joseph stole back to his bed, and lay there silently. There was a subtle chill in the heart of his happiness, which all the remembered glow of that tender scene in the garden could not thaw.

## RHYME SLAYETH SHAME.

IF as I come unto her she might hear,  
If words might reach her when from her I go,  
Then speech a little of my heart might show,  
Because indeed nor joy nor grief nor fear  
Silence my love; but her gray eyes and clear,  
Truer than truth, pierce through my weal and woe;  
The world fades with its words, and naught I know  
But that my changed life to My Life is near.

Go, then, poor rhymes, who know my heart indeed,  
And sing to her the words I cannot say,—  
That Love has slain Time, and knows no to-day  
And no to-morrow; tell her of my need,  
And how I follow where her footsteps lead,  
Until the veil of speech death draws away.



## THE PRESSURE UPON CONGRESS.

ONE of the oddities of human nature is its patient endurance of obvious, easily remedied inconveniences. No man ever spoke, and no man ever listened to a speech, in the Representatives' Hall at Washington, without being painfully aware of its unsuitableness to the purpose for which it was intended. It was intended to afford accommodation for three hundred gentlemen while they debated public questions and conversed on public business. Almost all debate in a modern parliamentary body naturally takes the tone of conversation, because nearly every topic that arises is some question of detail the principle of which is not disputed. It is only on rare occasions that the voice of a speaker endowed with reason would naturally rise above the conversational tone. The main business of Congress is to determine how much money shall be raised, how it shall be raised, and for what objects it shall be spent. The stricter States-rights men of the early time used to say, that, when Congress had made the annual appropriations, only one duty remained, which was to adjourn and go home. This was an extreme statement. It is, I think, a most important part of the duty of Congressmen to converse together, in the presence of the whole people in reporters' gallery assembled, on subjects of national concern; but even on a field-day of general debate, when principles are up for discussion, it is still calm, enlightened, dignified conversation that is most desirable. Members are well aware of this. Flights of oratory generally excite derisive smiles upon the floor of the House, and no man is much regarded by his fellow-members who is addicted to that species of composition.

But neither conversation nor calm debate is possible in the Representatives' Chamber. It is large enough for a mass-meeting. The members are

spread over a wide expanse of floor, each seated at a desk covered and filled with documents and papers, and they see themselves surrounded by vast galleries rising, row above row, to the ceiling. When a man begins to speak, though he may be the least oratorical of mortals, he is soon forced into an oratorical condition of mind by the physical difficulty of making himself heard. Compelled to exert his lungs violently, he endeavors to assist and relieve the muscles of his chest and throat by gesticulation, and this brings the color to his cheeks and contributes to work up the whole man into the oratorical frenzy that puts a stop to all useful, elucidating operation of the brain. Often, very often, have I seen a member of the House, superior by nature, age, and education to the clatter of harangue, rise in his place, full-charged with weighty matter on a subject utterly unsuited to oratory, and attempt to address the House in the temperate, serene manner which is alone proper when intelligent minds are sought to be convinced. At once he becomes conscious that no one can hear him beyond the fifth desk. His voice is lost in space. He raises it; but he cannot make the honorable member hear to whose argument he is replying. He calls upon the Speaker to come to his rescue, and Mr. Speaker uses his hammer with promptitude and vigor. The low roar of conversation, the rustle of paper, the loud clapping for the pages, subside for a moment, and the member resumes. But even during that instant of comparative silence, he is scarcely heard,—he is *not* heard unless he "orates,"—and, a moment after, his voice is drowned again in the multitudinous sea of noise. Still he will not give up the attempt, and he finishes with the wildest pump-handle oratory of the stump. It is not his fault. He is no fool. He would not

naturally discuss army estimates in the style of Patrick Henry rousing his countrymen to arms. If he does so, it is because nature has so limited the reach and compass of the human voice, that he cannot make himself heard unless he roars; and no man can keep on roaring long without other parts of the body joining his lungs in the tumult.

This is really a matter of first-rate importance; for, whatever else man is or has, we are sure he possesses an animal nature, and hence is subject to physical conditions that are inexorable. If we could assemble in that enormous room the sages, statesmen, and orators of all the ages, we should not get from them much profitable debate. The hall is good enough; only it wants taking in. There is no need of such extensive accommodation for the chance visitors to the Capitol; since the whole people, as just remarked, as well as a respectable representation from foreign countries, are present in the gallery of the reporters. Three or four hundred gallery seats would answer better than the present thousand.

We ought not to be ashamed to learn something of the details of parliamentary management from a people who have had a Parliament for eight centuries. When the city of Washington was laid out, — 1790 to 1800, — the people of the United States had caught from the enthusiastic Republicans of France a certain infatuation for the ancient Romans; and hence the building for the accommodation of Congress was styled the Capitol; and, in furnishing the chambers for the Senate and House, the seats were arranged in semicircles, after the manner of the Roman senate-house. There was such a relish then for everything Roman, that it is rather surprising honorable members were not required to appear in their places wearing Roman togas. Nothing seems to have been copied from the British Parliament, except that object which Oliver Cromwell saw before him when he dissolved Parliament, one April day in 1653, and bade a soldier near him take away that fool's

bawble, — the mace. But perhaps there are one or two other features of the British House of Commons that might have been considered. Never would the House of Commons have formed a Fox, a Sheridan, a Canning, a Peel, a Palmerston, or a Gladstone, if those masters of parliamentary conversation had been obliged to speak in such an apartment as our present Representatives Hall. I have been in the House of Commons when important debates occurred, and every leading speaker on both sides did his best, but no man put forth any great physical exertion. Sir Robert Peel rarely, Palmerston never, departed from the easy manner and unforced tone of conversation. A great debate was only the more or less animated talk of able, experienced, well-informed gentlemen; and it retained this tone chiefly because the auditors were so close around the speakers that conversation could be heard. No desks obstructed and filled up the floor, tempting members to write. No heaps of pamphlets and newspapers rose before them, luring them to read. *All reading and writing had been done before the House met*, and nothing remained but to talk it over. Ministerial and opposition members sat on long benches, facing one another, with a mere alley between them; and the strangers' gallery was a cockloft up near the ceiling, which would hold, when crammed, a hundred and twenty people.

The reader has perhaps not forgotten the astonishment that seized him when first he caught sight of the tumultuous scene afforded by the House of Representatives in session. I suppose we are all so used to it now, that we have ceased to see in it anything extraordinary. A deliberative body, indeed! From the gallery we look down upon semicircles of desks, at which members are writing, reading, and gossiping, apparently inattentive to what is going on. Outside of the outer semicircle is a crowd of men standing in groups talking together. The sofas that line the walls are usually occupied by men engaged in conversation; and in the lob-

bies beyond there is a dense crowd of talkers, who contribute their share to the volume of noise. Inside the inner row of desks, between the members and the Speaker's lofty throne of marble, the business of the House is brought to a focus. There, at a long row of marble desks, sit the shorthand reporters, who prepare for the "Globe" the official verbatim report of the proceedings. Above and behind them, at another row of marble desks, sit the clerks who keep an official record of whatever is done. Above and behind these, in his marble pulpit, with his mace at his right hand, his compass-like clock and excellent ivory hammer before him, behold the Speaker, most attentive of members, and the only one among them all who is expected to know at every instant the business before the House. On the marble steps connecting these three platforms are the pages, the circulating-medium of the House, who spring at the clapping of a member's hands to execute his will. From the midst of the great chaos of members, members' desks, boots, and litter of documents, a Voice is heard,—the voice of one who is supposed to be addressing the House. Not a member listens, perhaps, nor pretends to listen; not even the Speaker, who may be at the moment conversing with a stranger just presented to him, or may be signing documents. He knows that the Voice has seventeen minutes and three quarters longer to run, and his sole duty with regard to that Voice is, to bring down his well-made hammer with a good rap on the desk when its time is up. The only attentive persons are the shorthand reporters; but as they merely sit and write, without ever looking up, the absurd spectacle is often presented, of a distinguished gentleman delivering a most animated harangue to a great crowd of people, not one of whom appears to be regarding him. His right hand quivers in the air. He cries aloud. His body sways about like a tall pine in a torturing gale. "Yes, Mr. Speaker, I repeat the assertion";—but Mr. Speaker is giving

audience to three of his constituents, who stand, hat in hand, on the steps of his throne. "I appeal to gentlemen on the other side of the House";—but no: neither the gentlemen on the other side of the House, nor his own intimate friends near by, pay him the poor compliment of laying down their newspapers or looking up from the letters they are writing.

Why these desks? why this general absorption of members in writing, reading, and conferring? Why the frequent necessity of hunting up members in their committee-rooms? It is because Congress meets four hours too soon! It meets at 12 M. instead of 4 P. M. It meets long before the daily work of members is done, before the morning's news is stale, before the relish of the mind for excitement is sated, before the mood has come for interchange of ideas, for converse with other minds.

Every one knows that the hard labor of Congress is done in committee-rooms and in the private offices of members; but, I presume, few persons are aware of the great amount and variety of duty which now devolves upon members who are capable of industry and public spirit. There are idle members, of course; for in Congress, as everywhere else, it is the willing and generous mind that bears the burden and pulls the load. It is with members of Congress as with editors,—most of their labor consists in considering and quietly rejecting what the public never hears anything about. Beau Brummel *voire* but one necktie, but his servant carried down stairs half a dozen failures. A magazine contains twenty articles; but, in order to get that twenty, the editor may have had to examine four hundred. During the session, Washington being the centre of interest to forty millions of people, it is the common receptacle of the infinite variety of schemes, dreams, ideas, vagaries, notions, publications, which the year generates. When a citizen of the United States conceives an idea or plans an enterprise, one of the things he is likely to

do is to write a pamphlet about it, and either send a copy to each member of Congress, or hire a small boy to place a copy upon each member's desk just before twelve o'clock. The international-copyrightists, I remember, took that enlightened course, fondly believing that no member who called himself a human being could read such moving arguments without being impatient to vote for the measure proposed. But when I began to look into Washington affairs, I discovered that hundreds of other people were continually employing the same too obvious tactics. Pamphlets come raining down upon members in a pitiless storm. On going into the office of a member one morning, when he had been absent twenty-four hours, I had the curiosity to glance at the mail which had accumulated in that short time. It consisted of one hundred and eight packages, — about one third letters, and two thirds newspapers and pamphlets. I think a member whose name is familiar to the country will usually receive, in the course of a long session, a good cart-load of printed matter designed expressly to influence legislation.

More vigorous schemers, or rather schemers with longer purses, soon discover that pamphlets are rather a drug in Washington, and send delegations or agents to "push" their projects by personal interviews. Nearly all these enterprises are either in themselves absurd, or else they are beyond the range of legislation; but members have to bestow attention enough upon them to ascertain their nature and claims. At least, many members do this, and by doing it effect a great deal of unrecorded good. Many a member of Congress does a fair day's work for his country outside of the chamber in which he sits and the committee-rooms in which he labors. Many members, too, have extensive affairs of their own, — factories or banks to direct, causes to plead in the national courts, articles to write for their newspapers.

Let them get all this work and all committee work done before the Houses

meet, and then come together at four o'clock in the afternoon, in snug convenient rooms without desks, and talk things over in the hearing of mankind. This would obviate the necessity for the two sessions which give the Sergeant-at-arms so much lucrative employment, and party-going members such annoyance. I think, too, it would discourage and finally abolish the pernicious custom of reading speeches, as well as that kindred falsehood of getting speeches printed in the "Globe" which have never been delivered at all. A distinguished senator remarked in conversation last winter, that when he came to Congress, fifteen years ago, not more than one speech in five was written out and read, but that now four in five are. I have known a member, who had an important speech prepared, seriously consider whether he should deliver it in the House of Representatives, or offer it as a contribution to the "Atlantic Monthly." He concluded, after deliberation, to deliver the speech to the House, because he could reach the country quicker in that way; and he accordingly roared it, in the usual manner, from printed slips, few members regarding him. The next morning, the speech was printed in every important daily newspaper within fifteen hundred miles of Washington.

Among the great purposes of a national parliament are these two: first, to train men for practical statesmanship; and, secondly, to exhibit them to the country, so that, when men of ability are wanted, they can be found without anxious search and perilous trial. The people of free countries can form little idea of the embarrassment which a patriotic despot suffers when he must have an able, commanding man for the public service, and there is no tried and tested body of public men from which to choose. The present Emperor of Russia, at more than one critical time, I have been assured, has experienced this difficulty: the whole vast empire with its teeming millions lies before him subject to his will; but

it is dumb. Russia has no voice. Her able men have no arena. No man is celebrated, except as heir to an ancient name, or commandant of an important post. No class of men have had the opportunity to stand up before their countrymen, year after year, and show what they are, what they know, what they can bear, what they can do, and what they can refrain from doing, in keen, honorable, courteous encounter with their peers. One lamentable consequence is, that when an emperor, rising superior to the traditions of his order, strikes into a new and a nobler path, and looks about him for new men to carry out the new ideas, he has no knowledge to act upon. France has been muzzled for nearly twenty years. The time is at hand when the muzzle will fall off; but the controlling men who should have been formed and celebrated by twenty years of public life in a parliament are unformed and unknown. The people will want leaders; but leaders that can be trusted are not extemporized.

This congressional essay-writing threatens to reduce us to the same condition. The composition of an essay, in the quiet solitude of a library, is a useful and honorable exertion of the human mind; but it is a thing essentially different from taking part in public debate, and does not afford the kind of training which a public man needs. It does not give him nerve, self-command, and the habit of deference to the judgment of other minds. It does not give him practice in the art of convincing others. We cannot get in a library that intimate knowledge of human vanities, timidities, prejudices, ignorance, and habits, which shut the mind to unaccustomed truth, and turn the best-intentioned men into instruments of evil. The triumphant refutation of an opponent in a composition calmly written in the absence of that opponent,—how easy it is, compared with meeting him face to face, and so refuting him in the hearing of an empire, that if *he* be not convinced, tens of thousands of other men are! Essay-

writing does not knock the conceit out of a man like open debate; nor yet does it fortify that just self-confidence which enables one to hold his own against eloquent error and witty invective, and sit unmoved amidst the applause and laughter that frequently follow them. It does really unfit a person for grappling with the homely, every-day difficulties of government. It tends to lessen that unnamed something in human beings which gives ascendancy over others, and it diminishes a man's power to decide promptly at a time when his decision is to take visible effect. Nor does a written essay give any trustworthy indication of its author's character or force. A false, barren, unfeeling soul has been an "absolute monarch of words," capable of giving most powerful expression to emotions which it never felt, and to thoughts imbibed from better and greater men.

The substitution of written essays, read from printed slips, for extemporized debate, deprives the public, therefore, of one of the means of knowing and weighing the men from whom the leading persons of the government would naturally be taken; and it deprives members of Congress of part of the training which public men peculiarly need. It is to be hoped that when the House of Representatives moves into a smaller room, and Congress meets at four in the afternoon, the reading of speeches will be coughed down, and that Congress will resume its place as one of the national *parliaments* of the world.

If the reader has ever been so unfortunate as to be personally interested in a measure before Congress, he has doubtless been exasperated by observing that, while Congress has much more to do than it can do, it wastes much more than half its time. The waste of time, in the last days of a short session, with the appropriation bills still to be acted upon, and a crowd of expectants in the lobbies waiting for their bills to "come up," is sometimes excessive, absurd, and, to parties concerned, almost maddening.

I shall long remember a certain day in the House of Representatives, when I chanced to sit next to a gentleman whose whole fortune and entire future career, as he thought, depended upon the action of the House concerning a bill which was expected to come up in the course of the afternoon. He was a stranger to me, but I gathered from his conversation with his friends, who clustered around him on the floor before the session began, that he had been a waiter upon Congress for two years. *Now*, he thought, the decisive hour had come: that day, he believed, would send him home made or marred for life. Sitting so near him as I did, I could not help regarding the proceedings of the House that day with his eyes and his feelings.

Punctually at twelve, the rap of the Speaker's ivory hammer was heard above the din of conversation, the rustle of papers, and the noise of the ushers admonishing strangers to withdraw. A chaplain entered, who took his stand at the Clerk's desk, just below the Speaker, and began the usual prayer. I had the curiosity to ascertain the exact number of persons who appeared to attend to this exercise. The number was three: first, the Speaker, who stood in a graceful attitude, with clasped hands and bowed head, as though he felt the necessity of representing the House in a duty which it did not choose itself to perform; second, one member, who also stood; third, one spectator in the gallery. Scarcely any members were yet in their seats, and the hall exhibited a scene of faded morocco chair-backs, with a fringe of people in the distance walking, standing, conversing; the prayer being an extempore one, the chaplain grew warm, became unconscious of the lapse of time, and prolonged his prayer unusually. Never was there a religious service that seemed more ill-timed or more ill placed than that which opens the daily sessions of the House of Representatives. There is a time for all things; but members evidently think that the time to pray is *not* then nor

there. The prayer can have no effect in calming members' minds, opening them to conviction, or preparing them for the duties of the occasion, because members' minds are absorbed, at the time, in hurrying the work of their committee-rooms to a conclusion. We might as well open the Gold-Room with prayer, or the daily sessions of the stock-brokers. Mr. Daniel Drew would probably assume an attitude of profound devotion, but other gentlemen would do what many members of Condo,—*avoid going in until the prayer is finished*. In fixing times and places for devotional acts, we are now advanced far enough, I trust, to use our sense of the becoming and the suitable, and to obey its dictates. Members should certainly come in and "behave," or else abolish the chaplain.

My Expectant did not fret under the prolongation of the prayer. He had made up his mind to that apparently. Nor was he moved when a member rose and asked to have a totally unimportant error corrected in yesterday's "Globe." After this was done began a scene that wasted an hour and a half, and disgraced, not this House alone, but the country and its institutions. Two witnesses, who had refused to answer the questions of an investigating-committee, and had afterwards thought better of it, and given the information sought, were to be discharged from the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms. The prisoners were of the lowest grade of New York politician. One of them, a good-humored, dissolute ruffian of twenty-three, was so precocious in depravity that he had already been an alderman, and had afterwards been concerned in the congenial business of distributing forged naturalization-papers. I became acquainted with this fellow-citizen during his detention in the lobby, and he informed me, as I contemplated the diamond pin in his shirt, that he would have come on to Washington that winter, not as a prisoner, but as a member of Congress, if he had been old enough. This was a flight of the imagination. The despots



of the Democratic party in the city of New York take excellent care that the really desirable things at their disposal fall to the men who can pay for them. They give the wretches whose votes they employ showers of Roman candles about election time, but they do not pave their streets, nor remove their heaps of garbage. They have no objections to a poor devil's picking up a diamond pin or so as alderman or councilman; but when it comes to member of Congress—O dear, no! they rarely take such things even for themselves.

These prisoners being residents of New York, there was an opportunity for a few members to make a little home capital by publicly taking their part. One after another the city members, in the view of the whole House and the crowded galleries, went up to the ex-alderman, as he stood in front of the Speaker, shook hands with him, smiled upon him, and exchanged jocular observations with him. A chair was brought for his convenience, and while his case was under consideration, he held a levee in the aisle, sitting; while the Sergeant-at-arms, representing the authority of the House, stood behind him. Mr. James Brooks paid him his respects, nodding benignantly. Mr. Fernando Wood bowed with courtly grace, and uttered friendly words. Mr. Robinson (ah! Richelieu, you deserve better company!) was merry with him. A member moved that one of the prisoners be "discharged from custody." "Why not say *honorably* discharged?" asked a Democratic brother; which, of course, led to the expected wrangle. But the main effort was to get the ex-alderman clear without his paying the costs of his arrest and transportation to Washington,—seventy-five dollars. Now mark the purposed waste of time. It was moved that the prisoner be discharged on paying the costs of his arrest. A Democratic member moved to amend by striking out the words, "on paying the costs of arrest," alleging that the witness was a poor man, and could not procure so large a sum. The diamond pin glittered at this

remark. I think, too, that the officer who had had charge of the prisoner the night before must have smiled; for the young alderman had not been abstemious, and he had broken one of the commandments in an expensive manner. The question was put. A few scattered *ayes* responded; and these were followed by such a simultaneous and emphatic roar of *NOES* as ought to have settled the question. A Democratic member demanded the yeas and nays; and, as it was doubtful whether this demand would be sustained, he called for tellers on the question whether the yeas and nays should be taken or not. Monstrous robbery of precious time! First, two members take their stand in front of the Speaker, and the whole House, first the yeas and then the nays, pass between them,—a curious scene of huddle and confusion. The tellers reporting that the demand is sustained, the yeas and noes are ordered; which, with the time already consumed, wastes three quarters of an hour. The amendment, as every one knew it would be, was voted down.

Nothing had yet been done in the case. An amendment had been offered and rejected,—no more. The main question now recurred: Shall the prisoner be discharged on paying the costs? The sense of the House was known to every creature; but the few Democrats from New York, not regarding the convenience and dignity of the House, but thinking only of the Sixth Ward and the possible effect of their conduct there, must needs repeat this costly farce. Again they forced members to file between tellers; again they condemned two thousand persons to endure the tedium of the roll-call; again they compelled anxious expectants to chafe and fret for three quarters of an hour. It was past two o'clock before this trifling matter was disposed of. The House was then in no mood for private business, and this unhappy man was kept in suspense till another day.

He received his quietus, however, before the session ended. I saw him,



a few days after, come into a committee-room, followed by two or three members, who, I suppose, had been pleading his cause. His face was very red, and it betrayed in every lineament that the vote of the House had crushed his hopes. If any dramatist would like to know how a man comports himself under such a stroke, I will state that this gentleman did not thrust either of his hands into his hair, nor throw himself into a chair and bury his face in his hands, nor do any other of those acts which gentlemen in such circumstances do upon the stage. He walked hastily to the faucet, filled a glass with water, and drank it very fast. Then he filled another glass, and drank that very fast. He then said to the members present, who expressed sympathy with his disappointment, "Gentlemen, you did the best you could for me." Next, he put on his overcoat, took up his hat, went out into the lobby, and so vanished from history.

It was not this unfortunate suitor alone, nor the class whom he represented, that suffered keenly upon the occasion before mentioned. Committees were anxious to report; members were watching for an opportunity to introduce matters of great pith and moment; foreign agents were waiting for the House to act upon the affairs which they had in charge; an important revision of the internal-revenue system, upon which a committee had expended months of labor, was pending, and was finally lost for want of the time thus wantonly wasted. Surely it is within the compass of human ingenuity to devise a method of preventing a handful of members from frustrating the wishes of a majority? Three fourths of the House desired to go on with the business of the day; and, of the remaining fourth, only half a dozen really cared to conciliate the class represented by the prisoner. Why not take the yeas and nays by a machine similar to the hotel indicator? From the remotest corner of the largest hotel, a traveller sends the number of his room to the office by a pull of the bell-rope. The in-

ventor of that machine could doubtless arrange a system of wires and words by which the vote of the House could be taken, and even permanently recorded, by a click of a key on each member's desk. In an instant every name might be exhibited in bold characters,—the ayes on the Speaker's right, and the noes on his left,—legible to the whole House; or the ayes and noes might be printed on prepared lists. Until such a contrivance is completed, the Speaker might be empowered to put a stop to such obvious filibustering as that just described. There has never yet, I believe, been a Speaker of the House of Representatives who might not have been safely entrusted with much addition to his power. "All power is abused," says Niebuhr; "and yet some one must have it." Such Speakers as Henry Clay, General Banks, Mr. Colfax, and Mr. Blaine would not be likely to abuse power so abominably as the minority of the House do whenever they fancy they can please sweet Buncombe thereby.

A good deal of precious time is consumed by Congress in misgoverning the District of Columbia, or in doing just enough to prevent the people of the District from governing themselves. Who invented the District of Columbia? Why a District of Columbia? It is a joke in Washington, that, for sixty-five years, Congress voted fifteen hundred dollars every session for the salary of "the keeper of the crypt," because no member had the moral courage to confess his ignorance of the meaning of the word. The jokers say that many members thought it was some mysterious object, like the mace, without which Congress would not be Congress. Certain it is that the money was voted without question every year, until in 1868 the item caught the eye of General Butler, and he asked members of the Committee on Appropriations what it meant. No one being able to tell him, he went down forthwith into the crypt of the Capitol in search of its "keeper." No such

officer was known in those subterranean regions. After a prolonged inquiry, he discovered that soon after the death of General Washington, when it was expected that his remains would be deposited in the crypt under the dome, Congress created the office in question, for the better protection of the sacred vault. Mrs. Washington refusing her consent, the crypt remained vacant; but the office was not abolished, and the appropriation passed unchallenged until General Butler made his inquiry, when it was stricken out. Is not our District of Columbia a similar case? The District is instilled into the tender mind of infancy, and we have all taken it for granted. But what need is there of depriving a portion of the American people of part of their rights, or of compelling them to travel across a continent to vote? Why use an apparatus so costly, complicated, and cumbersome as the Congress of the United States to get a little paving done in Pennsylvania Avenue, or some soup given out to a few hundred hungry negroes? Do California and Oregon send members across the continent to attend to the lamp-posts of a country town? Are honorable gentlemen to travel all the way from the extremity of Florida or the farthest confines of Texas to order some new boards to be nailed down on the Long Bridge?

Unable to answer such questions as these, or get them answered, I thought that possibly there might be some military advantage arising from the system, which would serve as an offset to its manifest inconveniences. But the jurisdiction of Congress did not prevent officers of a hostile army from walking into the White House one very warm day in the summer of 1814, and eating Mrs. Madison's excellent dinner, while the soldiers under their command were ravaging the town and burning the Capitol. Nor was it the authority of Congress that kept the Confederate Army on the other side of the Potomac after the battle of Bull Run. No harm appears to have come

from giving back to Virginia the forty square miles which she contributed to the original hundred; and I cannot think of any evil or any inconvenience that would result if Congress were to restore to Maryland her sixty, and pay taxes on the property of the United States, like any other guardian or trustee.

This is a matter of much importance, because there seems to be some danger of the government's repeating the stupendous folly of creating a Federal City. No less distinguished a person than General Sherman appears to take it for granted that there is some necessity for the government to be sovereign in a little principality around the public edifices. "In my opinion," he lately wrote, "if the capital is changed from Washington to the West, a new place will be chosen on the Mississippi River, several hundred miles above St. Louis. . . . I have interests in St. Louis, and if allowed to vote on this question, I would vote against surrendering St. Louis city and county, with its vast commercial and manufacturing interests, to the exclusive jurisdiction of a Congress that would make these interests subordinate to the mere political uses of a Federal capital. Nor would any National Congress make the capital where it had not exclusive and absolute jurisdiction for its own protection and that of the *employés* of the government. Therefore, if the capital be moved at all, it must go to a place willing to surrender its former character and become a second Washington City."

This is an appalling prospect for posterity, — a *second* Washington City! I could wish that General Sherman had given some reasons for his assumption; for while the good resulting from the jurisdiction of Congress is not apparent, the evils are manifest. The arriving stranger, who usually has the pain of riding a mile or two in Pennsylvania Avenue, naturally asks why that celebrated street is so ill paved, so dusty, so ill lighted. It is one of the widest streets in the world; and as

it runs two miles without a bend and without a hill, the winds rushing along it from the distant gap in the mountains raise clouds of dust that are wonderful to behold and terrible to encounter. At other times the street is so muddy that people call a carriage to take them across. In the evening the whole city is dim, dismal, and dangerous from the short supply of gas. Ladies who intend to give a party endeavor to select an evening when there will be no evening session; because when the Capitol is lighted the gas-works are so overtaken that every drawing-room in the city is dull. The dilapidation of the bridges, the neglected appearance of the public squares, the general shabbiness and sprawling incompleteness of the town, strike every one who comes from the trim and vigorous cities of the North. In things of more importance there is equal inefficiency. Since the war closed, Washington has been a poverty-stricken place. The war gathered there several thousands of poor people, who became instantly helpless and miserable when the army was withdrawn, with its train of sutlers, storekeepers, embalmers, and miscellaneous hangers-on. In one of the last weeks of the last session, I remember the business of the nation was brought to a stand while a member coaxed and begged a small appropriation from Congress to keep several hundreds of colored people from starving. I myself saw the soup-houses surrounded by ragged, shivering wretches, with their pails and kettles, soon after ten in the morning, although the soup was not distributed until twelve. Washington, being peopled chiefly by under-paid clerks and their worse paid chiefs, the charity of the city was even more overtaken than its gas-works; and there seemed no way in which those poor people could be saved from starvation, except by a gift of public money, — national money, — the property of Maine, Oregon, Florida, California, and the other States. The absurdity of the act was undeniable; but when human beings are seen to be

in the agonies of starvation, constitutional scruples generally give way. Congress might just as properly have voted thirty thousand dollars to relieve the suffering poor of San Francisco. The accidental proximity of those perishing people gave them no claim upon the national treasury which the poor of other cities did not possess.

The stranger, I repeat, observing these and many other evidences of inefficient government, naturally asks an explanation. The explanation is, that the unhappy city has two governments, namely, Congress, and its own Mayor and Aldermen, — one very rich and close, the other very poor and heavily burdened with expense. Between these two powers there is a chronic ill-feeling, similar to that which might exist between a rich uncle and a married nephew with a large family and many wants, — both living in the same house. The old man is under the impression that he makes his nephew a munificent allowance, to which he adds Christmas and other gifts on what *he* considers a liberal scale. His numerous other heirs and dependents share this opinion. They even reproach him for his lavish benefactions. They go so far as to say that he ought not to have paid that last heavy plumbing bill for letting the water into the house. The young man, on the other hand, so far from being grateful for his uncle's generosity, is always grumbling at his parsimony; and every time an unusual expense has to be incurred, there is a struggle and a wrangle between them as to which shall pay it. "Pay it out of your income," says Uncle Sam. "No, my dear sir: this is a permanent addition to your estate," replies the nephew. "You require me," he continues, "for your own convenience and advantage, to reside in this huge, rambling, expensive mansion, far away from towns and markets; and I am thus compelled to live on a scale which is out of all proportion to my slender means. It is but fair that you should help me out." The old gentleman assents to the principle; but he never can be brought

to come down as handsomely as the young nephew feels he ought. Hence, the feud between the two.

This state of things is injurious to both; but to the city government it is demoralization and paralysis. After many years of silent and of vocal strife, there has come about a kind of "understanding" that Congress is to "take care" of Pennsylvania Avenue, and the city government is to do all the rest. But the real object of strife appears to be, which government shall most completely neglect the duty assigned it; and each excuses its neglect by pointing to the inefficiency of the other. The remedy appears simple and feasible. Let Congress restore to Maryland her sixty square miles, and pay taxes on the national property. By this inexpensive expedient, Congress would get rid of the troublesome task of misgoverning a small principality, and the city government would be put upon its good behavior, and supplied with adequate means and motive.

The question of the removal of the capital is scarcely ripe even for serious consideration, since we cannot know for ten years or more what effects will be produced by the Pacific railroads, built and to be built; nor whether the country is to extend northward, southward, in both directions, or in neither. If Canada is to "come in," then Mr. Seward may be right in his conjecture that the final capital of the United States will be somewhere near the city of St. Paul. If Cuba is to be ours, if the other large islands of the West Indies are to follow, if we are to dig the Darien Canal, and the United States is to compete with Great Britain for the commerce of the world, then the future capital may properly be an Atlantic seaport, New York perhaps. If we are to take upon ourselves the grievous burden of Mexico, and extend our empire along the Pacific coast, then some central city yet to be created may be the predestined spot. If none of these things is to happen, the beautiful and commodious city of St. Louis presents almost every advantage that can be

desired. Many years must probably elapse before any of these *ifs* are out of the way. In the mean time no reason appears why Congress should not gladly permit the people residing in the District of Columbia to take care of their own municipal affairs. There would then be one committee the less, one lobby the less, one whole class of ill-defined and undefinable claims the less. It would not require ten years of lobbying, under that system, to get Pennsylvania Avenue paved; nor would Congress have to spend precious time in providing soup for the poor.

But the greatest time-consumer of all is the frequently settled but always reopening controversy respecting the right of Congress to appropriate money for "internal improvements." We are at sea again on this subject. It will not remain settled. The stranger in the Capitol, who looks over the heaps of pamphlets and documents lying about on members' desks and on committee-room tables, discovers that a large number of able and worthy people are under the impression that Congress may be reasonably asked to undertake anything, provided it is a desirable work, and will cost more money than parties interested find it convenient to raise, — *anything*, from a Darien Canal to the draining of a silver mine, from the construction of a whole system of railroads to the making of an experimental balloon. There are those who want Congress to buy all the telegraphic lines, and others who think that all the railroads should be public property. The strict-constructionists are reduced to a feeble cohort, and yet Congress adheres to the tradition of their doctrines, and is fain to employ devices and subterfuges to cover up its departures therefrom. But no one knows how far Congress will go, and this uncertainty lures to the capital many an expensive lobby, who wear out their hearts in waiting, and who waste at Washington the money and the energy that might have started their enterprise.

While waiting one day in the room of a Washington correspondent, I no-

ticed upon the table a large, square, gilt-edged, handsomely bound volume, resembling in appearance the illustrated annuals which appear on the booksellers' counters during the month of December. Upon taking it up, I observed upon the cover a picture, in gold, of a miner gracefully swinging a pick-axe, with golden letters above and below him informing me that the work was upon the "Sutro Tunnel, Nevada." I opened the volume. Upon one of the fly-leaves I had the pleasure of reading a letter, in fac-simile, signed Adolf Sutro, which showed that Mr. Sutro was an elegant penman and wrote in the French manner, — one sentence to a paragraph, — thus : —

"We have a vast mining-interest : we also have a large national debt.

"The development of the former will secure the early payment of the latter.

"The annexed book contains much information on the subject.

"A few hours devoted to its perusal will prove useful, interesting, and instructive."

Having read this neat epistle, I turned over a leaf or two, and discovered an engraving of "Virginia City, N. T.," and opposite to the same the title-page, of which the following is a copy : "The Mineral Resources of the United States, and the Importance and Necessity of Inaugurating a Rational System of Mining, with Special Reference to the Comstock Lode and the Sutro Tunnel in Nevada. By Adolf Sutro. Baltimore : John Murphy & Co., 1868." The work consisted of two hundred and thirty-two large pages, of which both the paper and the printing were of the most expensive kind. The substance of Mr. Sutro's message can be given in a few sentences : 1. The Comstock Lode in Nevada, the most productive series of silver mines in the world, having yielded seventy-five million dollars' worth of silver in six years, has now been dug so deep that it costs nearly as much to pump out the water as the mines yield. 2. Mr. Sutro wants Congress to tap the mountain by means of a tunnel, — the Sutro

Tunnel, — so that the water will all run out at the bottom, far below the silver, leaving the mines dry. 3. If that is not done, the mines cannot be worked much longer at a profit. 4. Capitalists will not undertake the tunnel, because they are not *sure* there is silver enough in the lode to pay for it. 5. Mr. Sutro is perfectly sure there is. 6. There are many similar lodes in Nevada. 7. Therefore it is "the duty and interest of the government to aid in the construction of one tunnel as an index work," to show that there *is* silver enough in such lodes to pay for such tunnels.

This is the milk in that magnificent cocoanut. The idea is ingenious and plausible. I should like to see it tried. But who needs to be told that, under the Constitution of the United States, as formerly interpreted, Congress has no more right to advance money — or, as the polite phrase now is, "lend the credit of the government" — for such an object as this, than it has to build a new kind of steamboat for the Fulton Ferry Company, because the company is not certain it will answer? The inventor *is* certain. He gets a great album printed, and goes to Washington to lobby for the money. Now, to produce a thousand copies of such a work as this costs ten thousand dollars; and it *indicates* a lobby that may have cost twenty thousand or fifty thousand more. What a waste is this! And there are fifty lobbies every winter, in Washington, pushing for objects as obviously beyond the constitutional power of Congress as the Sutro Tunnel. These lobbies not only cost a great deal of money, but they demoralize, in some degree, almost every person who has anything to do with them. Nearly all of them fail, as a matter of course; but not until they have tempted, warped, perverted, corrupted, men who, but for such projects, would leave Washington as innocent as they came to it.

Take this scene for example. A Washington correspondent, sauntering towards the Capitol, is joined by the chief of one of these lobbies, to whom

he has been casually introduced. There are about sixty correspondents usually residing in Washington during the winter, of whom fifty-five are honorable and industrious; having no object but to serve faithfully the newspapers to which they are attached; and generally no source of income but the salary which they draw from those newspapers,—from thirty to a hundred dollars a week. The other five are vulgar, unscrupulous, and rich. They belong to insignificant papers, and sell their paragraphs to inexperienced men who come to Washington to get things “through,” and desire the aid of the press. Lobbyists who understand their business seldom approach correspondents with illegitimate propositions, because they know that the representatives of influential newspapers cannot sell their columns, and would disdain to attempt doing so. The corrupt five, who prey generally upon the inexperienced, occasionally get lucrative jobs from men who ought to be ashamed to employ them. They make it a point to cultivate a certain kind of intimacy with members,—a billiard-room intimacy, a champagne-supper intimacy. They like to be seen on the floor of the House of Representatives, and may go so far as to slap a senatorial carpet-bagger on the back. It is part of their game to walk down Pennsylvania Avenue arm-in-arm with a member of Congress, and to get the *entrée* of as many members' apartments as possible. Some members, who know and despise them, are yet in some degree afraid of them; for any man who can get access to a newspaper can do harm and give pain. To the publicity of the press there are as many avenues in the country as there are newspapers to exchange with; and any paper, even the most remote and least important, is competent to start a falsehood which the great thunderers of the press may copy, and which no denial can ever quite eradicate from the public mind. These jovial fellows, who treat green members to champagne, and ask them to vote for dubious measures, are also the chief

calumniators of Congress. It is *they* who have caused so many timid and credulous people to think that the Congress of the United States is a corrupt body. They revenge themselves for their failure to carry improper measures by slandering the honest men whose votes defeated them. They thrive on the preposterous schemes to which a loose interpretation of the Constitution has given birth.

But my friend who was strolling toward the Capitol was not one of the scurvy five, but of the honorable fifty-five; and, strange to relate, the lobby chief who escorted and took him aside was a master of his art. But the scheme which he represented was in imminent peril, and it was deemed essential that the leading papers of the West should, at least, not oppose it. It was thought better that the papers should even leave the subject unmentioned. It were needless to give in detail the interview. The substance of what our lobbyist had to propose to this young journalist was this: “Take this roll of greenbacks, and don't send a word over the wires about our measure.” From the appearance of the roll, it was supposed to contain about as much money as the correspondent would earn in the whole of a short session of Congress. What a temptation to a young married man and father!—a quarter's salary for merely *not* writing a short paragraph, which, in any case, he need not have written, and might not have thought of writing. He was not tempted, however; but only blushed, and turned away with the remark that he was sorry the tempter thought so meanly of him. It is illegitimate schemes, such as ought never to get as far as Washington, that are usually sought to be advanced by such tactics as these.

Either by a new article of the Constitution, such as President Jefferson proposed sixty-five years ago, or by a clearly defined interpretation of existing articles, the people should be notified anew that Congress is not authorized to expend the public money, or “lend the public credit,” for any



but strictly national objects, — objects necessary to the defence and protection of the whole people, and such as the State governments and private individuals cannot do for themselves. Any one who has been in Washington during the last few winters, and kept his eyes open, must have felt that this was a most pressing need of the time. It is sorrowful to see so much effort and so much money wasted in urging Congress to do what it cannot do without the grossest violation of the great charter that created it.

I feel all the difficulty of laying down a rule that will stand the test of strong temptation. The difficulty is shown by our failures hitherto; for this question of the power of Congress to do desirable works has been an "issue" in Presidential contests, and the theme of a hundred debates in both Houses. President Washington, influenced perhaps by his English-minded Secretary of the Treasury, Hamilton, evidently thought that Congress could do almost anything which the British Parliament could do; and we see him urging Congress to realize Hamilton's dream of a great National University. John Adams shared this opinion. When Mr. Jefferson came into power, in 1801, on a strict-constructionist issue, Republicans thought the thing was settled. But no: there occurred an opportunity to buy Louisiana, and that opportunity seemed transient. Napoleon wanted money desperately, and had sense enough to understand the uselessness of Louisiana to France. Jefferson yielded. He bought Louisiana, and *then* asked Congress to frame an amendment to the Constitution that would cover the act. I never could see the necessity for an amendment for that case; for it certainly belonged to "the common defence" for the United States to own its own back door. Then came that perplexing surplus of 1805, when Mr. Jefferson asked Congress to take the whole subject of internal improvements into consideration, and frame an article of the Constitution which would be a clear guide for all future legislation.

It was not done. The war of 1812 betrayed the weakness of the country in some essential particulars, and broke down the strict-construction theory, while confirming in power the party of strict-constructionists. Madison revived the project of a National University, *without* asking for a new article; and the old Federalist ideas gained such ground, that, when John Quincy Adams came into power, in 1825, Congress was asked to do more than Hamilton had so much as proposed in Cabinet-meeting. Jackson, impelled by his puerile hatred of Henry Clay, re-established the strict-construction principle; but it would not remain re-established. In 1843, Congress gave Professor Morse twenty thousand dollars with which to try his immortal experiment with the telegraph. Congress had no right to do this; but the splendor of the result dazzled every mind and silenced all reproach. Then came Mr. Douglas's device by which a Democratic Congress was enabled to set up a railroad company with capital from the sale of the public lands, and leave to the railroad company all the profit upon the investment. Finally was achieved the masterpiece of evasion called "lending the public credit."

I never could see the necessity of any device to justify Congress in constructing *one* Pacific Railroad outright; because it was a cheap and necessary measure of "common defence." That railroad defends the frontiers against the Indians better than mounted regiments, and defends the Pacific States better than costly fleets. But the most strained reading of the Constitution cannot make it authorize the building of a railroad beginning and ending in the same State, nor justify the voting of public money to make scientific experiments. Probably there are now in Washington at least fifty lobbies (or will be ere long) working for schemes suggested by those two violations of trust, to the sore tribulation of members of Congress, and to the grievous loss of persons interested.

The time is favorable for an attempt



to settle this question, because it does not now enter into the conflict of parties. Perhaps the Congress of an empire like this *ought* to have power to aid in such a work as the Darien Canal. Perhaps the mere magnitude of the undertaking makes it exceptional, makes it necessarily national. It *may* properly belong to an imperial parliament to aid scientific experiments which are too costly for individuals to undertake. Perhaps a national Congress is incompletely endowed unless it *can* reward services that cannot otherwise be rewarded,—such a ser-

vice, for example, as that rendered by the discoverers of the pain-suspending power of ether. If so, let the power be frankly granted, but carefully defined. If not, let the fact be known. There should be an end of evasions, devices, and tricks for doing what the Constitution does not authorize. A tolerably well-informed citizen of the United States should be able to ascertain with certainty, before going to Washington and publishing a gorgeous album, whether his enterprise is one which Congress has or has not the constitutional right to assist.

## QUAFF:

### HIS CAPERS, CONTRADICTIONS, AND PURE CUSSEDNESSES.

"POSSESSED of that thirsty devil whose name is Quaff": so said Luther of his potationary German generation; and Luther knew whereof he spoke, being familiar with the Satanic administration, and commissioned to hold the light of truth to the Prince of Darkness in person. I esteem myself happy in the chance to "sling ink" at this deputy diabolos over the shoulder of the spiritual pluck that once hurled the full horn at the head of the Arch Fiend himself.

There are just two orders of mind to which the idea of an actual, personal Devil is acceptable, in any debate, without qualification or demur. And these are the truly great and the truly simple, the intellectual planet and the intellectual spark,—Bacon and a booby, Luther and a lout; and, standing between these two extremes, I gratefully accept the ray of truth that reaches me from either end.

Would I be understood as asserting — say confessing, if you feel scornful — that I believe in a downright Devil, with an entity as vulgar as John Smith's, and a mission as meddling as

Paul Pry's? — a Devil with a will and a plan, with attributes, prerogatives, and a jurisdiction? — a Devil with knowledge, penetration, and device? — a Devil who can expand himself like cant and contract himself like avarice, "limber" himself like servility and stiffen himself like pride, consent like superstition and resist like bigotry, flow like folly and stand fast like fate, grovel like a pariah and grow like a demi-god, solicit like a parasite and patronize like a priest?

Even so; for I was born with a note of interrogation for a birthmark, and — granted a Devil for a key — I have guessed to the heart of many a mystery that else might have puzzled me mad. He has accounted to me for so many phenomena, physiological, phrenological, psychological, sociological, — everything but logical, — which might have fretted my spirit and muddled my wits by insisting on being accounted for, that, if one may orthodoxly thank the Enemy, I owe him grateful assurances of my distinguished consideration. Recognizing the Father of Lies, I have enjoyed a philosophical and

moral dispensation from entertaining the distracting bedlam of his offspring. Therefore I invoke the nimble presence of Luther's thirsty Quaff, that, plunging plump into the flowing bowl, he may bring me to light the mystery of iniquity that lurks beneath the "ruby main" of every lusty brimmer, — a tipsy little truth at the bottom of a wicked little well; and, science having dived for it, and the law dragged for it, and philanthropy drained for it, all in vain, here comes religion, or common sense, — by this light it may be either, or both at once, — and says, let's try the Devil!

Every Quaff-possessed wretch, who topes up to the raging climax, and then rolls over trembling into the abyss of "horrors," is familiar with the apparition of certain psychological phenomena, diverse but akin, which at one time or another — in the exaltation of carouse, or the prostration of "jim-jams" — are sure to confront him; and which, be he Luther or lout, he *knows* — with a knowledge instinctive and unerring — are not to be peddled from the carpet-bag of any professional mountebank, nor to be demonstrated on the blackboard of any scientific penny showman.

I believe there are few of us — we of the world and the flesh — who do not keep a private demon (once frankly termed a "familiar"). Disguised as a "devilish cute," or a devilish clever, or a devilish brilliant fellow, and shrewdly sinking the professional in the elegant amateur, this protean guide, philosopher, and friend is ready to attend us with his experience and his arts whenever we feel like rushing in where angels fear to tread. He is the Mephistopheles to the Faust of our dreams, the Mulberry Hawk to the Verisopht of our debauches.

When you would wend to that land of the forbidden, by the route "obscure and lonely, haunted by ill angels only," which Poe had so often traversed, be honest like him, and engage one of the regular guides. Don't pretend that you have strayed unwillingly, unwittingly,

from the plain road of revelation, mislighted by any will-o'-the-wisps of sham science, or luminous spectre of dyspepsia, or corpse-candle of superstition. In this injunction (if in no other notion), I find Swedenborg and the spiritualists with me, since they alike acknowledge the presence and influence of vulgar, lying, and spiteful spooks, whose accomplishments, arts, and functions are essentially human; and Swedenborg describes their favorite pastime as the demoting of mortal fools and gulls.

The state of the man rabidly addicted to drink is unquestionably a state of disease, whether contracted in the natural course of a vicious self-indulgence or fatally inherited, — a disease, primarily or ultimately, of the nervous organism and function. But the nervous system, being the medium of all imparted or transmitted impressions, intellectual or moral, of all emotions, psychological and spiritual, is naturally the instrument for the expression of character. Then, granted a Devil, crafty, expert, and malign, — and in each of us he finds a sort of magnetic telegraph, ingeniously devised for his peculiar manipulations. Hence the "pure cussednesses" of drink, the fascinating *diableries* of animal magnetism, clairvoyance, necromancy, — even vampyrism, which is but the monstrous embodiment of a horrid bent of the night-mared soul. "Need, therefore, have ministers, when they meddle with afflicted men, to call to Heaven aforehand to assist them, being sure they shall have Hell itself to oppose them."\* Even they who reject the actuality and personality of Satan may be willing to accept him as the spiritual symbol of the power and ubiquity of co-operative presumptions and deceptions; and for this purpose, whether the power be omnipresent or simply divisible and multi-form, may rest an open question.

"A disease" surely; but diseases, like desires, may be unholy; and the nervous system has a diabolic nosology all its own, — a dictionary of disorders familiarly demonic. Of these is, first

\* Thomas Fuller, A Wounded Conscience.

of all, that Scriptural "possession" which is the intimate office of Quaff and his crew, and of which the phenomena, in all their ancient horrors of bruising and rending and foaming and defiling, may even in these days be observed in Pagan lands. These may be regarded as at once the revelation and the type of this class of visitations.

Next (an exaggerated development of the preceding, merely), come certain forms of insanity, especially shocking in their shapes of despair or blasphemy. In a madhouse in Maryland, I saw a spell-bound young woman, whose countenance and habitual attitude might have moved a professional philanthropist to pity. She was a Cuban, fair and dainty, forced by her family to marry a man she hated, to the sudden ruin of a man she loved. From the first, she refused to hide her disgust of her husband, who very soon began to resent her repulsions with an implacable revenge. He removed her to Spain, where, by a deliberate system of patient and ruthless provocations, he finally drove her mad, with a distraction sufficiently hideous to satisfy the most exacting of the spasmodic school of tragedy; then, with savage mockery, he sent her back to her parents, who forthwith consigned her to the safe keeping of nurses in a barred and bolted chamber.

She told me she was "possessed of a devil,"—only she did not style him husband,—who, night and day, tormented her to destroy all whom she loved or pitied. One object in life was yet left to her,—death. With supernatural secrecy and patience, she waited and watched for the chance of self-destruction. Her cell was in a tower, five stories from the ground; and I saw, on the window-sash, how, with resolute and busy little teeth, she had gnawed the frame away around two panes, that she might fling the darkness of her life out into the darkness of the night; for so they caught her at midnight, with tender budding lips all bloody.

In another asylum in the same State I

have seen impious "services" of frightful mockery, conducted by a mad preacher, in a style to make the pit of perdition roar with fun. The man had been a champion "exhorter," eminent for his muscular fervor, and very aggressive in prayer. His hymnophony was stentorian, and he led the psalmody with a robust air of business that "improved an occasion" like a steam-engine. He had been the "first trump" of camp-meetings and the last trump of revivals.

I saw this poor mountebank of the conventicle uncowed, but terribly in earnest at last. To his distraught imagination his narrow cell expanded to a tabernacle, and he thronged it with such a congregation as may be looked for only in a vision of Dante, or a masque of Milton, or a *grotesque* of Rabelais, or a dream of Poe, or a picture of Doré. Then he arose in the midst of his invisible flock, and in the conventional phrases, tones, and gestures of his school proceeded to direct a most monstrous worship. "Let us sing to the glory of Satan!" he said, and forthwith began most horribly to parody himself,—deliberately "deaconing," in the familiar nasal twang and drawl, two lines at a time, a hymn of his own improvising, an astounding farago of blasphemous and obscene incoherences; and this with Watts and Wesley open in his hand. That done, he read (as if from the sacred volume before him) something that he termed "a portion of the gospel according to Old Scratch": shocking as the devilish drollery may sound, such were his very words. (There are those who will read these pages who knew the smitten wretch, and have heard his mad ministry; it is but seven years since.) Then a prayer!—the prayer of Legion to Lucifer: shall I dare to describe it,—I, who listened to it bewitched, and turned away appalled? And then a closing hymn, "deaconed" as before; and last of all, a literal *mal-ediction*.

Now, holding this case before your eyes, have the manliness to look straight

through it at two other cases, as you find them described in the evidence of St. Luke, ch. iv. 33-35, and ch. viii. 27-36; and tell me what distinction you make in the diagnosis. Were they, or were they not, true *devils*, that were cast out in Capernaum and the land of the Gadarenes? and do they cease to be spirits, and become mere symptoms, by a simple accident of time and geography? Are the four Gospels to be superseded by the fortyologies, and Revelation by the New American Cyclopædia? Do we, or do we not, "believe"? Shall we entertain no devouter thought for the record of His divine exorcisms in Judæa than the good-humored tolerance we grant to the legend of St. Patrick's vermifugal exterminations in Ireland? Let us take heed to our whimsies and our crotchets, for a fierce little apostolic conservative is after us sharply, with his 1 Timothy iv. 1.

Well, close upon the heels of the outright mad, in my diabolic nosology, follows the more methodical, though scarcely milder, procession of the hysterical-possessed: of whom are the Hindoo devotees of the churruck-post; the Malay slashers of the amok; dervishes, whirling and howling; the Convulsionnaires of St. Medard; the Flagellants; the later spawn of Russian "Mutilators"; Salem witchcraft, — smuggled, by way of revival trances, into the respectable communion of Rochester Spiritualism, with its prize tricks of table-tipping and crockery-slam-banging. And who has not known very small children in whose total depravity of wilfulness, rebellion, deceit, cruelty, profanity, impurity, the Devil asserts his presence with absolute insolence?

This brings us to Pure Cussedness, — the peculiar domain of Quaff and his confederates, chief of whom is the Imp of the Perverse. That is a true Satanic discord which thrusts itself between the man and his affections, between the judgment and the word or act, between the will and the power, dividing, estranging, conflicting them. And in this impair-

ment or paralysis of will or power, or both, this depraved antagonism of two that should be co-operative, lies all the mystery of the drunkard's iniquity, — a mystery no longer physiological or pathological, but simply demonological. Once acknowledge (as I have done these twenty years) that a peculiar doom of sudden stunning is provided for the *will* of him who wantonly tampers with the forbidden, and sports with death and Devil, and at once you have the key to the mystery of many a tragedy infinitely more dark and haunting than the contradictions of Quaff, or the perversities of Pure Cussedness. The will abused, or set to wicked work for pastime, or deceit, or avarice, or passion, will, without warning, die, or hide itself, or withhold its help, in the crisis of terrible predicament and peril. By the illustration of authentic cases I may make my meaning clear.

Mildest of these may be reckoned that weird fascination of impulse to fling one's self headlong from towers and precipices, or from the "tops" into the sea, which in the tempting circumstances almost overcomes the shuddering resistance of certain persons sensitively organized, if for a moment they permit themselves to toy with the thought. There is a kindred fascination in simulated insanity, which often deceives the shrewdest and most suspicious observer, by force of that partial or transient reality which is its appropriate punishment. When children cruelly mimic the afflictions of the blind or lame, the grave warning of an old-fashioned nurse, "Stop, child, or you'll grow so!" is something more than a crone's bugbear.

The following cases may be accepted as examples of retributive paralysis of will: —

A lad in New Jersey, infuriated by a flogging his father had administered to him, in a delirium of rage and hate, thrust his head under water in a common tub, and drowned himself. His arms and legs were free; no earthly circumstance disabled him at any moment from rising and living; his power

was at his service ; but his will had left him to his fate.

A man in Pennsylvania hung himself. When found, his arms were quite at liberty ; and, not only were his toes on the floor, but almost his knees also. The appearances plainly indicated that, to effect his purpose, he had drawn up his legs. He had the power to stand erect, and slacken his rope loosely ; yet he *could not*. There was no sign or suspicion of insanity in this case.

A woman in Connecticut tied a silk scarf, in such a manner as to form a wide, loose loop, round her bed-post, within a foot and a half of the floor. Then lying prone on the carpet, she passed the loop over her head, adjusting it to her throat, and very slowly strangled herself, by allowing the weight of her body to bear upon the sling. It must have been a tedious process of self-murder ; and if her patience had become exhausted, she had but to raise her head, or interpose her hand ; yet she *could not*. In this case there had been some natural melancholy, following the death of her child ; but not a trace of insanity.

A gentleman residing near Troy, New York, who had been a curious observer of such phenomena, and had sought in vain for an explanation (that might satisfy both his reason and his faith) of the failure of the natural muscular impulse to respond to the instinct of self-preservation, having heard a shrewd old farmer say, "If the Devil once fairly puts it into a fellow's head to kill himself, he can do it by just holding his breath," determined to solve the problem by experiment. He went alone into his barn, confiding his purpose to no one, and with a rope suspended himself *per coll.* to a beam ; but his toes touched the floor fairly, so that he could support his body upon them ; and he had taken the precaution to place a block or stool within reach of his foot ; and his hands and arms were free : yet he *could not* ! If a farm-hand, opportunely entering, had not cut him down, he could not have lived to explain, that "from the moment he

allowed his body to hang heavily by the rope, feeling for the floor with his heels, all muscular impulse to save himself was gone : he was horrified, fascinated, paralyzed."

In Vermont, two boys, schoolmates and intimate playfellows, but not related, hung themselves at the same time, as if by concert of plan, in the barns of their separate homes. They were healthy cheerful lads, apparently without a grievance, at home or at school, to afford a motive for the strangely dreadful deed. How came it to pass, then ? I believe it to have been but another example of impious inquisitiveness, without a purpose more serious than the exploit of a boy's hardihood, — a young Bohemian's prying into the Unholy, a truant's trespass on the domain of the forbidden. Any pictorial sheet of "Police Gazette" enterprise may have furnished the taking hint, which, without the aid of any subtler instrument of hell, was safe to conduct itself to the tragic conclusion ; for the hint itself was Satan.

Now, why is it that a criminal on the gallows, if he succeed in his preternatural struggles to free his thonged wrists, may, for the time, defeat the careful plans of the executioner, and delay his own doom, by seizing the rope above his head, or thrusting his hands between his throat and the slip-knot ? What constitutes the difference (physical or spiritual) between his case and either of those I have described ? Why is it that the bound murderer of another, fighting desperately against the law and the penalty, is so often permitted to rescue or reprieve himself ; the unbound self-murderer, however pitifully his heart may fail him, so very seldom ? Is it simply that in the former case the man's will stands his friend, in the latter is his executioner ?

Thus, I think, men and women have starved themselves to death. When they could eat, they would not ; when, for life's sake, they would, they could not. Outraged Nature hushed her own cry of self-preservation, and stunned her saving craving, setting up

a loathing in its place. "I too," she said, "can starve myself!"

"If the Devil once fairly puts it into a fellow's head to kill himself, he can do it by just holding his breath." The 'cute old countryman who enunciated that axiom had probably never seen *Braid on Trance* ("Self-Hypnotism," "Human Hybernation," "Voluntary Catalepsy"), or he would have found there some authentic modern instances to back his wise saw with. He might have read of negro slaves in the West Indies who committed suicide, under the lash, by tightly closing the mouth, "and at the same time stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with the tongue." He might have read of Hindoo Fakeers who had "acquired the power of suffering themselves to be buried alive, enclosed in bags, shut up in sealed boxes, or even of being buried for days or for weeks in common graves, and assuming their wonted activity on being released from their temporary confinement or sepulture." He might have read of Balik Natha, who lived to the age of one hundred, and could suppress his breath for a week at a time. He might have read the narrative recorded by the eminent Dr. Cheyne of Dublin, and attested by Dr. Baynard and Mr. Skrine, of the case of Colonel Townsend, who could die, or *expire*, when he pleased, and yet by some mysterious power come to life again. "Dr. Baynard could not feel the least motion in the heart, nor Mr. Skrine perceive the least soil of breath on the bright mirror he held to the mouth. . . . We were satisfied that he was actually dead, and were just ready to leave him."

He might have read the narrative of Sir Claude Martin Wade, political agent at the Court of Runjeet Singh, "Regarding the Fakeer who Buried himself Alive (for Six Weeks) at Lahore, in 1837." This man deliberately composed himself for his long death-sleep by plugging his nostrils and ears with wax and cotton, and "closing the internal air-passages by curving the tongue upward," as in the practice of

the West-Indian slaves. When he had been disinterred, and resuscitated by the bathings, anointings, and other manipulations of his servant, the Fakcer, at last opening his eyes and recognizing Runjeet Singh and Sir Claude, "articulated in a low, sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, 'Do you believe now?'"

He might have read the report of Sir C. S. Trevelyan, of the treasury, formerly (in 1829-30) acting political agent at Kotah, of the burial and "resurrection," after ten days, of another fakeer, resulting in the complete convincing of the agent, the commandant of the escort, and the surgeon to the agency. He might have read the extracts from Lieutenant A. Boileau's "Narrative of a Journey in Rajwarra, in 1835," relating to the case of the fakeer at Jesulmer, who "had been buried alive, of his own free will, at the back of the tank close to our tents, and was to remain under ground for a whole month." The prescribed period having elapsed, the man was dug out alive, in the presence of Goshur Lal, one of the ministers of the court. "The cell or grave in which he had been interred was lined with masonry. . . . Two heavy slabs of stone, five or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, were then laid over him, so that he could not escape. The door of the house was also built up, and people stationed outside to mount guard during the whole month, that no tricks might be played, nor any deception practised." On recovering his senses, under the treatment described in Sir Claude Wade's report, "he conversed with us," says Lieutenant Boileau, "in a low, gentle tone of voice, as if his animal functions were still in a very feeble state; but so far from appearing distressed in mind by the long interment from which he had just been released, he said we *might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased!*"

Now, I think the key of my theory of "Spell-bound Will" may fit this mystery also. By an unnatural convul-



sion, not by a natural effort, of the will wrested from its appointed function and directed to a presumptuous and unholy exploit, the man holds his breath for a time, having first taken rude mechanical precautions (with plugs of wax and cotton, and that practised trick of retroverting his tongue) to disable the muscular impulse from obeying the instinct of self-preservation by involuntary respiration. A few spasms of such monstrous fortitude, and the will (the spiritual life?) retires from the struggle altogether, leaving the *mere animal life* to itself. From that instant, not only is an effort of the will not required to hold the breath, but the breath holds itself, and no will is present to reproduce respiration; the man has wantonly estranged the will from the power and set up a devilish conflict between them. For the space of such a spell the will is inert and the power impotent.

And now for the application of these principles, fancies, fantastic crotchets, — what you will, — to the solution of that mystery of thirst, at the bottom of which lies Quaff the conjurer. Not physiology, nor social science, but psychology, even demonology, must be our Seer in this. For every confirmed inebriate is familiar, in all his restlessness and Tantalus pains, all his distractions, horrors, and remorse, with the diabolic perversities of his own infirmity. Though he be stupid and tongue-tied in every other matter, he suddenly bursts into brightness and fluency when he comes to the analyzing of his curse. Perhaps it is because he has the advantage of you, in being at times a mere uncomplicated unembarrassed *animal*, that he can understand with the natural impulse of his heart that which you can only question with the artificial habit of your brains, — the agonizing conflict between will and power, between the conviction and the act or word, the affection and the manifestation.

Does the inebriate, once sunk from the vicious *diletanteisms* of the superfine debauchee to the pothouse satu-

rations of the indiscriminate sot, love the taste of liquor? Believe me, he resents and abhors and makes faces at it, with his very soul. 'Tis Circe, the charm of the forbidden. If whiskey ran like water from the common conduits, no thirsty lip would touch it. The spell would be lifted, the normal instinct of the animal restored, and the man would be as sensible and safe as a horse or a dog. But *forbid* him, with taxes and fines, and penalties and pains, and shames and outcastings, and weepings and wailings and gnashings of teeth; and forthwith he gasps, with the torments of Dives, for the fiery spirit of thirst itself.

But if it behooves him to be deaf to Quaff's cry of thirst, how much more should he beware of Quaff when he whimsically declines the comfortable cup! — here is a delusion that may disguise a death. I saw at an asylum for inebriates two men, intelligent, honest, in earnest, who were there for a brave purpose of reform. They had come to the place together, and had been comrades in fortitude for six months, anxiously interchanging their experiences, observations, hopes, and fears. Though free to go and come on their parole, and daily confronting temptation, neither had forgotten his self-imposed taboo, during all their half-year's probation; yet, while one assured me that, from the hour he entered the retreat, he had never once had to suppress an inclination or turn from the allurements of a pleasant memory, "nor did he fear he should ever again be overtaken," the other confessed, with a certain fierce frankness, that every hour, with almost every thought, he had longed for a deep drink. Well, these two departed as they had come, together. They had a nine hours' ride by rail to take;

"and viewlessly,  
Rode spirits by their side."

That confident man was very drunk before their journey was half made, for Quaff had claimed his own; but the tormented gladiator stands fast to this day.

The "periodical" inebriate — the phrase so commonly employed to designate "one who drinks an uncertain enormous quantity at irregular intervals" — is a misnomer; the term should be "spasmodic." Among ten thousand drunkards whose ways I have noted, from New York around the world and back again, I have not certainly known ten who got drunk at regularly recurring intervals of so many days or weeks, apparently for no other provocation than that "the time had come," — as if their sprees were but so many shakes of fever-and-ague. Your bosom-friend, a fire-eater on a point of veracity, being in a state of boozy imbecility, assures you he never drinks, "unless it may be a glass of wine now and then at the club." You are naturally astounded at the intrepid lie; but Quaff laughs at you, for he knows all about it, and the lie is but a little *surprise* of his own. Riding boisterously on the top wave of a "bender," he suddenly recollects that he is thirsty, it being "just three hours since he had a drink." You assure yourself that he did not say three minutes, and immediately experience another shock in the most conscientious part of your innocence; but again Quaff laughs at you, for he has set forward the clock of your bosom-friend's torment. Having at last attained the dignified and supercilious degree of fuddle, he resents with scorn your kind offer to see him home, as if you imagined him "intros-ricared." You are dumbfounded and discomfited by his impudence; and again Quaff laughs at your limp respectability. Come round to his head again, by the route of megrims and remorse, a glimpse of his late condition reflected in the aspect and utterance of another man excites his wonder and compassion. You are profoundly disgusted by his hypocrisy; and again Quaff laughs at that myopy of the mind which cannot discriminate between the cant of pride and the confession of humiliation. I fear it is precisely this element of comedy in drunkenness which procures for it all the vicious

popularity, and most of the virtuous tolerance, it enjoys: the vice is a monster of so funny mien, as to be hated never should be seen.

It is not the least noticeable of the contradictions of Quaff that his possessed are often moved by a sentiment of delicacy and scruple, at once contrite and tender, as though an angel were watching their fiend. For example, many drunkards, otherwise thoughtless and prodigal enough, will never invite another drunkard to drink: their resentment of the pagan cruelty which would proffer the cup of ruin to a child is manly and severe; and for a total-abstinence discourse, searching and solemn, without clap-trap, cant, or twaddle, commend me to the trembling, longing warning of a sot. There are drunkards, also, who, when the rage is upon them, scrupulously shun their friends, lest they should bring them to shame or trouble or pain, yet never shrink from owning with meekness their evil behavior. This is that Bohemian-like soul-assertion, which expresses itself in the inebriate's tribal sentiment of high scorn for him who denies or disguises his fellowship; while it pities and applauds the moral vagabond who, having a frank horror of his reproach, cannot heal and would not hide it. *Item*: I claim for my client (who cannot spare one tittle of his poor plea), that his promises are usually undertaken in good faith, made in the gratitude and hopefulness of an illusive escape, and forsworn in the forlorn rage and desperation of his own broken strength and courage. Feebly distrusting them from the first, he learns to fear them at last as the Delilahs of his sleeping strength.

The capricious suddenness with which his rabid thirst may leave the drunkard or return upon him, is perhaps the most disheartening, as it is also the most transparent, of the devices of Quaff: the eccentric freak of indifference, as when the toper in the high heat of a carouse leaves his darling draught untouched and unnoticed; the stranger fascination, as when he

springs from his bed at midnight, and plunges through miles of darkness and storm, to rouse a drowsy and disgusted rum-seller; the very slight excitement which suffices to air the smouldering craving. I have known those who, on their discharge from an asylum, after many months of perfect abstinence and repose, have rushed forthwith into a fierce orgie, inflamed by the mere flurry and impatience of anticipation in approaching once more the old familiar places and faces, with contending emotions of triumph and humiliation. There are surely seasons and conditions in which it is not safe for the inebriate (wrestling with his bondage) to discuss, however wisely, even to meditate upon, his treacherous infirmity. At such times, let him prudently eschew the literature of temperance tracts and tales, and stop his ears to the voice of the cunning charmer who dispenses the dry sensation of cold-water harangues at two shillings a head. Especially let him acknowledge, with wholesome fear, the force of association, and keep warily aloof from localities endeared to him by many drunks. At this moment I have in my mind's eye two ready writers, shrewd thinkers both, and of notable culture and skill in letters, who, safe everywhere else, are lost from the moment they turn into Broadway, and encounter the bewildering procession and wit's-endy hubbub of that street of distractions.

What man who has noted and conscientiously considered this fatal fascination of drink in another; — the reckless relinquishment of every consideration of advantage, honor, pride, personal safety, — shame accepted and death defied, — to procure it; — who has observed that for the wretch once subject to the spell there is no earthly talisman; — will rest content with the shallow and fallacious guesses of a smattering philosophy? If you would know the reason why a sailor swims ashore through two miles of sharks and back again, to find a dozen with the cats awaiting him, and all for a swig of arrack, you should ask his chum

or the chaplain, rather than the surgeon!

This ingenious Quaff has provided drunkenness with a peculiar magnetism whereby to multiply itself. This is a phenomenon especially troublesome in inebriate-asylums where freedom of excursion beyond bounds is allowed to the inmates. Let but one weak or dishonorable "liberty man" violate his parole, and immediately an endemic of thirst breaks out among his kind, and a dozen fellow-culprits share his caging. At a railroad station in New York a drunken man fell frothing in an epileptic fit. A young physician who was just waiting for a train, and who had himself been drinking freely, went to the man's assistance. Instantly the sight of the convulsions — to him a familiar spectacle, upon which at any other time he would have gazed unmoved — so furiously enraged him that he seized his possessed brother by the hair, and would have dashed out his brains against the granite steps, had not the bystanders dragged him off. Up to the moment of looking into the face of the fallen stranger he had not even been drunk: now he was wild with delirium, and for several days his condition was precarious.

A promising young lawyer of Washington had become a confirmed sot. The bar-keeper of the hotel to which he habitually resorted when in his cups was, if not strictly abstemious (as the better sort of bar-keepers often are), at least most prudent in his potations. By the charm of generous impulses and fine social qualities, he of the bar of injury had become attached to him of the bar of justice with an ardent, tenacious, and obsequious regard; so that he resolutely, but without ostentation, imposed upon himself the responsibility of rescuing and reforming his engaging but erratic customer. Three years of his faithful following, vigilant guarding, unflinching firmness, and almost feminine tenderness and tact resulted in the making of a *man*, who is now a power in his profession and a pleasure in society; but the bar-keeper died of *mania*.

*a-potu*, "contracted in the discharge of his extraordinary duty." Quaff's practice in this case seems to have been pure obeah.

Any anxiety, distraction, or trouble, sudden shock or wild sorrow, may incite the craving for the accustomed draught of cheap lethe. I have seen a stunned and miserable man drunk at the open grave of his wife, whom he tenderly loved. I doubt not the angels pitied him.

But of all the contradictions of Quaff, the ugliest, the meanest, the most thankless, the most offensive alike to instinct and reason, is that by which he inspires the inebriate with his monstrous perversion of natural affection, his depraved sensitiveness to every word and tone and look and gesture of those he loves. With equal outrage he "damns" their notice and their avoidance, their sympathy and their silence, their endearments and their repulsions, their patience and their vexation, their tenderness and their scorn, their fidelity and their desertion, their fast-clinging and their fleeing from him. He resents their reproaches, while he curses himself; he resents their compassion, while he profoundly pities both himself and them; he resents their assistance, while he cries aloud for help; he resents their companionship, while he trembles if they leave him alone. His horror of his "flesh and blood" is extreme, while from his soul he yearns for them. With them he cannot live; without them he must die. It is perhaps his freak of conscience never to drink at home; it is his freak of hell to curse his mother, or his wife and children, that they will not give him more drink. His friends are his most spiteful foes, his enemies his truest lovers. He is, in truth, least understood by those who are most concerned for him; most shrewdly managed by an unconscious child.

His transitions of feeling are as sudden and inconsistent as his alternations of moral strength and weakness. In all earnestness and eagerness he will implore you to place him under re-

straint and discipline; and at the very portal of some refuge of his own choosing, will, with a flash of almost insane cunning, mock you and give you the slip. Under certain circumstances of physical exhaustion and mental depression, his most heroic abstinence, no less than his debauches, has its "horrors." With the same frightful phantasms with which he scourges his frailties, Quaff torments and tempts his fortitude. His self-denial may have its rats and snakes, its beasts and creeping things, as well as his self-indulgence. One who, after a twelvemonth of unchecked debauch, impetuously cast out his own devil, in the name of God and duty and affection, described his physical pangs as excruciating, and his mental terrors as appalling. For five long years he fled trembling, while seven spirits pursued, demanding readmittance to their sweet and garnished quarters. "Horrors" intercepted him, and despair mocked him, and pain implored him, and comfort enticed him, till, beset on all sides and wellnigh mad, he found himself at last at a hospitable bar, with the dear old decanters waiting for him, and that pertinacious but pleasant Quaff panting and smiling at his elbow. Then he dashed down the untasted death and fled, and Quaff sought other lodgings. But every waking hour of those five years he felt how a man may hate and fear the accursed thing, yet have no wish to shun it; how he may groan and rage for it, yet not have the courage to try it.

In all the disheartening disclosures of the dipsomaniac demonology I think no fact shall be found so curiously pernicious, in its impression and influence, as the drunkenness of the priesthood. "But that is so extremely rare!" you think. By no means so exceptional that the American clergy of any denomination might venture to contribute to the arithmetic of intemperance an honest enumeration of them who "drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of the afflicted." In the Report (for 1868) of the superintendent of a noted institution for the reforma-

tion of inebriates, we find in the schedule of "occupations" three clergymen. What proportion of those who, turning self-accused from the water of life, tarry long at the wine, and weep, with redness of eyes, between the sideboard and the altar, do these three represent?—seeing that the pass must be desperate indeed which brings the world's revered exemplars to the brave abdications of such a publicity. Let these three remember, to their comfort, that their aspiring part remains to them. "When Job looked on himself as an outcast, the Infinite spirit and the Wicked spirit were holding a dialogue on his case."\* A pastor, of mature experience and the purest life, once confessed to an inebriate, whom he would have comforted, that, although the sensual gratification that wines or spirits afford was to him an untried pleasure, he was at no time indifferent to the zest of their aroma, which never failed to provoke in him a sensible penchant, if not a positive craving, for their forbidden charm; he had been more than once possessed with a momentary curiosity—"amusing, but nevertheless not safe"—to experience the sensations of a drunken man. But he thanked God that the inclination had never been provoked, or the fancy suggested, by the sight or savor of the sacramental cup.

There is a divination in the drunkard's dreams which any hardy man may try who demands an argument more conclusive than any that I have marshalled here. Their supernatural vividness, coherence, and circumstantial particularity imparts to them all the impressiveness of an actual experience, while from their infernal terrors they derive an allegorical import most startling and weird. The accusatory and threatening character of the illusions of sight and hearing in the waking horrors are related to these dreams by a continuity of plan and purpose which is beyond the possibilities of stomach, and surpasses the unassisted performances of brain. Many inebriates of

\* Cecil.

liberal education, unbiased by superstitious susceptibilities, recognize in these hallucinations, and in the delirium which is but an aggravation of them, true proofs and foretastes of hell, and discover in their rats and snakes, and other hideous infestings of the mind, a symbolic significance and warning.

If this characteristic phenomenon be indeed a veritable portent, how horrid does its aspect become when it assumes the chronic form!—happily so rare. In Maryland, in 1860, I met a gentleman, very intelligent, cheerful, and entertaining, who, seven years before, had narrowly escaped death by *mania-a-potu*. From that time the severest abstinence had been the rule of his living. He was in robust health and high spirits; a man, too, of shrewd sense, and various information. But his spectral snakes had never left him; and as he conversed, however vivaciously, he flung them every moment from his arms or legs, or shook them from his clothing, or drew them from his bosom, still chatting gayly on, uninterrupted and unconcerned: so shockingly familiar to him, and tame, had the creatures become. Strangest of all,—though he perfectly appreciated the nature of his hallucination, could give you a most interesting account of his case, and knew well that his serpents were invisible to you,—to him they were always real, though no longer alarming. In the dark he felt them, as in the light he saw them; and he lay down among them, and slept unterrified. He accepted them with resignation, as the tangible remembrancers of his transgression.

"Sorrow for sin and sorrow for suffering," saith our just and sympathetic Thomas Fuller, "are oftentimes so twisted and interwoven in the same person, yea, in the same sigh and groan, that sometimes it is impossible for the party himself so to separate and divide them, in his own sense and feeling, as to know which proceeds from the one and which from the other. Only the all-seeing eye of an infinite God is able to discern

and distinguish them." I have sat by the bedside of a trembling, tossing, starting wretch, whose harp of a thousand strings was all unstrung and jangled, and heard him exhaust his prodigal's-cry for help and rest and hope, in the Lord's Prayer, iterated and reiterated — from "Our Father" to "Amen," with imploring importunity lingering at "Deliver us from evil!" — over and over, the livelong night. If he should stop, he said, he must scream and rend himself in his anguish of soul and body, his sorrow for his sin and his sorrow for his suffering.

If once in a long while your solemn service is disturbed, your pensive company of worshippers agitated, and your good meeting broken with the "most admired disorder" of a strange and sudden burst of pent-up pain from a back seat in a dark corner, consider if it be not the double sorrow of such another inquisition of torture and remorse, expressed in the same groan and cry. Hence the wrestling drunkard's longing (by no means uncommon) for the help and rescue of religion. It is this which *excites* him to displays of undue eagerness and zeal; it is this which ensnares him in a seeming hypocrisy; it is by this that Quaff betrays him in the end to a new and crueler shape of shame and despair.

May a genuine and healthy "conversion" (I use that term, not for any technicality of dogma, but simply because, in its radical sense, it most conveniently expresses my meaning), suffice to reform the inebriate's habit, as well as save his soul? Out of the candid catholicity of my godlessness I answer, Yes! if only by superseding his selfish passion with a noble inspiration and a potent discipline. An astute clergyman once maintained in my hearing that religion could no more cure "nerves" or spees than it could cure corns: but corns are never moral. When you see a "professor" again and again describing zigzag diagrams of gait, on his way from the Bible House to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, I think

you may conclude, without detriment to your charity, that he did not procure his "grace" from a certified agent. "My grace is sufficient for thee"; but not the cheap and spurious article so vulgarly puffed and peddled, the Devil's counterfeit, manufactured and sold to discredit the pure and priceless. The dealers in this cheat are often hawkers likewise of that most scandalous and spiteful of blasphemies, — handy for the use of vagabond lecturers, trading philanthropists, and mountebank doctors, — that a reformed inebriate, however true his piety and pure his life, may not safely approach the sacramental chalice. I protest that such a man, though he have been fished from the very sewers and sinks of sottishness, is at least as safe at the Lord's table as in a Broadway lunch-room. Only first let him see to it that his Quaff is of a truth cast out; for he "cannot drink the cup of the Lord and the cup of devils," and any damnation that he eateth or drinketh *there*, he eateth or drinketh "to himself."

So then, granted! Drunkenness is a disease; but a disease may be a retributive visitation or judgment. Drunkenness is transient insanity (*furor brevis*); but madness may be diabolic. Drunkenness may be despair; but despair is infidel. Drunkenness may be hereditary taint; but taint is corruption. Drunkenness comes to Medicine and says, "I am infected, and I shall die." Medicine replies, "Go wash, and live cleanly! We cannot smuggle you through the lazaretto of society by labelling you Idiosyncrasy." Drunkenness comes to Law, and says, "I am mad, and I have shed innocent blood." Law answers, "Go hang! we cannot cheat Justice of her right in you, by quibbling you Irresponsible." Drunkenness comes to Religion, and says, "I have a devil." Religion answers, "Believe, and sin no more! This kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting."

I hope that by this time the reader has perceived that I have no sectarian end to serve in what I have written



here, no arbitrary dogma to enforce. I shall be satisfied if I have shown that there is in drunkenness a true *mystery*, which one can more certainly divine by texts than determine by axioms. It is the Ghost against Horatio's philosophy, revelation against speculation.

From a most curious and conscientious little work, printed in 1779, and entitled "A Geographical, Historical, and Religious Account of the Parish of Aberystroth, in the County of Monmouth, Wales. By Edmund Jones," I take a passage which shall serve for my apology. I find it in Chapter 14: "Of Apparitions and Agencies of Spirits, in the Parish of Aberystroth":—

"Every truth may be of use, whether it comes from heaven or from hell. And this kind of truth hath been of great use in this country, to prevent a doubt

of eternity and of the world to come. Why then should not the account of apparitions and the agencies of spirits have some place in Christian conversation and writings?

"These are the good effects arising from it; and I will ask no man's pardon for this account of apparitions in the parish of Aberystroth, though it is the only thing in this writing which, in respect of some people, needs an apology; for why should the sons of infidelity be gratified, whose notions tend to weaken the important belief of eternity, to dissipate religion, and to banish it out of the world?"

So, flout my honest convictions if you like; but rescue the prostrate inebriate from the moral vivisections of the thimblerrigging philanthropist and the gypsy apostle.

#### WINTER WOODS.

ZIGZAG branches darkly traced  
On a chilly and ashen sky;  
Puffs of powdery snow displaced  
When the winds go by.

Sudden voices in the air,—  
They are crooning a tale of woe,  
And my heart is wooed to share  
The sadness of the snow.

Stillness in the naked woods,  
Save the click of a twig that breaks;  
In these dim white solitudes,  
Nothing living wakes;—

Nothing, but a wandering bird,  
Which has never a song to sing,—  
To my heart a whispered word  
And a dream of spring!

## THE VALUE OF ACCIDENT.

"I HAVE ever," remarks Mr. Shandy, when the celebrated sermon on conscience tumbles out of my Uncle Toby's copy of Stevinus, "a strong propensity to look into things which cross my way by such strange fatalities as these"; an observation which shows that this gentleman, or rather the author whose mouthpiece he is, was possessed of a large measure of sagacity and knowledge of the world. Nor does the Rev. Mr. Sterne by any means stand alone in thus bearing witness to the value of accidental suggestion. There is a similar testimony contained in one of the lectures of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which that wise and experienced teacher informs his listeners that "it is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it"; a precept which this great man was himself ever ready to carry out, as the following anecdote, related to the author by a personal friend of the late Mrs. Siddons, will show. When this great actress gave her first sitting to Reynolds for the picture of the tragic muse, the artist, on his mettle to do his very best, placed her in all sorts of different positions of his own devising, such as seemed to him the best calculated to develop his own conception and the peculiar beauties and characteristics of his sitter. He was not satisfied with any of them; and desisting for a while from the attempt to force his model into such a pose as should agree with the ideal in his own mind, he fell into talk with his sitter, and for the moment forgot all about his intended picture. The artistic faculty, never entirely dormant in the mind of a great genius, was however destined to be quickly called into action; for suddenly, while discussing some subject which interested her, the great actress, as she reposed in the sitters' arm-chair, fell, of herself, into an attitude which expressed all that the artist sought to

portray, and which was at once entirely graceful and entirely easy. "Don't move," said Reynolds, speaking in a hushed tone lest he should startle his sitter; and then putting away his ear-trumpet and resuming his palette and brushes, he hastened to trace the outlines of that glorious figure which has now taken its place forever among the masterpieces of art. Many another great artist besides Reynolds has doubtless been similarly indebted to accident for the suggestion of combinations which the *connoisseurs* have vaunted as the results of deep study and learned arrangement. Nor is it any disparagement to the genius of such artists to make this assertion; the profoundest professional knowledge and the keenest and most cultivated judgment being needed to enable the artist to take advantage of the chance which has so come in his way, and something of the spirit of self-sacrifice, as well, to make him ready to abandon his own conception in favor of the new one thus unexpectedly thrown in his way. Self-abnegation, vigilance, anticipation of results, are great qualities, and he who possesses them will be no small man.\*

But it is not alone in connection with the pursuit of the arts that accident is valuable and worthy of consideration. A faithful and exhaustive history of accident—and a worse subject for a treatise on a much more extensive scale than this might be found—would reveal many astonishing instances of the part which this element of chance has played in the world's history, and how it has led to all sorts of discoveries, inventions, and achievements, which have in a variety of practical ways been of exceeding use to mankind. The variety of the discoveries thus attributa-

\* Rembrandt, in order to take the advantage of accident, appears often to have used the palette-knife to lay his colors on the canvas, instead of the pencil. (Sir Joshua Reynolds's Twelfth Discourse.)

ble to accident is very great: scientific, mechanical, even medical discoveries are among them. One of these last may be taken as a specimen to begin with. Those persons who have had experience of the disease called ague, and who have shivered and burned in its alternate fits of heat and cold, may be interested to hear of the accidental origin of the one special medicine which is always to be relied on as a means of cure for that particular form of disease. It is said that the discovery of the medical virtues of quinine originated thus: An ignorant native of South America, suffering from the fierce thirst which accompanies certain stages of ague, drank copiously of the only water which was within his reach, and which he got from a pond into which a tree of the kind since called cinchona had fallen. The tree had lain long in the pool, it being nobody's especial business to pull it out; the water had become powerfully impregnated with the qualities contained in its bark; and, the sufferer who had drunk of this water recovering from his ague with unexampled rapidity, the pond got to be celebrated for its medicinal virtues; and so, some person, more thoughtful than others, connecting the curative quality of the water with the fact of the timber having fallen into it, it began to be rumored that there was healing power in this particular tree, and in due time its bark came to be admitted among the *materia medica* of the schools, and to be regarded as one of the more important exports of the South American continent. The Jesuits, with the activity which always characterized that ambitious fraternity, got hold of this drug, which was, in consequence, called "The Jesuits' Bark," and soon it became so celebrated that we find La Condamine in his travels telling how he carried some specimens of the young trees which furnished the bark from one part of South America to another, in order that the supply of so valuable a commodity as cinchona bark might not be confined to one particular locality.

The influence of accident is again to be traced as affecting another medical discovery apparently attributable only to prolonged reflection and deep study,—that of vaccination by Jenner. Dr. Baron, in his life of this illustrious person, says: "It has been stated that his attention was drawn forcibly to the subject of cow-pox whilst he was yet a youth. This event was brought about in the following manner: he was pursuing his professional education in the house of his master at Sudbury; a young country-woman came to seek advice; the subject of small-pox was mentioned in her presence; she immediately observed, 'I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox.' This incident riveted the attention of Jenner. It was the first time that the popular notion, which was not at all uncommon in the district, had been brought home to him with force and influence." The "popular notion" above referred to was subsequently investigated by Jenner, when he found that there was a particular eruptive disease to which cows were liable, which the milkers of such cows sometimes caught from them, and an attack of which conferred immunity from small-pox. "Upon this hint" he began to speculate, with results which we all know of. What he thus heard accidentally gave a special bias to his thoughts. A very small boat will serve to carry a man to the ship in which he is to make a great voyage.

It will sometimes happen that a circumstance in itself disconcerting, or even alarming, will affect in a highly propitious manner the fortunes of him of whose career it forms a part. When Samuel Lee, who ultimately became Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, but who began life as a village carpenter, lost his chest of tools in a fire, he no doubt deplored the loss profoundly. Yet this accident was in reality the making of him. He had no money with which to get a fresh set of tools, or indeed to set himself up in any sort of business; the only occupation open to him, as requiring no capital, was that

of a schoolmaster. This he at once adopted, and, learning himself while he taught others, gradually rose higher and higher, till he reached one of the most exalted positions which can be attained by human learning. Yet this man doubtless thought that he was ruined when his chest of tools was burnt, and took to the new business which was to lead him on to such great things, only as a *pis-aller*, and in sheer desperation.

When the wife of Louis Galvani fell ill, and in her sickness conceived a longing for frog soup, her husband little suspected that this circumstance would be instrumental in rendering his name immortal. The frogs were slain and skinned and made ready for the stewing-pot, when the invalid lady happened to touch the leg of one of them with a knife which had become impregnated with magnetic power from a neighboring electrical machine. To her surprise the leg of the frog, on being thus brought in contact with the electric force, began to move with a convulsive action as if the life were still in it, becoming passive again on the withdrawal of the instrument. Of course the good lady — herself a physician's daughter, and probably possessed of some smattering at least of medical knowledge — communicated what she had observed to her husband; and he, after making a multiplicity of experiments, — the same in character as this which had been made unconsciously by his wife, but carried, of course, much farther, — contrived to wring from nature the secret of that strange phenomenon which we now call galvanism.

The first idea of the balloon, which in its perfected state we see leaping up from the ground into the sky and dragging after it a heavy cargo, is said to have presented itself to Stephen Montgolfier owing to an accidental occurrence, which his different biographers narrate in two ways. One version of the story is, that Montgolfier, a paper-maker by profession, happening to fling a paper bag into the fire, it became full of smoke, and in that condition hung

for a time suspended in the chimney. According to another version, Montgolfier is represented as boiling water in a coffee-pot over which there was a conical paper cover, which was observed gradually to swell and rise as it became filled with vapor. In either event, it was owing to accident that the idea of a bag rendered lighter than the surrounding atmosphere by inflation came into his head, and reached in due time full development in the balloon. Not every paper-maker is a man of a speculative and philosophic turn of mind; yet had not this Stephen Montgolfier been both the one and the other, he certainly would never have got what he did out of this small hint.

And the gas with which the balloon in its present complete form has to be filled, — how was that discovered? Still in some sort accidentally. The Rev. John Clayton, a clergyman living about the latter part of the seventeenth century, and devoted in a great degree to scientific pursuits, was on a certain occasion making some experiments with coal, when he observed certain phenomena which he describes so lucidly that it will be best to let him tell his own story. After placing some coal in a retort, and heating it, he says, "there came first only phlegm, afterwards a black oil, and then likewise a spirit arose which I could in noways condense; but it forced my lute, or broke my glasses. Once when it had forced my lute, coming close thereto in order to try to repair it, I observed that the spirit which issued out caught fire at the flame of the candle, and continued burning with violence as it issued out in a stream, which I blew out and lighted again alternately, for several times. I then had a mind to try if I could save any of this spirit; in order to which I took a turbinated receiver, and putting a candle to the pipe of the receiver whilst the spirit arose, I observed that it caught flame and continued burning at the end of the pipe, though you could not discern what fed the flame. I then blew it out and lighted it again several times, after

which I fixed a bladder squeezed and void of air to the pipe of the receiver. The oil and phlegm descended into the receiver, but the spirit, still ascending, blew up the bladder. I then filled a good many bladders therewith. . . . I kept this spirit in the bladders a considerable time, and endeavored several ways to condense it, but in vain; and when I had a mind to divert strangers or friends, I have frequently taken one of these bladders, and, pricking a hole therein with a pin, and compressing gently the bladder near the flame of a candle till it once took fire, it would then continue flaming till all the spirit was compressed out of the bladder."

Our budget of inventions attributable to accident is by no means exhausted. Vitruvius describes the origin of the Corinthian capital in this wise: "A Corinthian virgin of marriageable age fell a victim to a violent disorder. After her interment, her nurse, collecting in a basket those articles to which she had shown a partiality when alive, carried them to her tomb, and placed a tile on the basket for the longer preservation of its contents. The basket was accidentally placed on the root of an acanthus-plant, which, pressed by the weight, shot forth, towards spring, its stems and large foliage, and in the course of its growth reached the angles of the tile, and then formed volutes at the extremities. Callimachus happening at the time to pass by the tomb, observed the basket, and the delicacy of the foliage which surrounded it. Pleased with the form and novelty of the combination, he constructed from the hint thus afforded columns of this species in the country about Corinth, and arranged its proportions, determining their proper measures by perfect rules." No doubt Vitruvius is an authority whose statements should generally be regarded with something of suspicion, but in this case there seems no particular reason why his account should be looked upon as untrustworthy. If the thing is not true, it is at least splendidly invented.

Returning to days more recent, we

find, on the authority of historians of a less imaginative type than Vitruvius, that accident has had a share in bringing about many mechanical inventions by which mankind has since profited largely. The well-known story of the invention of the stocking-loom has, in its several versions, the element of accident. According to the first of these, William Lee, an Oxford student, was courting a young lady who paid more attention to her knitting than to her lover's wooing; and so, as he watched her deftly moving fingers, the idea came to him of a mechanical invention which should supersede this knitting business altogether, and leave his mistress no excuse for bad listening. The other version of the story, and far the more probable, concerns still this same William Lee, but suggests the application of a more powerful stimulus to his inventive powers than even the desire to get full possession of his sweetheart's attention. Here, the student and the young lady with the knitting propensities are married, and Lee is turned out of the university for contracting a matrimonial engagement, contrary to the statutes. They are entirely destitute of means, and the young wife turns her knitting to account, and makes stockings for the joint support of herself and her husband. Then it is that Lee, watching the movements by which the stockings are made, gets the idea of the machine which he subsequently brought to perfection. There is a very barren account, in Thornton's "Nottinghamshire," of the origin of this invention, in which Lee is represented as belonging, not to Oxford, but to Cambridge. It runs thus: "At Culonton was born William Lee, Master of Arts in Cambridge, and heir to a pretty freehold there, who, *seeing a woman knit*, invented a loom to knit."

There are more instances on record, besides this of Lee and his stocking-loom, of mechanical inventions the first idea of which was suggested accidentally. Among the excellent "Stories of Inventors and Discoverers,"

by Mr. Timbs, it is stated that Hargreaves, the inventor of the spinning-jenny, "divined the idea of the jenny from the following incident: Seeing a hand-wheel with a single spindle overturned, he remarked that the spindle which was before horizontal was then vertical, and, as it continued to revolve, he drew the roving of wool towards him into a thread. It then seemed to Hargreaves plausible that, if something could be applied to hold the rovings as the finger and thumb did, and that contrivance to travel backwards on wheels, six or eight or even twelve threads from as many spindles might be spun at once." On the authority of Mr. Timbs, we learn also that the invention of "spinning by rollers" was suggested originally by chance. "Arkwright stated," says Mr. Timbs, "that he accidentally derived the first hint of his invention from seeing a red-hot iron bar elongated by being made to pass through rollers."

Nor is it only in pointing out the way which has led to so many remarkable discoveries and inventions that the effect of accident has been clearly demonstrated. The destiny of many individuals has more than once been, in like manner, influenced by its agency. We have seen how Samuel Lee became Regius Professor of Hebrew through the destruction of his carpenter's-tools by fire, and how Jenner's attention was drawn to the subject of vaccination by the chance remark of a patient who came to his master's surgery for advice, and how his future career came to be marked out for him in consequence. These are not isolated instances. Granville Sharp, the great opponent of the slave-trade, who preceded Wilberforce and Clarkson, and who established the right of negroes to their freedom while in England, and instituted the society for the abolition of the slave-trade,—this man was sitting on a certain occasion in the surgery of his brother, when a wretched African, covered with wounds and scars, the consequence of brutal ill-treatment

by his owner, came to ask advice as to the treatment of his maimed limbs and body. It was the indignation excited by witnessing the sufferings of this poor slave which awakened in the breast of Granville Sharp the desire to espouse the cause of the injured blacks, and led him to devote the principal part of his life to their service. A more recent instance of a career diverted from its original course by a mere chance is found in the life of Faraday the chemist. He was originally a bookbinder, and his perusal of an article on chemistry in an encyclopædia, which he read when he ought to have been binding it, ultimately led to his taking up these peculiar studies in which he subsequently so greatly distinguished himself.

It is not within the compass of an ordinary magazine article that all the cases in which accident has powerfully affected human destiny can be dealt with. Enough have been cited here to prove the fact that the influence of accident, when it has formed an element in the career of men who have known how to take advantage of it, has been very remarkable. There are many more such incidents, which, by reason of their being so well known, do not need to be enlarged on at length, but which are yet deserving of some sort of mention. The apple of Sir Isaac Newton has been cooked in so many literary forms that it is no longer possible to dish it up in such a fashion as to make it palatable; yet the incident of which it forms an integral part must needs be mentioned in such a chapter of accidents as this. So should that story of James Watt as a boy pondering over the fact that the lid of the teakettle was forced up by the accumulated steam within the vessel, and so having his attention drawn to the possible uses that could be made of this great power. A story somewhat of the same kind is extant of the Marquis of Worcester, whose thoughts were similarly directed in consequence of his having seen the cover of a certain iron pot, in which water was boiling, blown



off into the room in which he was sitting. This nobleman was fond of scientific pursuits, and wrote an account of his observations in a work which was afterwards consulted by the earlier members of the engineering profession. There are many more well-known stories of the same sort; such as that of Galileo watching the hanging lamp in the Pisa cathedral, and so conceiving the idea of the pendulum; of Captain Brown getting the notion of the Suspension Bridge from a line of gossamer hung from one bough to another across his path; of Liffersheim, the spectacle-maker, to whom the invention of the telescope is said to have occurred from his having seen two spectacle-glasses placed accidentally one before the other. This story is generally told of Galileo, but there is more reason to think that it concerns the spectacle-maker than the astronomer.

The daring fox-hunter, when he clothes himself in his "pink" on a fine December morning, is probably as little aware as the ensign, trying on his first regimental coat, that he is indebted to an accident for the gorgeous color of the garment in which he finds delight. "The Dutch chemist Drebbel," says Brande in one of his lectures, "resident at Alkmaar, had prepared some decoctions of cochineal for filling a thermometer tube. The preparation was effected in a tin vessel; and into this some nitro-muriatic acid having been spilled by accident, a rich scarlet color was observed. Thus by mere chance was the discovery made that oxide of tin, in solution, yielded, by combination with the coloring matter of cochineal, a scarlet dye." This anecdote is quoted in the "Curiosities of Science," and in the same work we find it stated that the elementary body called phosphorus was two centuries ago discovered "accidentally" by Brandt, the alchemist of Hamburg, while he was engaged in the search for gold. And so it came to pass that the pursuit of one of the wildest chimeras that ever led mortals astray was actually made

subservient to a discovery of considerable practical value and importance.

There can be little doubt that in addition to these instances of the known influence of accident in leading to certain inventions and discoveries, there must have been many others which we do not know of, but which we can conceive readily enough as having had an accidental origin. We can fancy the idea of the speaking-trumpet, for instance, having occurred to the first man who in calling to another instinctively made a tube of his hand, and found that the volume of his voice was increased owing to its being thus enclosed; a discovery acted upon to this day by every costermonger who hawks his "sparrer-grass" in the public streets. The invention of the speaking-trumpet would follow logically. Another similar gathering together of sound, by the hand enclosing the orifice of the ear, is practised always instinctively by the deaf, and may in a precisely similar manner have been the origin of the ear-trumpet. This increase of the fullness of sound got by enclosure once an ascertained fact, and another great invention, that of the stethoscope, follows almost as a matter of course. Many other discoveries are equally suggestive of an accidental origin.

Grafting is another invention which we may well imagine to have had a chance origin of this sort. In the *Cyclopædia of Agriculture* we read that "it could scarcely happen otherwise than that the attention of mankind should be arrested by the frequent occurrence of natural grafts *produced accidentally*; and an attempt to imitate them would naturally follow." The invention of glass is certainly suggestive of an accidental origin. "It is almost impossible," says the writer on this subject in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "to excite a very violent fire such as is necessary in metallurgic operations, without vitrifying part of the bricks or stone wherewith the furnace is built. This, indeed, might furnish the first hints of glass-making."

But besides these public examples of the powerful influence which the element of chance has from time to time exercised on human destiny, it must have been noted by every one who is, even in a moderate degree, observant of what goes on within and around him, that even in the uneventful private career of the most ordinary and obscure individual a multiplicity of circumstances affecting that career in all sorts of ways have been brought about entirely by accident, and not uncommonly by accident of the most trifling description. You are sitting in your study or your office, attending to your ordinary concerns, when a friend comes in and persuades you to go with him to see an exhibition of pictures, to hear a scientific discourse, or what not; and straightway you meet with some one, or you hear some tidings, and by such meeting or such hearing you are led to do something, or maybe to abstain from doing something, of importance, by doing or not doing which all the rest of your life is affected. Surely there is no one but can remember, if he will take the trouble to try, important issues connected with his own career or that of his friends, which have been brought about directly or indirectly by circumstances so exceedingly trivial in themselves as to appear unworthy of notice. A man intends to join a certain party of friends on some occasion of social festivity, but, going to his drawer, finds that he has no gloves, and so spends the evening at his club instead, where he has a quarrel about the odd trick at whist, which causes him ultimately to abandon that particular club, and to join another, where he becomes acquainted with a man by whom a couple of years afterwards he is led into some commercial enterprise which is his ultimate ruin. Yet all, in this case, would come of a mere chance.

Since the above was written, an instance quite as remarkable as any of those already quoted, of the influence of accident on the history of invention, has been made public. In a review contained in the "Times" of August 28, 1869, in which a recent work, descriptive of a new invention called the graphotype, is brought under notice, the discovery of the new process is thus described: "A year or two since, Mr. Clinton Hitchcock, an American draughtsman, was making a drawing upon a boxwood block, and, having made an error, was painting it out, as is customary, with a white pigment. The material he used for the purpose was the white enamel taken off by a moistened brush from the surface of an ordinary glazed visiting-card printed from a copperplate. By degrees, he removed all the composition forming the enamel, and then he found that the letters were undisturbed, and were standing up in bold relief from the surface of the card, the ink forming the letters having protected the enamel beneath them from the action of the brush, while all the surrounding parts were washed or rubbed away. With a keen eye to application, Mr. Hitchcock saw in the abraded address-card the basis of a mode of producing a relief printing-plate without the skill of the engraver, and he set about experimenting to reduce the method to practice. He took a plate of common chalk, and drew a picture with a silicious ink upon it. When the ink was dry, he brushed the chalk all over with a tooth-brush: the interstices between the lines were brushed away, and there stood the drawing in relief, ready to be petrified by the means of a chemical solution, and printed from direct, or to be handed over to the stereotypist to have 'stereo' made of it after the usual manner."

## FATHER MERIEL'S BELL.

"MY dear Joseph, they've put you on the committee for examining old documents."

"Now, Miranda, love," said I to my wife, "think of my asthma, with musty old papers! Is not the Seminary enough for any one man, with the miserable Institute at the West Village going ahead so? Why could n't 'they' have put on Farr the town-clerk, or Parson White?" And I went out of the house at once, to see why they could not. But Farr had weak eyes; and a deacon told me that Mr. White had preached some heresy, and no doubt would have to leave before the bi-centennial came off. I was obliged to give it up, and spend a quantity of time trying to find something interesting, in the old records, for Meadowboro's great celebration. Thus it was that I came to look over the manuscripts left by the Rev. Mr. Woodroffe, first minister of the town, who had discharged the duties of his post for more than fifty years. The yellow pile was made up for the most part of sermons. I found among them, however, one manuscript in a different hand, upon which the minister had made the following indorsement: "The narrative of Goodwife Thankful Pumry, The Returned Captive; for some years formerly a beloved inmate of my own household, and in those days a comely and gracious maid; put into my hands on her early death-bed, to the end that I might know what had burthened her. Undoubtedly correct as regards matters that happened before the Burning. To be kept secret in the fear that otherwise family trouble might come to pass, inasmuch as her husband yet survives. Somewhat curious as giving good proof of what some doubt, strange doings of the Devil on the earth. I hold the woman to have been bewitched."

I do not think Thankful Pumry's

confession had been unfolded since the minister wrote upon it, until it fell into my hands. I found that, while hunting among these withered leaves, which had fallen perhaps a hundred and seventy years ago, I had come upon a bunch of dewy and blooming arbutus, in the story of a tender-souled woman who died through sorrow. I give it with some abbreviation, and taken out of its ancient phraseology. I have not left out the superstition which pervades it. May-flowers would hardly seem so sweet to us without the foil to their beauty which comes from the trail of the worm, seen here and there upon the leaves. The reader shall see how life looked through the eyes of a young Puritan woman, full of sentiment and vivid fancy.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, a new meeting-house was built in Meadowboro. A small surplus remained over from the fund appropriated by the Plantation for the work, which it was resolved should be applied to the purchase of a bell. The minister, the deputy to the General Court, and a certain ensign in the train-band, were empowered to do this business in behalf of their fellow-townsmen. Thankful Pumry gives the story of the purchase as follows: The three deputies, meeting at Boston, went to a warehouse at the water-side, where it was known a consignment of bells had been received. The minister told the merchant their errand; upon which the deputies were led to a corner of the warehouse, to a number of bells that lay, among various merchandise, upon the floor. One or two had been cast in England, and sent to the Colony by their makers, and some had been taken from church towers in the English civil war. The bells were of various sizes, dull in their color, and spotted with green rust. There was one, however,

which showed upon its bright surface not a single spot of oxidation. From its top to its rim the color was golden and untarnished; a cross was heavily embossed upon its side; and beneath it, running about the edge of the bell, was the motto, "O Maria, tuis precibus protege nos!" Above the cross, also, running about the top of the bell, was the legend, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam," the motto of the Jesuits. In spite of its beauty, it appeared that the Romish emblem and legends with which the bell was decorated made it less salable than the others. The merchant could tell nothing of its history, except that it had been sent to him by his correspondent at Bristol. Upon being questioned, he admitted, after some hesitation, that the bell had been declared to be possessed. In order that its tone might be heard, some laborers were called; the bell was carried to the open air, and hung to a projecting beam upon the wharf. The merchant threw the tongue against the side. A sweet and most melancholy sound arose above the clatter of the harbor. It was clear and musical. It diminished with a tremulous vibration, through moment after moment, in a tone almost pathetic, as if it sighed and moaned, conscious of indignity, in being made to sound in such a place and by such hands. The tone was in some way suggestive of unrest. When the vibrations had fully died away, the minister spoke. He made light of the story of the merchant. Alluding to the Popish emblem, he said, with some formality, for a considerable group of people had gathered, "that howsoever it might have done service for the Devil, it had now been snatched away unto the Lord. He rejoiced that an instrument of idolatrous ceremonies might be used to call true saints to worship of the Gospel order."

These considerations and the low price availed with the deputies of Meadowboro, and the bargain was concluded. At last, one Saturday evening, it was laid on the green in the frontier village. It was presently hung in the belfry of the little meeting-house, with

the bell-rope passing through a hole beneath, down into the centre of the broad aisle. On Sunday morning the sound of it went forth over the roofs of the village for the first time, beyond the palisades, until all the outer farms were listening. It took the place of the drum-beat, which had hitherto been the signal for assembling. The tone of the bell, as heard, through the unbroken wilderness, from that little spot of civilization, still suggested disquiet and loneliness. The people, gathered on the green, looked with some awe at the shining metal with its device. The children, who saw it turn its edge up into the sunlight while the ringer was invisible, believed it had life of its own. Thankful says she stood, with her townspeople, — then an unmarried girl, — half disposed to adopt this childish notion. Then, for the first time, a question came to her mind: "This bell, which they say possesses some strange spell, and whose story is unknown, what is its secret?" It was then simple girlish curiosity; but she was destined to repeat the question, many times in years to come, with interest that continually deepened.

Meadowboro at this time was shut in within a palisade of hewn timbers sharpened at the top, which enclosed it like a line of grenadiers in peaked caps, dressed shoulder to shoulder. Some were freshly cut, and stood like new recruits put into line yesterday; others were gray old veterans, which had stood ranked twenty years, since the days of Philip's war, and were decorated all over with pale green medals of lichen. The houses were built with regard to defence. Down into the meadows went the people, beside their teams, with goad in one hand, and long gun in the other; and sometimes, when the corn was high, they were driven within the gates of the palisade by the rifles of Indians, or hostile French from Canada. They paraded weekly in the train-band, and sat austere on Sunday in the square unpainted meeting-house, beneath the eyes of tithing-men and ruling elders. At town-meet-

ings they voted for selectman and fence-viewer; deer-reeve and constable, with grains of corn for "ay," and dark beans for "nay"; and Farr says there are traditions that, when the voting was done, the rival parties sometimes grew amiable again over a hearty dish of succotash made out of the ballots.

Not unknown in the village was the howl of wolves. Against wild beast and savage every man went armed. Even in the minister's study, buff coat, pistol, and heavy sword had a place beside Bible and Psalm-book. This was the village; these were its people; and over all from the belfry, the bell whose past was unknown from time to time sounded. On Sundays, at the weekly lecture, on Fast and Thanksgiving, and each evening at the hour of nine, its vibrations were poured over the meadows and into the mountain-hollows; and when the hand of the ringer was taken from the rope, the moan-like prolongation came always for some moments, until it fainted upon the ear, as if it were protesting through the sombre forest that it would be elsewhere.

With regard to Thankful, I make out these facts from hints in her confession:—Remembrance Pumry, whom she did not love, paid court to her. In girlish sport, she encouraged him; and he came to see her, against the will of the minister, her guardian. For this, according to the harsh custom of the Puritan villages, he one day underwent some discipline beneath the whipping-tree. I look up daily into the top of the same tree, still vigorous, and see what a writhing there is of the great branches in its leafy brain. Does it have uncomfortable qualms, I wonder, because it was the whipping-tree when it was a sapling? If it was unkind to Remembrance, it is somewhat too gentle to the young people, now, in its old age. Alack! alack! the large girls of my Seminary will flirt beyond all bounds summer evenings on the bench around its trunk, apparently with its ready connivance!

Thankful's heart was touched at the

suffering which she had brought upon Remembrance. Without sufficient thought, she won her guardian to favor his suit, and at last married him. She found, too late, that she had only given him her hand, and from the first hour of her marriage was unhappy. Her narrative shows her to have been of better education than most women of her position. I do not know whether she was the victim of a spell or not. She believed it herself, and so did the minister. Her confession, at least, has a most singular, pensive charm, which I would I might preserve in my rendering, but which, I fear, is too subtle. After laying down the mildewed leaves, I have sometimes felt as if the sound of the bell with which her fate became connected had just died upon my ear.

Not long after her marriage, Thankful went one evening to the house of the minister, and found there a stranger who had arrived since sundown. He was dusty with travel; his complexion was olive, his eye dark and penetrating, his stature tall. His manners were full of a dignified affability and elegance, strange to one accustomed only to the English Puritans. He was made known to Thankful by the minister as a Huguenot exile, "certified to be of worth by the minister of the French congregation in Boston, from whom he hath letters to whomsoever it may concern." The worshipful Cotton Mather, moreover, had provided him with a letter to the authorities of the frontier towns, speaking of him as one "anxious to proceed even into the wilderness, to behold thoroughly God's mercies to New England, and in what manner this goodly vine hath waxed and grown onward even at the end thereof." The stranger spoke in fluent English, but with a foreign accent and an occasional use of foreign idioms. The talk through the evening was of his country, and the persecution of the Protestants under the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The stranger described many a terrible scene, his hands and expressive features giving graphic emphasis to his words.

When the evening was well advanced, the Huguenot, with a polite inclination toward the minister's wife, said: "Will madame permit me?—the goodness in her face is so great, it must be I seek to give her pleasure. I have here my flute. Ah me! companion of voyage to me, poor exile! and in my far home, one said I played it well." It was hardly with cordiality that the guest was invited to produce his flute, for music was held a trivial matter in the Puritan villages. The encouragement was great enough, however, to induce him to open his pack and joint the instrument. He began to play a lively measure, but Thankful relates that here this incident took place:—From the belfry, close at hand, the nine-o'clock peal was heard. She says she could not help noticing that the bell had in its tone a quality of anxious distress she had never heard before. The effect of the sound upon the stranger was startling. His flute dropped from his hands upon the floor. He leaped to his feet, catching his breath. At the same time he made a quick gesture, quite inexplicable to all present. Throwing his left arm across his breast, he brought his right hand, with his two fingers extended, to his forehead, drew it rapidly from his forehead to his chest, and then carried it across to his left shoulder. Here suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he dropped his arms to his side and took his seat in hasty confusion. After profuse apologies, he at length recovered self-possession. The company were greatly surprised. They received the stranger's explanations, however, without question. His letters were of the highest character, and, after all, no one could see that there was anything in his conduct to excite suspicion. "Our friend must know," said the minister, gravely jesting, "that the bell is possessed; but straightway, if means can be found, it shall learn courtesy to strangers." The next day, after a keen glance toward the belfry, the Huguenot stranger departed. Some months after, however, he reappeared

in Meadowboro. Thankful says he comported himself in the most unexceptionable manner. There was nothing strange in his demeanor, but a habit of muttering to himself, and a familiarity he seemed to have with birds.

With his flute, or by whistling, he could imitate their notes to a remarkable degree, calling out from them replies, and bringing them sometimes to flutter about him. This he occasionally did for the amusement of the children. He took much interest in the better fortification of the town, a measure judged necessary from the increased danger of an invasion from Canada, in the war then raging. As the winter went forward he spent much time in hunting to the northward, and was commissioned by the town authorities to watch for signs of the enemy.

In her unreserved communication, Thankful says it had become her habit to take long rambles, to divert her mind from the gloom to which she felt herself disposed. She appears to have been fearless, and to have taken her lonely walks in winter as well as in summer, and sometimes even after dark. She says that a favorite resort of hers was a meadow some two miles away from the village. One quiet evening toward the close of winter she set forth alone, as was not unusual. The deep snow was sheathed with a thick crust. The sky was clear, and, as she walked onward over the palisade, at a point where a drift had completely buried it, out into the solitude of the meadow, a bright aurora streamed before her. There was no moving thing upon the snow, and the only sound upon the sharp air was the crisp tread of her feet upon the frozen surface. She kept on rapidly in the direction of a low hill, whose lines rose from the whiteness of the meadow that encompassed them, like a dark island. Growing warm with the exercise, she threw back her hood and received upon her face, with a sensation of pleasure, the freshness of the winter night. She skirted the whole length of the hill on the eastern side, and turning, began to



go round its northern end. All was perfectly cold, still, and lonely. Just then she began to hear the bell in the village, distant but perfectly clear, begin to ring for nine o'clock. The sound came over the snow far and sweet, now faint, now sending out its penetrating melancholy with great distinctness. Thankful paused; for she says the quality of the tone again seemed different from anything she had before heard. There seemed blended with it yearning and soft invitation. Resuming her walk, a step or two brought her nearly through a little belt of trees, beyond which the bare and solitary meadow stretched in perfect whiteness westward. The intervening hill now shut off all view of the one or two faint lights that yet twinkled from the village. The aurora threw a dim and fitful illumination upon the dreary stretch of plain, upon which the pines flung down an almost awful darkness. Suddenly Thankful paused, with a movement of quick terror, and almost sank upon the snow. A few rods in advance of her rose a tall figure, wrapped from head to foot in the deepest black. Nothing could be more ghastly. The arms were folded upon the breast, and the figure bent forward perfectly motionless. Meantime the sound of the bell went and came, doubly full, as it seemed, of inexpressible yearning and tender summons. At last it ceased. The figure tossed its arms aloft as if exultant. The spectral light in the northern sky at the same time appeared to waver and loom with new activity. Pale hands of giant ghosts appeared to pass athwart the heavens. Fingers solemnly beckoned, then in an instant clutched high towards the zenith, quivering as if in sympathy with, or perhaps mocking, the tall spectre which towered dark upon the snow.

At length the shape turned, and swept rapidly northward. It seemed to disappear in the shadow of the sombre woods which lay in that direction. No other thought occurred to Thankful than that she had seen a ghost. Recovering with an effort from her stupor

of fear, she sprang to her feet, and keeping close in the shadow of the hill, hurried homeward. A light or two still burned from within the palisade when she came within sight of it. Toward these she hurried over the crust, the agitated beating of her heart becoming gradually calmer as the distance lessened. At length she heard quick footsteps behind her, and an instant after was seized roughly by the arm. Casting her eyes up in a fright, she discovered it was only the French stranger, who, however, looked at her with impatient fierceness. But now down from the palisade a soldier of the town-guard came sauntering. The Frenchman loosed his hold, and with some apparent difficulty forced the dark expression from his face. Assuming as much as he could of his usual courtesy, and speaking as if in surprise, "Indeed," he said, "it is Goodwife Pumry. I was frightened to see this figure in the night." Then with anxious eagerness: "What have you seen to make you run? Some spectre, perhaps, or beast of prey." Thankful briefly gave an account of the apparition. The soldier listened with dull wonder, while the Frenchman seemed hardly able to contain himself. When she had finished, he broke out in voluble declarations that it was no doubt a ghost. Thankful went forward to her home, while the two men remained together near the quarters of the guard.

She went at once to her chamber. Looking out of the small panes of the window, she saw that the tremulous glare still overspread the northern sky. Sheeted arms of phantom light were tossed from the horizon toward the zenith. Happening to look toward the belfry of the meeting-house, she relates that the bell shone strangely, as if from a light within itself. Taking her place at her husband's side, Thankful reviewed in her mind the events of the evening, until she fell into a troubled sleep. From this she awoke at last, much oppressed. The shock of the strange occurrence still lay heavy upon her mind, and she found herself a prey

to superstitious terror such as she had never known before. She thought of the portents which were said to have appeared in different parts of the Colony before dreadful events. Before the desolating Philip's war, an Indian bow and scalp had been seen imprinted upon the disk of the moon. Gloucester one evening was beleaguered by an army of ghosts. At Malden, the shock of cannon was heard, the singing of bullets, and the beating of phantom drums passing through the heavens to the westward; and the people of Plymouth had been startled by the hoof-beats of a great invisible troop of horse riding through the night, as if for life.

At length, Thankful thought she heard the sound of rising wind. It was a long faint sound as if a distant blast were passing over the crust of the meadow, hurrying before it broken twigs, morsels of ice, and dry leaves. As it died away, she rose and went to the window. From the belfry of the meeting-house, she feels sure she saw again a supernatural lustre in the bell. Meantime the sound of the wind again arose, but nearer and with a stronger rush. It came from the northwest, from the meadow; but when Thankful waited to hear the gale, as it swept against the forest near the town, there was no sound, and she could see that the trees remained motionless. It flashed upon her mind that a troop of men advancing over the crust, with now and then a pause, under an artful leader, might thus counterfeit the noise of a storm, and deceive a drowsy guard; but just then the rush deepened into a heavy tumult, out of which burst a wild quavering howl, caught up by a multitude of voices, and the quick discharge of guns. Thankful awakened her husband by a scream. While they hastily assumed their clothing, scores of indistinct shapes bounded beneath the window, into the centre of the village, from the direction of the palisade. Figures were seen flitting from house to house, brandishing weapons, and from every throat came the terrifying whoop. Here and there began to appear sudden gleams

of fire, and presently upon the door rattled the hatchets of a party that was seeking entrance. For a moment the snow beneath the window was clear of figures. Thankful and her husband, throwing up the sash, leaped to the hard crust. Her husband sprang up uninjured; but Thankful, as she bore her weight upon her limbs, found that one ankle was severely sprained. She moved a step or two, but the tramp and shouts of a party close at hand were heard. The next instant figures swept around the house, dimly revealed in the wavering conflagration that began to blaze. Her husband fled. A hand caught her by the arm, and the swarthy face of a Canadian ranger was thrust into hers. Her captor dragged her to the door of the meeting-house, before which was now drawn up a body of men, showing some approach to discipline. They were French and half-breed rangers, as revealed by the firelight, with rough coats of blanket girt about the waist with leathern thongs; their legs incased in fringed leggings and moccasins; their heads covered with loose red woollen caps, or head-gear of fur. The rattle of musketry was constant. The company of captives continually increased, each pouring out some story of terror. At length, driven along by a tall savage, whose hands were marked with blood, the minister was brought to the meeting-house, followed by his feeble wife and a part of his children. Thankful's mind since her capture had been so taken up with the immediate horror and danger, that all thought of preceding events had passed from her. Now, however, as she looked forth upon the burning village, with a quick, hasty stride there appeared directly in front the same mysterious figure she had seen in the meadow. In the bright light, the figure appeared as a tall man in the prime of life, in a straight, close-fitting robe of black. A small book was suspended about his neck, and from a girdle at his waist hung a chain of beads, with a cross of silver at the end. Close at his side, with a manner of friendly in-

timacy, the wondering captives saw no other than the supposed Huguenot stranger. The two men paused, and the spy, for such now all felt sure that he was, extending his hand, pointed out the bell to his companion. The figure in black looked toward it with most eager attention, even letting tears fall from his eyes. Suddenly he fell upon his knees, uncovering his head, and crossing his hands upon his breast. The crown of the head was entirely shaven, and surrounded by a ring of jet-black hair. Thankful could not refrain from noticing that the face was exceedingly noble. The upturned eyes were full of intense feeling; the forehead was broad, above well-defined brows; the nose was prominent and finely curved; the lips, moving in prayer, and the firm chin, showed both strength and gentleness. The entire face, though wasted, was then full of joy, gratitude, and reverence. Nor could Thankful fail to notice the demeanor of the spy. As he looked at the kneeling man, his face assumed an expression of deep malignity; whereas, just before, the two men had approached one another apparently in most friendly mood. Suddenly the spy appeared to bethink himself, and repeated the same singular gesture he had begun to make the evening of his first appearance in Meadowboro, when startled by the bell. He rapidly brought his hand from his forehead to his breast, then from his left shoulder to his right, at the same time muttering as was his habit; and Thankful understood that he crossed himself. As the man in black arose to his feet, the spy turned to him again with a face of friendship. Thankful is sure that the light flashing from the bell was something more than a mere reflection of the wavering blaze of the village. It was weird and exultant; and she felt then convinced there must be some strange sympathy between it and the figure in black. The captives were not left long in doubt as to the true character of this personage. Mr. Woodroffe, who had hitherto remained silent, broke out into an angry exclamation: "In

truth, our fathers came here in good part to raise a bulwark against the kingdom of Antichrist which the Jesuits labor to rear; but lo! the feet of the priests of Baal are within the very shrine of Israel!" The Jesuit meantime had recovered his feet, and taking his attention from the bell as if with some effort, went to work with active humanity to stop the massacre. With prompt energy he knocked up the gun of a Frenchman aimed at a flying villager. In another moment, he caught the arm of a savage uplifted with a tomahawk above the head of a woman. Then seizing a wild creature, who was about dashing out the brains of a babe upon a stone, he took the infant in his arms and brought it toward the church. The French guard gave way, as he approached, with much respect. Passing through their line and holding up the child tenderly, he said, in broken English, "Where is the mother of this miserable?" She was not there. The Jesuit placed the babe carefully in the arms of a woman near, while the beads of his rosary rattled; then, looking around upon the group of prisoners, he broke out again: "Poor captives, I have for you much of pity." In another moment he was expostulating with animation at the side of the spy and of another figure, whose dress and chapeau had some badges of rank.

Day had now begun to break. The prisoners were marched rapidly down from the meeting-house through the northern gate of the palisade. The outline of the eastern hills shone calm as usual before the brightening sky behind. Thankful's captor, who, she found, was called Antoine, supported her not unkindly as she went forward halting with her painful sprain. Turning her eyes backward, she saw only a volume of murky smoke roll up into the reddening morning, where before had been the village. Presently the spot was passed, where, the evening previous, Thankful had seen the Jesuit listening to the bell. Then, behind a belt of woods, a place was reached, strewn with packs and snow-shoes,

from which it appeared the attacking party had advanced. From a quick firing now heard in the direction of the village, it was plain that, as the Canadians retreated, the surviving settlers were rallying to impede their departure. The guard placed over the captives was withdrawn to re-enforce the combatants, giving the prisoners who were not injured opportunity to escape. Thankful, however, while attempting to fly, was easily overtaken by an Indian boy who had remained behind, and forced with a threatening tomahawk to remain quiet. Looking through the belt of timber, unable to escape, she saw the skirmish. The French seemed to have thrown away almost all their booty, except, singularly enough, the most cumbersome part, the bell; which had been taken from its place, swung upon a stout sapling, and was now carried forward by men, its tongue muffled, and the sun flashing back from its surface. Thus impeded, their retreat was but slow. The Jesuit with energy directed the carrying of the burden; while the spy could be seen animating the fighters and vigorously using weapons himself. In a sudden onset made by the English, Thankful distinctly saw the life of the priest threatened, near at hand, when the spy quickly interposed his own body before the danger, receiving a wound, but yet not being disabled. The English at length were driven back, and the rangers and savages, bearing many marks of a hard encounter, came into their camp. Almost the sole booty from the attack was the bell, yet with this the leaders of the party seemed satisfied. Looking toward it, the rangers reverently crossed themselves, and the eyes of the Jesuit were full of emotion. The priest bound up the wound of the spy with demonstrations of warm affection. In spite of her anxiety about herself, Thankful says she felt the question again rising in her mind, "What is the secret of the bell?" Then as she saw the apparent affection of the two personages, as she remembered that the spy had just saved the Jesuit from great

peril, and then recalled that still earlier scene, when the face of the spy was turned upon the Jesuit, full of hatred, this further question came to her, "What is the relation of these two men?"

The retreat to Canada was long and dangerous. Thankful, often drawn upon a sledge, received kind treatment; and gradually, in spite of the hardships and constant activity, recovered from her lameness. Becoming straitened for food, the life of the party was found to depend upon the temporary abandonment of the bell, which had much impeded their progress. With great unwillingness on the part of Father Mériel, as the Jesuit was called, the bell was buried at length upon the bank of a stream flowing into the St. Lawrence, whence it might easily be conveyed by batteau when the ice broke up. One afternoon at last, the great river of Canada, still sheeted with ice, was seen through the trees, and close at hand the low white houses of the village of St. Laudry, where Thankful was kindly received into the house of Antoine, her captor.

The season came rapidly forward. The broad blue river was freed from its ice. At first the only color in the forest burned on the flame-shaped tufts at the tops of the leafless sumachs; but soon Thankful bit off in her walks the crimson fruit and savory leaf of the checkerberry, and watched the fledging of the woods. Just in front of St. Laudry, the river was calm and deep; but by a forest path it was no long walk, following in the direction of a low sublime roar which grew upon the ear, to come out at last upon a promontory from which the stream could be seen surging and sounding in a frantic rapid. Annette, Antoine's pleasant wife, speaking in a whisper, told Thankful a wild tale of a Récollet friar, in his gray robe and cowl, who had been drowned in the rapid, and whose ghost might sometimes be seen leaping and telling the beads of his rosary, at the pitch where he had been engulfed.

The spy, it seemed, was no other

than a French gentleman of rank, the Seigneur of St. Laudry, holding a grant, from the king, of a territory fronting two leagues upon the river. Annette spoke of him as having been much absent from the village. His demeanor among the people was somewhat stately and formal. When he chanced to meet Thankful, it was with a bare look of recognition. The affability with which he had borne himself in the English settlement, it seemed, had merely been assumed for the time. He retained, however, his habit of muttering to himself. Moreover, he continued to imitate the notes of the birds, and called them around him, appearing to find in this, so far as Thankful could see, his only recreation. Father Mériel was priest of the village, also a man of high birth. No one knew the facts of his early history, except perhaps to the Sieur of St. Laudry, between whom and the priest the closest friendship appeared to exist. Mériel had been in Canada long enough, it was plain, to gain great influence among both French and savages. On the bank of the river, a little apart from the village, stood the chapel, with a large cross before it, and the lodge of the Jesuit close at hand. As he moved about among the people, with his noble features sad through some unknown sorrow, but full of charity and enthusiasm, or walked on the river margin, repeating the prayers from his breviary in reverent abstraction, Thankful says she could not but feel, from the first, that there was something in the priest finer than she had ever known, although the effect of her nurture was to make her regard his office for a long time with repugnance. Among these surroundings, Thankful soon began to be at ease. In reality, she felt more happiness than she had known for some time. She hardly confessed it to herself, — but it was a relief to be absent from her unloved husband. The genial manners of the people, too, among whom she had come, were a pleasant change from the austerity of the English settlers. She took part

with energy in Annette's duties, and began — with a sense of guilt all the time — to feel again something of the buoyancy of her maidenhood.

There were at length signs, in the village, of some approaching great event. "What is it?" said Thankful, who was becoming proficient in the *patois*.

"Ah, child," said Annette, "do you not know? The bell is to be brought to the village and hung in the tree before the church."

"And what is the secret of the bell?" said Thankful.

"Dear child, do you not know the story? The bell is the cause of your captivity. It was cast for the Holy Society of Jesus, but the heretics in some way captured it. Our Sieur came home with the news that he had found it in your village. Ah! how the Father spoke at the Mass when he told us! He said it was an instrument for the service of the true faith. It had been consecrated, and ought hardly to be rung except by the hands of priests; now it was in the power of heretics. So it was that the men were gathered from far and near, and went southward to get the bell." When Annette had finished, Thankful felt she might have told all she knew, but that it was not the whole truth.

The day came at last. The *batteau* which had been sent for the buried bell had returned, and a procession had been arranged. The women of the village were out in their brightest attire, with white caps and bodices, and striped petticoats trimmed with ribbons. There were *voyageurs* and *courcours de bois*, with locks decorated with eagles' feathers, beaded frocks trimmed with tufts of elk hair, and the tails of rattlesnakes carried as amulets rattling in their bullet pouches. There were Indians in half-European attire of red and blue cloth, in sashes and collars heavily set off with beads and the quills of the porcupine. In good time came the procession through the irregular street. From Thankful's description it must have had much pomp. The trumpets, drums, and silken banners of a detachment of

French troops, temporarily in the village, lent it a martial interest. Among the soldiers marched the military figure of the Sieur in a bright cuirass and plumed head-piece, which he wore as if he were accustomed to them. In the centre of the procession came the Jesuit, with a look of joy upon his pale face which was habitually so sad. Beneath a canopy of velvet was borne the bell. Before it, children with shining censers wafted incense toward it, and a choir of singers immediately following chanted a psalm in its honor.

"Laudate Dominum in cymbalis sonantibus,  
Laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis."

The unruined surface of the bell had caught no spot from its journey or its burial. The cross glowed brightly forth; so the motto about the rim, *O Maria, tuis precibus protege nos*, and the inscription on the upper part, *Ad majorem Dei gloriam*; its tongue had been muffled since its capture. Its last tones had been those Thankful had heard when it rang its mysterious summons to Father Mériel listening alone upon the snow. The people fell into the rear of the procession, and it soon reached the church. A few moments were enough to swing the bell into the tree-top already prepared to be the belfry.

Then began the celebration of the Mass. The richness of the appointments of the chapel so far in the wilderness had already struck Thankful with surprise. "It is wealth which the Father has given to the faith," said Annette. Vestments and utensils were, many of them, of exceeding beauty. Candles made from the wax of the wild laurel burned on the altar in chased candlesticks. The wine pressed from wild grapes was held in chalices of glass and silver. In the niche above the crucifix was a hovering dove, surrounded by a halo, symbolizing the Holy Ghost, an emblem associated by the Indians with the thunder-bird of their own superstitions. High up on the wall hung a painting of Sir Francis Xavier, his attenuated palms crossed upon his breast, his face upturned in

adoration, a face wan but most beautiful, with aspiration and self-sacrifice written in the eyes and features. Presently the Jesuit entered, with his acolytes. As he stood before the altar in his sweeping chasuble, his mien was more imposing than ever. His movements were full of dignity, whether he turned toward the assembly with folded hands, or raised his arm to make the sign of the cross. In the chants the voices of the Indian women were sweet and low; deep and grand often the tones of the men; and the music rolled with solemn effect, in the intervals of the service, through the little temple.

Meantime the Indians, on their bare knees, the impressive women, and the gaunt *voyageurs* in their fringes and sashes, reverently knelt. The priest's tall figure bent in the frequent genuflections. The incense rose, and Thankful, Puritan though she was, felt her soul subdued before the sonorous rhythm and all-conquering sweetness of the "Miserere" and "Gloria." At length, as the Jesuit, extending his hands on high, lifted up the Host, just then when the awe was deepest, the mufflings fell from the bell. Once, twice, thrice it sounded. Thankful says it had its old melody, its old pathetic melancholy, but at the same time there was a sympathetic tremor that in some indescribable way indicated content and rest. So the congregation knelt, and the stately priest held aloft the Host, and there was no sound but muttered prayers and sobs of emotion. In this way the villagers of St. Laudry heard for the first time the sound of the lost bell. It went out deep into the dark forests among the homes of the village, and over the sweeping stream, mingling with the low roar of the distant rapids, until the air, holding its pulsations, seemed consecrated. At the very moment when the bell was struck, Thankful writes, she caught sight of the figure of the Sieur in his armor. Suddenly he raised his head so that Thankful could see his face. It indicated intense emotion; and lo! it had the expression which she had



seen it wear once before. His eyes were fixed upon the Jesuit, and to her fancy were full of hate.

Month after month, Thankful watched the movements of the priest. Her feeling was, to be sure, far enough from entire approval of his life. It was rumored in the village that he wore next his skin a girdle studded with spikes, and she herself, returning from the river-bank one night when he was holding a vigil, heard the sound of a scourge from his lodge. She remained a Puritan still; yet she beheld admiringly the amiable grace with which he mingled in the life of the village,—the meek patience with which he stooped to the youngest and poorest, and to the repulsive savages from the woods. Thankful says much of the singular sympathy which seemed to her to exist between the Jesuit and the bell, and gives a number of incidents which indicate that he regarded it with far more veneration than any of the other furnishings of the altar and chapel.

Thankful was received everywhere in the village with confidence and friendship. At the service the face of the saint above the altar lifted her in aspiration. So the chants. And more than once, when the words and music had become familiar to her, the people in the church heard the voice of the captive lending volume to the song. It was at such a time once, when touched with the music, with her face bent upon Father Mériel at the Mass with more interest than she knew, as she afterward believed, that, suddenly happening to catch sight of the Sieur, she found him attentively regarding her. Their communication since her capture had been very slight; but she relates that from this time his manner changed. He grew attentive, and frequently engaged her in talk. About this time also, Annette broke out one evening, while the villagers were dancing under the trees to the flute and violin, "The Sieur is pointing Father Mériel toward our house!" After this, it was noticed that the priest's visits to Antoine's cottage became more fre-

quent, during which he never failed to show his desire that Thankful should embrace the faith.

I declare I know not how to render the suffering expressed henceforth in poor Thankful's homely words. I would give the story in her own language, were it not that I must be brief; yet I fear that, transferred into a different form, the account must lose much of its simple pathos. One less dutiful would have felt in the circumstances less pain. Thankful underwent the pangs of a veritable martyr. An entangling net began now to spread itself before her feet;—if indeed we refuse to believe, as she believed herself, that she began to feel the influence of a supernatural spell. She confesses that the devotion of Mériel, and the grace, too, of his features and figure, charmed her. The mystery that hung over his past history excited her imagination. Thankful remembered afterwards, though she hardly perceived it at the time, that the Sieur seemed to take pleasure in partially drawing the veil, hinting at courtly splendors and heroic deeds, which increased the fascination that the Jesuit exercised upon her. She gives scene after scene from her picturesque life, in which the white cottages, the sounding river, the forests, the two more conspicuous figures, and the bell appear and reappear. Through it all one can trace a gradual concentration of the fervor of her spirit upon the enthusiastic self-exiled noble; a mysterious process within her, which she protests was irresistible, and believes was due to diabolic influence. So far as she was conscious of it, she strove against it, but utterly in vain. Yet her sense of guilt continually deepened.

Thankful now often talked with the Sieur. She had cautiously questioned him as to the history of the bell; but always, upon the mention of it, he had become reserved, and changed the topic. On one occasion, however, of his own accord he began to unfold, more freely than ever before, the past career of Father Mériel to his intent

listener. "He is, indeed, a noble of France," said the *Sieur*, "of a wealthy and ancient stock of Provence, famous in war for many centuries. Mériel himself had scarcely passed his boyhood when he became a soldier. You see him now in his cassock. I have seen him heroic, in a cuirass, with sword in hand." The *Sieur* said in those days he was Mériel's friend and companion, as he continued to be. He described with animation Mériel's youthful prowess in a certain victory of the French arms over William of Orange. His prospects for advancement to high position were the brightest, when suddenly his ambition underwent a change. Resigning the world, he gave himself to religious enthusiasm. "You wonder about the bell. I will tell you why it is so dear to the priest. When he took upon himself the vows, he gave his wealth to the faith. The bell was cast in the religious house of his first retirement, with sacred ceremonies. Mériel threw into the molten metal a profusion of golden ornaments. If your thrifty friends at Meadowboro," and a smile of sarcasm appeared on the *Sieur's* dark features, "had known the composition of the metal, it would not have hung so long in the belfry. When Mériel turned toward Canada, in my friendship I accompanied him, having obtained from the king the grant of St. Laudry. Setting sail from Brest, we were captured on the high seas and carried to England. The bell, which Mériel was conveying with him to his mission, was taken and sold. At last we escaped and made our way to Canada. I had heard in England a rumor that the bell had gone to the Puritan Colony. A good Catholic could not endure the sacrilege. My connection with Mériel made the bell's recovery seem important to me. I easily deceived your people, and went in disguise from village to village. You remember the evening when we first met." Thankful sat absorbed at the *Sieur's* side. "Tell me," said she, at length, "what led the soldier to change so suddenly and become a priest?"

He rose quickly at the question. "You have learned enough," he said, resuming suddenly his customary haughtiness, and then turned away. His lips moved rapidly, but Thankful could catch no intelligible sound.

"Is it love or hate that the *Sieur* has for the priest?" said Thankful to Annette; but Annette arched her eyebrows in amazement at the question. "They are the closest friends," said she; and when Thankful told of the dark expression she had once or twice seen in the *Sieur's* face when bent on Mériel, Annette only laughed at the suggestion. "Ask him," said she, merrily. "Who can get at the secret, if there is one, so well as you?" They had begun to rally Thankful upon the notice she received.

One day in early spring, word came from a camp of Indians on the northern bank of the river, that a hunter, gored by a wounded elk, was near to death, and wanted the priest. Father Mériel, with oil for the extreme unction, at once set out over the ice, which was fast becoming infirm in the warmer air. During the day the loud rush was heard which indicated the breaking up; and the waters flowed downward covered with white masses, now submerged, and now lifting their edges from the whirling depths. The sun set clear, and a northwest wind began to blow with much of wintry bitterness. As the moon rose, the footsteps of passers began to sound crisp in the ice that was forming. Upon the river, through the evening, the rush of the floating fields could be heard by the villagers as they sat about their hearths. When bedtime came, Thankful unbarred the cottage-door and stepped out into the air, impressed with the tumult of the liberated river, as, like Samson at Gaza, it took upon its shoulders the gates that had confined it, and bore them away. She heard from the river a long-drawn distant cry, then another, and another. At her hurried exclamation Antoine came to her, and the village was soon aroused. As the people stood on the bank, the

moon lighted up the rushing ice-fields and the black chasms of water between. At intervals came the cries borne upon the wind from more voices than one, some despairing, but one firm and resolute. It was recognized by all as the voice of Mériel. Some threw themselves upon the frozen ground, calling upon the Virgin and uttering vows. The cold wind from time to time smote the forests, and their roar drowned other sounds. It was only in the pauses that the cries could be heard, plainly moving farther and farther down the current. Experienced boatmen believed Mériel had put out with others in a canoe, which had been crushed in the ice, and that they had succeeded in crawling upon a floating cake. "Half an hour at this rate will carry them to the rapids," said one.

Answering cries were sent from the bank, which, however, the wind seemed to throw back. "The bell!" cried one, and presently it sounded from the tree, to tell the priest that his cries were heard. Thankful reports that still another change was now to be noted. It had lost its ordinary plaintiveness, and seemed to pour its sound against the wind in quivering tones of broken agony. It groaned and suffered, wailed and wept, as if in utter despair. For a minute it ceased ringing, when instantly an answer came from the stream in a firm, sustained shout. Again the bell rang, again came the voice in reply; and so the Jesuit and the bell answered one another across the chasms and the whirl of the tossing ice.

A woman of the village now called attention to the *Sieur*, who was just approaching the company. Thankful says he had stopped a moment upon the summit of a slight ridge at a little distance, and appeared to have just become aware of what was happening. She well knew that the demonstrative people among whom she was thrown expressed their emotions in more forcible ways than her own race, and at the time the movements and gestures of the *Sieur* did not surprise her; but, recalling the scene in the light of events

which followed, she cannot avoid the belief that he was leaping up in a witch-dance and invoking some power of the air, as he suddenly stretched forth and shook his hands. The moon was bright enough for her to see that his features worked strangely as he muttered, and one or two indistinct exclamations from his rapidly moving lips, the sound of which reached her, she holds to have been parts of incantations. The canoes of the village had been laid away for the winter. At the command of the *Sieur*, one of them was speedily brought out, in which he with two other men at once embarked, defiant of the peril. The canoe could be seen for a few moments, as it pushed off in the direction of the cries. Sometimes it dashed into the channels between the cakes, sometimes the men could be seen to leap out upon the more solid masses and drag their canoe with them. The villagers followed together confusedly down the bank, with sobs and prayers. Now and then came the shouts of the rescue-party, then the fainter cry of the perishing priest, then the broken wail of the bell. The rapids at last came into the view of the villagers. Thankful could plainly see the tossing of the white breaker which marked the commencement of the fall. She felt certain too she saw the spectre of the drowned Franciscan flung upward in his gray robe by the tumultuous waters. The canoe was seen in the distance, returning. The rescue-party at least were safe. The approach of the little bark was breathlessly watched. Three figures could be seen bracing themselves against peril on every side. If there were others, they lay helpless in the bottom. At length the wall of ice bordering the bank was reached. Two Indians, in a state of insensibility, were lifted up, then the stiffened form of the Jesuit himself. For a moment he was laid on a blanket stretched upon the ice. Against his torn cassock, stiff as iron, his rosary was frozen. His hat was gone, his hair thick with ice, his quiet face turned up before the moon with the pallor of death. The villagers knelt

beside him. From up the stream came the voice of the bell, anxious almost like the voice of a mother. Thankful knelt with the rest, and saw Mériel give at last a sign of life. As she raised her eyes they fell upon the face of the Sieur; when lo! she beheld again a black scowl of hatred upon his features, as he regarded the man he had just brought back to life. In a moment it was gone, as the people rose about him.

Thankful confesses that, although her mind had been unaccountably turned upon the priest and she had struggled against it, she had never admitted to herself that her feeling was inconsistent with her wifely duty, until the evening of Mériel's escape. Conscience-smitten, she declares pathetically that she must have been under the influence of some supernatural spell. Her account is tragical, of her internal conflicts with herself, which were of no avail. Her danger became plain to her, and she took a desperate resolve.

A hundred miles of wilderness lay between St. Laury and the nearest New England settlement. From time to time during her captivity, there had been rumors of parties from New England scouting toward Canada, and coming quite near to some of the villages on the St. Lawrence. It so happened that within a short time word had been brought that a village had been closely approached by such a party, who were believed to be still near at hand. The chance that this party might be met in the woods was slight, but not quite impossible. In returning, Thankful knew, they would be likely to follow the course of a certain stream, which she resolved to try to reach. Filling a bag with food, she prepared for flight. Listening for a moment, one night, by the beds of the simple-hearted family into whose love she had been adopted, she shed a few bitter tears, then took her departure. But after two days' wandering she fell fainting in the snow with which earth and air were still clogged. Recovering herself slowly from this swoon, as if from some deep abyss,

she felt hands lifting her upwards, and stimulants poured between her lips. Raising her heavy lids, close at her face she beheld the face of the Sieur, his beard and eyebrows grizzled with snow. He caught her pulse, he felt at her heart, he chafed her hands. An expression of delight passed over his countenance as she came back to life. As soon as she was missed, he had headed a party, following through the storm her fast disappearing trail. They made a sledge from the boughs of trees, and Thankful was carried back.

Annette received her on her return without reproach. "Husband and country so far away," she said, "— who could wonder that captivity was hard? But peace was at hand, and Thankful should return." Thankful, in her weakness and hopeless wretchedness, laid her head upon the bosom of her friend, whose sympathy was very precious, though she so utterly misunderstood the case. Annette soothed her as she soothed her children. It was the Sieur, Thankful found, who had stirred the village up to pursuit. His manner was described as being most earnest. "Come," said Antoine, for upon the roving Frenchman the marriage-vows sat too lightly, "forget your English husband, and become one of us. We have seen that the Sieur follows you. He has rank and riches. You will be the lady of the village. There is not a girl in the province that would not envy you." "Why does he seek me?" said Thankful, in her own mind. Though attentive, he had never by hint or look betrayed a sign of love. It was one of the mysteries she could not then solve.

"There stand the Sieur and the Father," said Annette, one day, from the window. "The Sieur points this way. Ah! Father Mériel is coming." Presently, the little doorway grew dark with the Jesuit's sweeping robe. He sat down by the couch where Thankful had lain since they had brought her back after her attempt to escape, bending upon her his saddened face. It was mere cruelty, he said, that she

should have been brought away from her home. It was done against his will. She should soon be restored, for peace had come. He had thought that Thankful was being drawn toward the true faith, and had said many a prayer, and kept many a vigil, in her behalf. But she had simply, it seemed, been disarming suspicion. He could not judge her harshly, but he besought her with a full heart to take steps that her soul might be saved. Thankful lay silent, not daring to raise her eyes to his face. Mériel departed, leaving her burdened with wretchedness and sense of guilt.

When Thankful had regained her strength, she received word one day from the French governor to be prepared to depart soon for Quebec, whence the English captives were to be sent home. When next she encountered the *Sieur*, his manner had lost its usual calmness, and his dark face was growing haggard, apparently through some internal passion that preyed upon him. Pacing the border of the stream near which they were standing, he broke out with sudden impatience: "I know your thoughts. You shall hear the secret of the bell. I have told you of Mériel's noble lineage, of his brilliant fame as a soldier, of his choosing at last the life of a priest. You asked me the cause of the change. Listen! Among the novices in the great convent of Montmartre was a youthful lady, high-born, beautiful, of qualities most saintly. To her, Mériel, a gentleman of fame and personal grace, paid his court. She yielded to her friends, her own heart indeed making it not difficult, though she felt that she ought rather to become a spouse of Christ. She was beloved not alone by Mériel. The marriage-eve came, full of hope and splendor, honored even by the presence of the great Louis. When the guests had gone, Mériel and his wife sought the solitude and coolness of the gardens of the chateau. Suddenly from a thicket close to their arbor a musket was discharged, the ball narrowly missing the bridegroom. He

started to his feet, drawing his sword, and rushed in the direction from which the shot had come. He sought in vain. Hurrying back at last to the spot where he had left his wife, he heard a rustling of branches near the path, as of a person seeking concealment. Without waiting to challenge, he thrust his rapier quickly into the thicket which concealed the figure." The *Sieur* turned away his face, and his voice sank. "Alas! it was his wife whom he had slain, who, in the darkness, not recognizing him, and mistaking him for the assassin, had sought to hide herself. Within an hour she had died in his arms, protesting that Heaven had punished her for her faithlessness, and pledging her husband to embrace the life she had forsaken. 'Before the high altar of Montmartre,' she said, 'the nuns, relieving one another, have a sister lying prostrate day and night, praying for the conversion of Canada.' She indicated to her husband that he should help in this work, solemnly promising with her last breath to be near him should it be permitted. You demand to know the secret of the bell;—listen! The gold thrown into the molten metal by Mériel was hers;—a heavy crucifix and chalices; these, with her ornaments as a bride steeped in her life-blood. In some way, Mériel believes the spirit of his virgin wife is bound in with the bell, and utters itself in its tones. Ah, woman! do you wonder that he clings to it?" The *Sieur* ceased, but his features worked with his inner agitation.

"But who sought to kill him in the garden?" said Thankful, after a breathless pause.

"It was never known," said the *Sieur*, in a low whisper, "perhaps some mad Huguenot."

The *Sieur* paced up and down a few moments in silence. Then he exclaimed, passionately, with a wild gesture, and as if unconscious of Thankful's presence, "Of what use to tell her this? It cannot help! Why break the seal? Yet I must gain it!" He abruptly left her side, rapidly muttering.

The bell was ringing for Prime, on

the day of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin. A boat from Quebec touched the shore, bearing a personage of consequence in the province, the Superior of the Jesuit missions in New France, an old man with face marked with fire, and hands mutilated, through tortures by the Iroquois, undergone years before. The boat also brought word that an English ship had been sent for the captives; and that Thankful must set forth within the week. Through the day she quietly and sadly prepared for her departure. Night came close and hot. She stepped forth for air, when the *Sieur* presented himself, as if he had been waiting for her, and in a strange, peremptory manner bade her go at midnight to the lodge of Mériel. It was a startling command. It was well known in the village that from dark until daylight the home of the priest was not to be approached except in cases of life and death. Thankful says her mind was oppressed with a presentiment of calamity. Her will was overpowered by some unearthly force which she could not choose but obey. She is disposed to believe that some demon controlled her feet. Like a person lifted by invisible arms, she says, she was forced forth at the hour appointed. It was intensely dark, and the oppressive air of the night had become even more heavy. A taper burned from Mériel's window as she knocked at the door, which was presently opened. "Father, I have obeyed the command," said Thankful from the threshold. Mériel, however, showed great surprise in his voice and look, as he said he had not sent for her. "At least," said Thankful, "let me make confession, as I go hence forever." Mériel hesitated. "The time is most unusual," said he, "yet, daughter, I would fain save your soul. May the Blessed Virgin give me strength for it, even at this hour!" Thankful entered the Jesuit's oratory. A light stood upon the altar, and before it lay an open breviary. A knotted scourge lay upon the ground, which was deeply indented where the Jesuit had knelt in his devotions. Thankful,

throwing herself upon her knees, had begun the story of her life. The air grew even more stifling, so that the taper seemed prevented from giving forth its proper light. She raised her eyes to his attentive face. She did not mean they should betray her, but believes they may have done so in spite of her. But now there passed beneath their feet a convulsive tremor. Then the earth was wrenched, and the crucifix upon the altar fell forward. Through the air the bell, close at hand, sent forth one solitary toll. It was as if the dead wife were uttering a warning, for the sound fell with awful solemnity and boding. "Marie! Marie!" cried Mériel, in a tone of horror. Thankful understood that he called upon the name of his wife. He threw up his hands, averted his countenance, and retreated to the farthest corner of the room. Footsteps were now heard. The door was thrown open, and the *Sieur* strode hastily into the little room, followed by the Jesuit Superior. The *Sieur* turned his face, marked with unmistakable hatred, now no longer furtive, upon Mériel. Pointing toward him, and addressing the Superior, he said, "I denounce this priest as false to his vows." But the Superior, after a moment of deliberation, signed with his mutilated hand that attention should be given. The *Sieur* stood with a frown upon his face. Mériel, full of astonishment, bent his head submissively toward his chief. Thankful writes that she had sunk upon the ground. After a considerable interval, "Surely the Devil is abroad to-night," said the Superior. "All the more may the holy Mother of God inspire us with justice! The *Sieur* of St. Laudry has brought me from Quebec by a charge of faithlessness against Mériel, hitherto a well-beloved Father of our order. The *Sieur's* position in the province gives weight to the charge, but it is unsustained. There is no report in the village but of the virtues of the priest. To-night the *Sieur* has offered me positive proof. We followed this woman to the door, but we saw and heard the priest's surprise



when he beheld her. Through the window we witnessed the scene in the oratory. It was innocent. I believe the Father has simply sought to lead this unhappy heretic—whose motive I know not—to the truth." Before the Superior had finished, the *Sieur* had gone. The Superior also warned Thankful from the habitation with a severe look and gesture. As she passed out, she heard him say: "Earth, air, and the hearts of men swarm to-night with the emissaries of hell. Let us thwart them." Immediately the tolling of the bell was heard through the agitation of the elements,—deep, resolute, triumphant.

As Thankful came out into the village street, she found the entire population frightened from their houses. Although everything was now as usual, through the greater part of the night the people talked of the earthquake. The most extraordinary supernatural phenomena were reported to have been observed. One had seen two blazing serpents entwined in the air, and borne forward by the wind; to another there had appeared a globe of fire sending out sparks on every side; while others had seen four terrible spectres, that stood in different quarters of the heavens, and shook the earth mightily, as if to overturn it.

Like all the details of this recital, the events of this singular night have been given as Thankful describes them. By reference to old documents, I have found that, in the early period of Canada, earthquakes and extraordinary atmospheric phenomena were frequent, and sometimes quite appalling. Thankful's story gives no dates, but in the old *Relations des Jésuites* is preserved a report which, I conjecture, may refer to this very occasion, detailing a commotion which caused much terror, and is referred by the pious author to diabolic agency.

During the following day, a fisherman, whose hut was some distance from the village down the river, came in with the startling news that the corpse of the *Sieur*, much disfigured,

had been found washed up on a rocky island at the foot of the rapids. The news excited great confusion. There was nothing whatever to explain the death, though the people came to the conclusion that the event was connected in a mysterious way with the supernatural occurrences of the preceding night. Thankful, upon whose distracted spirit the intelligence threw a still gloomier shade, while she did not by any means reject a supernatural explanation of the marvels, yet in her knowledge of what had happened during the night had an insight which the village had not. Revolving in her mind what she had heard and observed since her fate had connected her with the *Sieur* and Mériel, she suggests the following explanation of the former's true character, purposes, and fate,—that at some time he had sold his soul to the Devil. "What could his indistinct mutterings have been," she asks, "but converse with invisible demons? Were not the birds which came fluttering to his call familiar spirits in that disguise? Just so the witch, Martha Corey, hanged at Salem, was seen by the afflicted to hold converse with devils in the guise of birds." That he was an early companion of Mériel, the *Sieur* had himself confessed. That his heart also had been won by the saintly novice of Montmartre, Thankful believes was betrayed in a slight tremor of the voice with which she remembers he declared that Marie was beloved by others than Mériel. She believes his friendship for Mériel became hatred when the latter won Marie for himself. She can only conjecture, but considers it not improbable, that it was the *Sieur*, seeking for revenge, who fired the shot in the garden of Mériel's chateau. Why he did not take his life afterward, during the intimacy of years in which they lived together, she can only attempt to explain doubtfully, but she asks whether this may not have been possible: that the *Sieur* saw that death would rather be relief than punishment to Mériel in his sorrow. She says it was well known in the village

that the Father would gladly have encountered martyrdom, if it had been ordained for him to meet it. If, however, death would have brought no suffering to the priest, dishonor would; and Thankful suggests that it was with the purpose in view of bringing him to dishonor at last, that the *Sieur* so guarded Mériel's life. She believes that he read in her face the fascination which Mériel early began to exercise over her. Reviewing their intercourse, she recalls what was not plain to her at the time,—that from first to last Mériel was a frequent theme of their conversation, and that, without attracting her suspicion, he dwelt upon every circumstance in Mériel's life likely to attract her to the latter.

Moreover she holds that he wrought upon her with some diabolical spell. She knows from exclamations which he once or twice let fall, that sometimes, excited by his recollections, he imparted more than he intended. She feels sure that as he sought to interest her in Mériel, he also brought Mériel to seek her,—by representing her as disposed to embrace the faith,—with the idea that their relations might come to seem suspicious. When the time for her return drew near before his plot had matured, she suggests that he may have grown desperate, as his promised revenge seemed about to fail; that therefore he made his accusation to the Superior, and contrived his last plan, in the hope that her strangely-timed visit to the Jesuit's lodge, and the weight of his own authority, might bring about Mériel's disgrace. When the plot failed, and Mériel knew him in his true character as an enemy, his schemes for revenge having at last miscarried, Thankful thinks it not strange that he should have hurried out to throw himself into the river. "Perhaps he was flung in," she adds, "by the power of Satan." To all this explanation, she finds some confirmation in the elemental tumult of the night. Believing that demons filled the air, she asks if such Satanic activity would not be nat-

ural in the neighborhood of a powerful wizard at the culmination of such deep wickedness. Thankful gives her explanation doubtfully;—in spite of circumstances hardly deeming it possible,—with her inexperience of the world, and frank English nature,—that such revenge should burn through long years and be so cunningly masked.

["How does it seem to you?" I said to my wife, after we had read it together. "Do you like Thankful's solution?" "I hardly know, Joseph," said my wife. "There's such a prejudice nowadays against the poor Devil; won't people find it hard to believe he was ever around so much?" For myself, I do not know whether to accept Thankful's explanation, or not, and I leave the reader to make his own decision concerning it. Only with respect to her hesitation at the end, I will give a conclusion that I came to after an experience with a certain Italian and French teacher, who, after being fostered in my very bosom, as it were, went off to that Institute under the most exasperating circumstances. It is, that among Southern Europeans a secret and malignant type of character may sometimes be encountered; a type to which the natures of the *Sieur* and that wretch Passédécini may perhaps have belonged;—a type whose reflection given in the mirror of Shakespeare lies open to our study in Iago.]

When Thankful embarked at last, to leave St. Laudry, her face was so haggard that Annette exclaimed, "Has the Devil touched you, too, poor child?" Thankful considers that Annette's question was near the truth. As the *batteau* gathered headway upon the current, from the church came the sound of the *Dies Irae*, chanted over the body of the *Sieur*. Borne upon the wind came the words:—

"Ingemisco tanquam reus  
Culpa rubet vultus meus  
Supplicanti parce Deus."

She made the words her own, turning her eyes heavenward.

The English ship, after delaying a month and more at Quebec, dropped

down as far as the dreary port of Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and before putting to sea, tarried an hour or two before these gloomy rocks. A few huts clung to the base of bare cliffs, past which the wide black current of the Saguenay poured itself. It was just dusk of the long summer day in that northern latitude, and Thankful, looking from the anchorage, saw upon the rocks the canoes of a body of savages. An Indian who came out from the shore brought word that it was a band belonging in the regions about Hudson's Bay. They had been to Quebec to sell furs, and were about returning with a Jesuit priest who had just been assigned, at his own desire, to this most dangerous and difficult of missions. At early dawn they were to depart up the melancholy river, and were now just about celebrating the Mass. It was too far to catch sight of any object, except most faintly. But the sound of the chanting, done probably by a few fishermen and their wives, belonging to the hamlet, came sweetly through the silence and twilight across the perfectly still water. Thankful could follow the plaintive *Agnus Dei*, and the louder swell of the *Jubilate*; and now she knew that the moment approached when the Host should be elevated. With a thrill that shook her whole being, Thankful heard across the water the sound of the bell that marked the event. Lo! it was the sound that she had come to know so well. With melody unutterable, from where it hung suspended in some crevice of the rock, the bell within which was bound the

soul of the dead wife shook forth into the stillness its tremulous toll. Now it throbbed upon the air with an almost dying cadence; then it reverberated from the bleak precipice with a soft power like the peal from the trumpet of an angel. Once, twice, thrice, came the unearthly music of its vibration, until the air seemed to Thankful to murmur with the pure harmony of celestial voices, — voices that sang sublimely of sacrifice and holiness. Then, as it faded into silence, and the darkness fell upon the cold wilderness, the sail above Thankful swelled out with the wind, and from beneath was heard the ripple of the ship's departure.

Here ends the tale. I know not what may have been the fate of Mériel, — whether he died in the snow like Father Anne de Nouë, or at the stake like Brébeuf and Lallemand, or lost in some forest like René Mesnard, or by some wilderness stream, close to his altar, like Marquette. With regard to poor Thankful there is no further record or tradition than the minister's brief note upon the back to her story. A tall slab in our old burying-ground informs the world that Remembrance Pumry died, well advanced in life, and possessed of many virtues, during the old French War. By his side lies Judith, "his desirable consort and relict," who died two years after. The inscription states that she was a second wife; and this is the only existing hint, besides the mouldy leaves of the narrative, that Thankful ever lived.

## RISK.

**I**N the quiet of the evening  
Two are walking in unrest;  
Man has touched a jealous nature,—  
Anger burns in woman's breast.

(These are neither wed nor plighted,  
Yet the maybe hangs as near  
And as fragrant as the wild-rose  
Which their garments hardly clear.

And as briery, too, you fancy?  
Well, perhaps so—some sad morn  
One or both may, for a moment,  
Wish they never had been born.)

Happy quips and honest pleadings  
Meet with silence or a sneer;  
But more keenly has she listened  
Since she vowed she would not hear.

Now a great oak parts the pathway.  
"Nature'll gratify your mood:  
To the right,—let this divide you;  
It will all be understood."

So Caprice, with childish weakness,  
Yet with subtlety of thought,  
Whispered in the ear of woman.  
Love, with dread, the answer sought.

Was it superstitious feeling  
Struck at once the hearts of two?  
Had he seen proud eyes half sorry  
For what little feet must do?

For he stretched an arm towards her,  
Folding nothing but the air,  
Saying nothing,—just the motion  
Drew, without offending there.

In the quiet of the evening  
Two are walking back again;  
At the oak, their happy voices  
Whisper of a vanished pain.

What if they to-night be plighted,  
And the maybe hangs more near  
And more fragrant than the wild-rose  
Which their garments hardly clear!

And more briery, too, you fancy?  
Well, perhaps so. Thorns are ill,  
But Love draws them out so kindly,  
One must trust him, come what will.

## THE STREET-CRIES OF NEW YORK.

TO rural persons visiting New York, who have wisely avoided the crowded hotels, and taken lodging in comparatively quiet by-streets, the various cries of the city must be a source of wonder, curiosity, doubt, fear, and sundry other emotions, according to circumstances and the respective temperaments of the rural persons. Along Broadway, the cries of the itinerant venders and tradesmen are seldom to be heard; for it is not in the great business thoroughfares that these industrials ply their vocations; and even if they did, their voices would be lost in the dominant din of that clashing, rattling, shrieking, thundering thoroughfare.

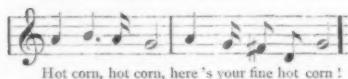
An hour or two after midnight, the milk-trains from the rural districts arrive at the several railway stations in the upper part of the city. By three o'clock in the morning the depots in which the milk is deposited are besieged by crowds of milk-carriers in their one-horse wagons, each waiting his turn to have his cans filled. The wagons are generally tidy concerns, painted in bright colors, with the names of the owners, and of the counties or districts from which the milk comes, lettered on them. The horses by which they are drawn are mostly compact, willing animals, and they are almost invariably well fed and groomed. As for the drivers, the greater part are strong-built, sunburnt fellows, with coarse flannel shirts, slouched hats, and tight trousers tucked into heavy boots. They have, nearly without exception, a strong dash of the New York "rough" in them, their fiery qualities not being in the least modified by constant contemplation of the bland fluid in which they deal. Before five o'clock, all the members of this milk brigade are away on their respective rounds throughout the city.

The peculiar cry of the New York

milkman is the first that breaks the stillness of early morning. It has long been a puzzle to investigators how this fiendish yell originated, and why that most innocuous and pacifying of marketables, milk, should be announced with a war-whoop to which that of the blanketed Arapahoe of the plains is but as the bleat of a spring lamb. The shriek of the New York milkman has no appreciable connection with the word "milk." The rural visitor who hears it for the first time in the rosy morn plunges out from his bedclothes and rushes to the window, expectant of one of those sanguinary hand-to-hand conflicts about which he has been so long reading in the New York papers. Instead of gore he sees milk; a long-handled ladle instead of a knife or pistol; and a taciturn man in rusty garments doling out that fluid with it to the sleepy-eyed Hebe who clammers up from the basement with her jug, instead of scalping her of her chignon and adding it to the trophies at his belt. The cry of the New York milkman is an outrage, and a provocation to breach of the peace. More graciously might his presence be announced by the tinkling of a cow-bell, or, what would be equally appropriate, by a blast from the hollow-sounding horn of a cow.

Among the sweetest of the city cries, and with a sadness about it, too, suggestive of the passing away of summer, and the coming of chill autumnal nights, is that of "Hot corn!" It is long after dark when this cry begins to resound in the streets, which are quiet now, the noisy traffic of the day having ceased. Most of the venders of hot corn are women or young girls, though men and boys are often to be seen engaged in the business. Many of them are of the colored race, and it is from these, chiefly, that the most characteristic and musical inflections of the cry are heard in the still hours towards

midnight. One of these strains, which has been chanted night after night, for several autumns past, by the same voice, in a central walk of the city, has a very wild and plaintive cadence, as will appear from the following:—



After chanting this strain, the voice repeats the words "hot corn" several times, in a short, jerking note; and then the plaintive little song is heard again, dying away in the distance. On a still September night, when the windows are open, and sleep has not yet locked the senses of the drowsed listener, this cry of "hot corn," in all its variations, has a very pleasing effect.

What awful-looking cylinder on wheels is this that comes slowly along, floundering over the cobble-stones like a car of juggernaut, or the chariot of Vulcan on its way to a cyclopean revel? Within the grimy, wooden tunnel sit two stalwart men, the most observable quality of whom is blackness from head to foot. Whatever color their clothes may originally have been, blackness—positive and extreme blackness—is now their hue. They have the features of the Caucasian races, have these fuliginous sons of Erebus, but their teeth flash and their eyeballs gleam silverly, like those of the African, for their features are dusky as his. Slowly drawled out in a deep, sad monotone, comes the cry "Charcoal" from the chest of one of them. It is a very long-drawn, mournful cry, like that which might come from a dead-cart driven round during a pestilence for the bodies of the victims. Charcoal has got the better of these men, and converted them to its own moods and shades. The thrones on which they sit within the great black cylinder are piles of charcoal. Burnt cork is chalk compared to the charcoal nigrescence of their faces and hands. Charcoal is all over them, and everywhere

about. When the charcoal man dies he needs no embalming, no sarcophagus hermetically sealed; for his system is charged with the great antiseptic by which he lives, and he is never so far gone but that he is thoroughly cured by it when dead.

In pleasant contrast with the supernatural cry of the charcoal man is that sweet one of "Strawber-rees!" which first falls upon the ear some balmy morning in June, when the fancies of the city man are all of fragrant meadows and tinkling brooks. Not pleasant, indeed, as it comes from the lips of the "licensed venders," who hawk fruit about in wagons; for nothing in the way of noise can be more disagreeable than the bawling of these loud-mouthed men. But hark to the clear tone of a woman's voice, that comes ringing on the ear, repeating at short intervals the one word, with a sudden pitch of the last syllable to the octave above, in a prolonged *sostenuto*! Passing along the street, there goes the singer, generally a woman of middle age, for but few young girls are observable in this branch of street industry. The procession of the seasons is distinctly marked to city people by the cries of these hawkers. First, the strawberries, redolent of balmy June with its lilac-blossoms and plumed horse-chestnuts. Then, when the freshness of June has passed away, and the dog-day heat of July is upon us, the same note, indeed, is to be heard vibrating in the sultry street; but the *libretto* is changed, for strawberries are "out" now, and raspberries "in." Later still, near the close of July, and so throughout August, the wild-flavored medicinal blackberry, suggestive of dusty roadside fences and retreats lonely, takes the place of the others, in company with the huckleberry; and the same ringing cry announces the progress of these along the street.

Among the musical cries of New York City, one of the most peculiar is that of the chimney-sweeps. Their vocation is confined exclusively to colored people, by whom also the shaking



of carpets and the whitewashing of walls is looked on as a monopoly by right of usage. The chimney-sweeps go in pairs, — two stalwart negroes, thoroughly saturated by nature with the color appropriate to their craft. They bristle all over with the implements of their trade. Iron scrapers and great spiky trusses, that look like the weapons of some savage tribe, are suspended at their broad backs. So patched are their garments, — which consist of nothing more than the remnants of shirt and trousers, — that it would be impossible for the most expert *chiffonnier* to detect the original rag to which all the others have attached themselves in the course of time. A very singular cry, not unlike the *yodling* refrain of Tyrolean cragsmen, is that of the chimney-sweep. Instances of peculiar qualities of voice are not uncommon among negroes. Miss Greenwood, well known in musical circles as the "Black Swan," sometimes startles her hearers by descending from the fluty upper register of a woman's voice to the deep chest notes of a masculine barytone or basso. The strain uttered by the sweep is usually a simple variation of three notes; but I remember one who used to perambulate a west-side ward of New York some years ago, and who extended the brief song of his craft into the air of "Home, Sweet Home," adapted to some words expressive of soot, and smoke, and various other things which, if allowed to run riot, are calculated to render "home" very much the reverse of sweet.

Execrable beyond description are the various, not to say innumerable, howls vented by the class of mounted guerrillas known as "licensed venders." These hucksters usually go by twos, one of them attending to the wagon in which the produce for sale is stowed, while the other shambles along the sidewalk to announce their approach. The alternate stunning roars of these importunate retailers make windows rattle. Sometimes the cart contains several kinds of vegetables or fruits, and

the driver bawls out something intended to represent the names of these. No sooner has his roar ceased to "split the ears of the groundlings," than it is taken up by his comrade — or accomplice, rather — on the sidewalk, who, clapping a hand to one ear, as if to prevent his head from being blown off, repeats the cry with a hideous augmentation of discordant yell, down into areas, and up at three-story windows. As in the hailing of a skipper in a gale of wind, the vowels alone of these vociferations are intelligible, the consonants being either swallowed by the vociferator, or frittered away by attrition into incomprehensible spray. The hawkers of this class who deal in fish do not utter any cry, but herald their coming, not indeed with a flourish of trumpets, but with shattering blasts from a tin horn of execrable tone.

One of the most doleful of city cries is that of the men who slowly plod their daily rounds with brooms for sale. In many instances these men are blind, the trade in brooms being almost the only street occupation, with the exception of mendicancy, followed by blind persons in New York. It is its association with blindness, perhaps, that gives to the cry of "Brum!" the melancholy sentiment always evoked by it in the more tranquil streets of the city, — a cry pitched in a subdued, hollow voice, which, "not loud, but deep," reverberates to a great distance along the street. Some of the wanderers are led by small boys or girls, while others grope their way along the sidewalk with sticks. I have never seen one of them led by a dog. Who ever sees a blind man led by a dog in this harassing city of New York? "Poor dog Tray" is dead long ago, and if he left any successors, their instinct has told them that they have no business here. There is one blind broom-hawker in New York who celebrates his bristly wares in song, chanting two or three verses in commendation of them, at intervals, as he gropes his way along. The ordinary corn-broom is the staple article offered by these hawkers, but

their outfit usually comprises every variety of sweeping-brushes, feather-dusters, and other such articles, known to careful housekeepers by sundry distinctive names.

An arrant Bohemian, to be met with everywhere in New York streets, as well as far out in the suburbs, and even along the quiet country roads beyond, is the peripatetic glazier. No street industrial is more familiar to city folks than he. He is, invariably, a wanderer from some country of Continental Europe,—Germany, Italy, or France,—and he seldom possesses more English than enables him to higggle for a job. The itinerant glazier is usually an undersized man, adapted to worming himself through vacuous window-sashes and broken panes of glass. He is oftener dark of complexion than otherwise, and he generally wears a heavy fringe of frowzy hair around his unwashed face. Slung between his shoulders is a sort of wooden rack, in the compartments of which rest vertically panes of glass of assorted sizes. He wields a long wooden ruler, to one end of which is affixed a dab of putty, and between his teeth he usually clenches a dirty wooden pipe, with the fumes of which, slightly corrected by those of garlic and rancid oil, his entire person is well saturated. From coarse feeding and exposure to the weather his voice is generally raucous, and yet there is nothing positively aggravating in his sing-song cry of “Glass t’ p’t een!” delivered with a long-drawn enunciation of the last syllable. This man frequents certain of the lowest haunts of the city, where he harbors with his like, spending much of his earnings on lager-beer and the exciting vicissitudes of play with a very greasy pack of cards. He is frequently a great convenience to housekeepers whose windows require immediate repair; but his character for honesty is not above suspicion, and it is generally considered advisable to keep a good watch on him while he is occupied about the windows of a room in which articles of value are lying about. It has been asserted that num-

bers of these men were engaged in the famous draft riots by which New York was made so lively in July, 1863; though the principal proof against them seems to have been the vast number of windows shattered on that memorable occasion, and supposed to have been broken with an eye to business.

The curt, peremptory cry of the pungent person who jerks down into every basement, as he passes, the word “soapfat!” uttered with a quick, barking snap, is one that seldom fails to arouse cook-maid or kitchen-wench from reveries of dress and “Sundays out.” He usually carries a very large tin pail, into which he crowds the scrapings of the kitchen utensils and the fatty fragments of cooked meats, until the mass, packed and pounded with his dirty fists, assumes the appearance of axle-grease, and becomes too heavy for him to carry any further from door to door. Then he slings it on his back, and travels away with it to one of those fragrant establishments in the eastern districts of the city, or elsewhere, in which the process of “rendering” grease for various manufactures is carried on. Dogs twitch their sensitive noses at him as he goes, and some of the more lean and hungry ones will even follow his footsteps for the chance of picking up any scraps of the savory cargo that may fall in his wake. The kitchen stuff that forms the staple of the soapfat-man’s commerce is a perquisite of the cook, who therefore looks upon him with some degree of complacency. He enjoys a very extensive acquaintance among the cook-maids on his round, and, being oily by occupation and generally Irish by nativity, he has his larded jokes and tallowy banter for each and all of them.

“Rags!—rags!” is the cry of a rough-looking varlet who carries a large dirty sack for the reception of such worn-out garments and discarded textiles in general as are made a source of supplementary revenue by thrifty housewives. It is a very disagreeable cry, being usually uttered in a harsh, aggressive tone, and at short intervals.

When the ragman has filled his sack, he trudges away with it to some deep, musty cellar, to the troglodytes in which he sells his motley merchandise for so much a pound. Here it is sorted, packed in large bales, and sent away to various places for its conversion into paper. And so it is that light comes to men, in time, through so insignificant a medium as the man who contributes to the din of the city with his discordant "Rags!—rags!"—while literature is indebted to him in about the same degree that it is to the harsh-voiced water-fowl that lends aid to it with its quill.

Yonder, flashing in the sun, and taking up more of the sidewalk than is quite convenient for passengers, slowly moves along a great assortment of tin utensils, ranging from the skillet of smallest size to pans and pails of the largest. The unretentive colander is there, and the porous dredging-box clinks against the teakettle, which will sing to it in some snuggery by and by. In the centre of this dazzling arrangement walks a robust woman,—the sun around which this system of tin planets revolves. She pauses very often, chanting her shrill cry of "Tin-ware!" to the clinking accompaniment of her pans and kettles. Sometimes this peripatetic female leaves off roaming the city for a while, and displays her wares at the trap-door of some cellar beneath a market-building, or on a sidewalk in some busy street. Then she does not utter her cry; but it shall be heard again, here and there throughout the city, when the weather is favorable for "going on rounds."

A cry that is heard less frequently than any of the others mentioned in this paper, is that of "Honeycomb!" For a brief season in the fall, cleanly dressed men, in white jackets and aprons, and with white linen caps on their heads, are to be seen hawking the luscious produce of the bee through the city. The honeycomb is placed on wooden trays, which they balance on their heads with much dexterity, turning hither and thither, and winding

through crowded thoroughfares, without putting their hands to the trays. There is something pleasantly rural about the cry of these men, for it carries one away to flowery meadows where bees revel, and to gardens made more delightful by their drowsy hum.

A persevering persecutor is that caittiff who looks up at your window, should you happen to appear at it, and inquires of you, in hoarse, nasal accents, whether you have "any old hats?" He will remain gesticulating, and jerking his query at you, for five minutes together, and the chances are that he will at last cross over to your doorway, and, ringing for admittance, try to force his way up to your sanctum. This trader generally wears a tall, greasy stove-pipe hat, as an emblem of his vocation, and he carries battered hats of all fashions and textures in both hands, and suspended round his neck. Often he is an Irishman; not unfrequently a Polish Jew. The domesticities of the house, with whom discarded hats are a perquisite, find the vagrant under notice a very hard one to deal with. His power of undervaluing articles is almost sublime for its audacity, and his inward chuckle, as he walks off with his bargain, attests his appreciation of the swindle perpetrated.

The monosyllabic cry of "Wud!" repeated in quick succession and mournful tone, announces the coming of the cart in which the firewood-man and his resinous freight are trundled along. It is in winter, chiefly, that this dealer plies his commerce. He is very welcome about Christmas-time, among those people especially, whose traditions move them to "crowd on all steam" at that festive time, and to keep their stoves aglow with firewood for the Christmas turkey and its anxious friends. But his cry has nothing of the Christmas carol about it, nothing that is cheerful and appropriate to the season, and in fact is one of the most doleful and depressing of city cries.

The tinker, with his portable fire-apparatus, and his monotonous "Pots, pans, 'nd kettles e' mend!" is a wan-

dering mechanic well known in New York streets, as likewise is the man who cries for "Umbrellas to mend!" and usually contrives to manipulate the ribs or springs of those intrusted to him, so that they will need further repairs at a time to suit his convenience. Various cries are occasionally to be heard throughout the city, the significance of which can only be guessed at from the kind of wares hawked by the utterers of them. Peddlers, with baskets full of fancy glass-ware, — jars, vases, and other such knick-knacks as are used for table or chimney-piece ornaments, — carry on their business in the by-streets. They utter low, droning cries from time to time, as they slowly pace along by the area railings, but it is generally impossible to recognize any verbal combination in their smothered accents. The most remarkable instance

of an unintelligible street-cry that I remember was that of an old man, — a German, I think, — who went his round of certain streets in the city for a brief term, a year or two since. He carried in either hand a tin pail with a cover on it; and so remarkable was his note that, when he for the first time made himself heard in the street, windows were thrown up, and unfeeling gazers greeted him therefrom with shouts of ribald laughter. A strenuous wheeze, combined with a sneeze, and terminating in a laborious shriek, were the elements of which this unaccountable proclamation was composed. I never knew any person who could explain the cry, or the article which it was intended to announce. Nobody ever seemed to buy anything from the old man, and so he shortly passed away from the busy street, a hopeless mystery.

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### AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

#### III.

WITHIN the lovely limits of summer it is beautiful to live almost anywhere; most beautiful where the ocean meets the land; and here particularly, where all the changing splendor of the sea encompasses the place, and the ceaseless ebbing and flowing of the tides brings continual refreshment into the life of every day. But summer is late and slow to come, and long after the mainland has begun to bloom and smile beneath the influence of spring, the bitter northwest winds still sweep the cold, green water about these rocks, and tear its surface into long and glittering waves from morning till night, and from night till morning, through many weeks. No leaf breaks the frozen soil, and no bud swells on the shaggy bushes that clothe the slopes. But if summer is a laggard in her coming, she makes up for it by the loveliness

of her lingering into autumn; for when the pride and glory of trees and flowers is despoiled by frost on shore, the little gardens here are glowing at their brightest, and day after day of mellow splendor drops like a benediction from the hand of God. In the early mornings in September the mists draw away from the depths of inland valleys, and rise into the lucid western sky, — tall columns and towers of cloud, solid, compact, superb; their pure white shining heads uplifted into the ether, solemn, stately, and still, till some wandering breeze disturbs their perfect outline, and they melt about the heavens in scattered fragments as the day goes on. Then there are mornings when "all in the blue, unclouded weather" the coast-line comes out so distinctly that houses, trees, bits of white beach, are clearly visible, and with a glass,

moving forms of carriages and cattle are distinguishable nine miles away. In the transparent air the peaks of Mounts Madison, Washington, and Jefferson are seen distinctly at a distance of one hundred miles. In the early light even the green color of the trees is perceptible on the Rye shore. All through these quiet days the air is full of wandering thistle-down, the inland golden-rod waves its plumes, and close by the water's edge, in rocky clefts, its seaside sister blossoms in gorgeous color; the rose-haws redden, the iris unlocks its shining caskets, and casts its closely packed seeds about, gray berries cluster on the bayberry-bushes, the sweet life-everlasting sends out its wonderful, delicious fragrance, and the pale asters spread their flowers in many-tinted sprays. Through October and into November, the fair, mild weather lasts. At the first breath of October, the hillside at Appledore fires up with the living crimson of the huckleberry-bushes, as if a blazing torch had been applied to it; the slanting light at sunrise and sunset makes a wonderful glory across it. The sky deepens its blue, beneath it the brilliant sea glows into violet, and flashes into splendid purple where the "tide-rip," or eddying winds, make long streaks across its surface,—poets are not wrong who talk of "purple seas,"—the air is clear and sparkling, the lovely summer haze withdraws, all things take a crisp and tender outline, and the cry of the curlew and the plover is doubly sweet through the pure cool air. Then sunsets burn in clear and tranquil skies, or flame in piled magnificence of clouds. Some night a long bar lies like a smouldering brand along the horizon, deep carmine where the sun has touched it, and out of that bar breaks a sudden gale before morning, and a fine fury and tumult begins to rage. Then comes the fitful weather,—wild winds and hurrying waves, low, scudding clouds, tremendous rains that shut out everything; and the rocks lie weltering between the sea and sky, with the brief fire of the leaves quenched

and swept away on the hillside,—only rushing wind and streaming water everywhere, as if a second deluge were flooding the world.

After such a rain comes a gale from the southeast to sweep the sky clear,—a gale so furious that it blows the sails straight out of the bolt-ropes, if any vessel is so unfortunate as to be caught in it with a rag of canvas aloft, and the coast is strewn with the wrecks of such craft as happen to be caught on the lee shore, for

"Anchors drag, and topmasts lap,"

and nothing can hold against this terrible blind fury. It is appalling to listen to the shriek of such a wind, even though one is safe upon a rock that cannot move; and more dreadful is it to see the destruction one cannot lift a finger to help.

As the air grows colder, curious atmospheric effects become visible. At the first biting cold the distant mainland has the appearance of being taken off its feet, as it were,—the line shrunken and distorted, detached from the water at both ends: it is as if one looked under it and saw the sky beyond. Then on bright mornings with a brisk wind, little wafts of mist rise between the quick, short waves, and melt away before noon. At some periods of intense cold these mists, which are never in banks like fog, rise in irregular whirling columns reaching to the clouds,—shadowy phantoms, torn and wild, that stalk past like Ossian's ghosts, solemnly and noiselessly throughout the bitter day. When the sun drops down behind these weird processions with a dark red lurid light, it is like a vast conflagration, wonderful and terrible to see. The columns, that strike and fall athwart the island, sweep against the windows with a sound like sand, and lie on the ground in ridges, like fine sharp hail. Yet the heavens are clear, the heavily rolling sea dark green and white, and between the breaking crests the misty columns stream toward the sky.

Sometimes a totally different vapor,

like cold black smoke, rolls out from the land and flows over the sea to an unknown distance, swallowing up the islands on its way. Its approach is hideous to witness. "It's all thick o' black vapor," some islander announces, coming in from out of doors; just as they say, "It's all thick o' white foam," when the sudden squall tears the sea into fringes of spray.

In December the colors seem to fade out of the world, and utter ungraciousness prevails. The great, cool, whispering, delicious sea, that encircled us with a thousand caresses the beautiful summer through, turns slowly our sullen and inveterate enemy; leaden it lies beneath a sky like tin, and rolls its "white cold heavy-plunging foam" against a shore of iron. Each island wears its chalk-white girdle of ice between the rising and falling tides (edged with black at low water, where the lowest-growing seaweed is exposed), making the stern bare rocks above more forbidding by their contrast with its stark whiteness,—and the whiteness of salt-water ice is ghastly. Nothing stirs abroad, except perhaps

"A lonely sea-bird crosses,  
With one waft of wing,"

your view, as you gaze from some spray-encrusted window; or you behold the weather-beaten schooners creeping along the blurred coast-line from Cape Elizabeth and the northern ports of Maine towards Cape Ann, laden with lumber or lime, and sometimes, rarely, with hay or provisions.

After winter has fairly set in, the lonely dwellers at the Isles of Shoals find life quite as much as they can manage, being so entirely thrown upon their own resources that it requires all the philosophy at their disposal to answer the demand. In the village, where several families make a little community, there should be various human interests outside each separate fireside; but of their mode of life I know little. Upon three of the islands live isolated families, cut off by the "always wind-obeying deep" from

each other and from the mainland; sometimes for weeks together, when the gales are fiercest, with no letters nor any intercourse with any living thing. Some sullen day in December the snow begins to fall, and the last touch of desolation is laid upon the scene: there is nothing any more but white snow and dark water hemmed in by a murky horizon, and nothing moves or sounds within its circle but the sea harshly assailing the shore, and the chill wind that sweeps across. Toward night the wind begins to rise, the snow whirls and drifts and clings wherever it can find a resting-place; and though so much is blown away, yet there is enough left to smother up the rock and make it almost impossible to move about on it. The drifts sometimes are very deep in the hollows: one winter, sixteen sheep were buried in a drift, in which they remained a week, and, strange to say, only one was dead when they were discovered. One goes to sleep in the muffled roar of the storm, and wakes to find it still raging with senseless fury; all day it continues; towards night the curtain of falling flakes withdraws, a faint light shows westward; slowly the clouds roll together, the light grows bright with pale, clear blue over the land, the wind has hauled to the northwest, and the storm is at an end. When the clouds are swept away by the besom of the pitiless northwest, how the stars glitter in the frosty sky! What wondrous streamers of northern lights flare through the winter darkness! I have seen the sky at midnight crimson and emerald and orange and blue in palpitating sheets along the whole northern half of the heavens, or rosy to the zenith, or belted with a bar of solid yellow light from east to west, as if the world were a basket, and it the golden handle thereto. The weather becomes of the first importance to the dwellers on the rock; the changes of the sky and sea, the flitting of the coasters to and fro, the visits of the sea-fowl, sunrise and sunset, the changing moon, the northern lights, the constellations that wheel in splendor



through the winter night,—all are noted with a love and careful scrutiny that is seldom given by people living in populous places. One grows accustomed to the aspect of the constellations, and they seem like the faces of old friends looking down out of the awful blackness, and when in summer the great Orion disappears, how it is missed out of the sky! I remember the delight with which we caught a glimpse of the planet Mercury, in March, 1868, following close at the heels of the sinking sun, redly shining in the reddened horizon, a stranger mysterious and utterly unknown before.

For these things make our world: there are no lectures, operas, concerts, theatres, no music of any kind, except what the waves may whisper in rarely gentle moods; no galleries of wonders like the Natural History rooms, in which it is so fascinating to wander; no streets, shops, carriages, no postman, no neighbors, not a door-bell within the compass of the place! Never was life so exempt from interruptions. The eight or ten small schooners that carry on winter fishing, flying to and fro through foam and squall to set and haul in their trawls, at rare intervals bring a mail,—an accumulation of letters, magazines, and newspapers that it requires a long time to plod through. This is the greatest excitement of the long winters; and no one can truly appreciate the delight of letters till he has lived where he can hear from his friends only once in a month.

But the best-balanced human mind is prone to lose its elasticity, and stagnate, in this isolation. One learns immediately the value of work to keep one's wits clear, cheerful, and steady; just as much real work of the body as it can bear without weariness being always beneficial, but here indispensable. And in this matter women have the advantage of men, who are condemned to fold their hands when their tasks are done. No woman need ever have a vacant minute,—there are so many pleasant, useful things which she

may, and had better, do. Blessed be the man who invented knitting! (I never heard that a woman invented this or any other art.) It is the most charming and picturesque of quiet occupations, leaving the knitter free to read aloud, or talk, or think, while steadily and surely beneath the flying fingers the comfortable stocking grows.

No one can dream what a charm there is in taking care of pets, singing-birds, plants, etc., with such advantages of solitude; how every leaf and bud and flower is pored over, and admired, and loved! A whole conservatory, flushed with azaleas, and brilliant with forests of camellias and every precious exotic that blooms, could not impart so much delight as I have known a single rose to give, unfolding in the bleak bitterness of a day in February, when this side of the planet seemed to have arrived at its culmination of hopelessness, with the Isles of Shoals the most hopeless speck upon its surface. One gets close to the heart of these things; they are almost as precious as *Picciola* to the prisoner, and yield a fresh and constant joy, such as the pleasure-seeking inhabitants of cities could not find in their whole round of shifting diversions. With a bright and cheerful interior, open fires, books, and pictures, windows full of thrifty blossoming plants and climbing vines, a family of singing-birds, plenty of work, and a clear head and quiet conscience, it would go hard if one could not be happy even in such loneliness. Books of course are inestimable. Nowhere does one follow a play of Shakespeare's with greater zest, for it brings the whole world, which you need, about you; doubly precious the deep thoughts wise men have given to help us,—doubly sweet the songs of all the poets; for nothing comes between to distract you.

One realizes how hard it was for Robinson Crusoe to keep the record of his lonely days; for even in a family of eight or nine the succession is kept with difficulty. I recollect that, after an unusually busy Saturday, when household work was done, and lessons said, and

the family were looking forward to Sunday and merited leisure, at sunset came a young Star-Islander on some errand to our door. One said to him, "Well, Jud, how many fish have they caught to-day at Star?" Jud looked askance and answered, like one who did not wish to be trifled with, "We don't go a-fishing Sundays!" So we had lost our Sunday, thinking it was Saturday; and next day began the usual business, with no break of refreshing rest between.

Though the thermometer says that here it is twelve degrees warmer in winter than on the mainland, the difference is hardly perceptible, — the situation is so bleak, while the winds of the north and west bite like demons, with all the bitter breath of the snowy continent condensed in their deadly chill. Easterly and southerly gales are milder; we have no east winds such as sadden humanity on shore; they are tempered to gentleness by some mysterious means. Sometimes there are periods of cold which, though not intense (the mercury seldom falling lower than 11° above zero), are of such long duration that the fish are killed in the sea. This happens frequently with perch, the dead bodies of which strew the shores and float on the water in masses. Sometimes ice forms in the mouth of the Piscataqua River, which, continually broken into unequal blocks by the rushing tide and the immense pressure of the outer ocean, fill the space between the islands and the shore, so that it is very difficult to force a boat through. The few schooners moored about the islands become so loaded with ice that sometimes they sink: every plunge into the assailing waves adds a fresh crust, infinitely thin; but in twenty-four hours enough accumulates to sink the vessel; and it is part of the day's work in the coldest weather to beat off the ice, — and hard work it is. Every time the bowsprit dips under, the man who sits astride it is immersed to his waist in the freezing water, as he beats at the bow to free the laboring craft. I cannot imagine

a harder life than the sailors lead in winter in the coasting-vessels that stream in endless processions to and fro along the shore; and they seem to be the hardest set of people under the sun, so rough and reckless that they are not pleasant even at a distance. Sometimes they land here. A crew of thirteen or fourteen came on shore last winter; — they might have been the ghosts of the men who manned the picaroons that used to swarm in these seas. A more piratical-looking set could not well be imagined. They roamed about, and glared in at the windows with weather-beaten, brutal faces and eyes that showed traces of whiskey, ugly and unmistakable.

No other visitors break the solitude of Appledore, except neighbors from Star once in a while: if any one is sick, they send perhaps for medicine, or milk; or they bring some rare fish; or if any one dies, and they cannot reach the mainland, they come to get a coffin made. I never shall forget one long, dreary, drizzly northeast storm, when two men rowed across from Star to Appledore on this errand. A little child had died, and they could not sail to the mainland, and had no means to construct a coffin among themselves. All day I watched the making of that little chrysalis; and at night the last nail was driven in, and it lay across a bench in the midst of the litter of the workshop, and a curious stillness seemed to emanate from the senseless boards. I went back to the house and gathered a handful of scarlet geranium, and returned with it through the rain. The brilliant blossoms were sprinkled with glittering drops. I laid them in the little coffin, while the wind wailed so sorrowfully outside, and the rain poured against the windows. Two men came through the mist and storm, and one swung the light little shell to his shoulder, and they carried it away, and the gathering darkness shut down and hid them as they tossed among the waves. I never saw the little girl, but where they buried her I know: the lighthouse shines close by, and every night the

quiet, constant ray steals to her grave and softly touches it, as if to say, with a caress, "Sleep well! Be thankful you are spared so much that I see humanity endure, fixed here forever where I stand!"

It is exhilarating, spite of the intense cold, to wake to the brightness the northwest gale always brings, after the hopeless smother of a prolonged snow-storm. The sea is deep indigo, whitened with flashing waves all over the surface; the sky is speckless; no cloud passes across it the whole day long; and the sun sets red and clear, without any abatement of the wind. The spray flying on the western shore for a moment is rosy as the sinking sun shines through, but for a moment only,—and again there is nothing but the ghastly whiteness of the salt-water ice, the cold gray rock, the sullen foaming brine, the unrelenting heavens, and the sharp wind cutting like a knife. All night long it roars beneath the hollow sky,—roars still at sunrise. Again the day passes precisely like the one gone before,—the sun lies in a glare of quicksilver on the western water, sinks again in the red west to rise on just such another day; and thus goes on, for weeks sometimes, with an exasperating pertinacity that would try the most philosophical patience. There comes a time when just that glare of quicksilver on the water is not to be endured a minute longer. During this period no boat goes to or comes from the mainland, and the prisoners on the rock are cut off from all intercourse with their kind. Abroad, only the cattle move, crowding into the sunniest corners, and stupidly chewing the cud,—and the hens and ducks, that chatter and cackle and cheerfully crow in spite of fate and the northwest gale. The dauntless and graceful gulls soar on their strong pinions over the drift cast up about the coves. Sometimes flocks of snow-buntings wheel about the house and pierce the loud breathing of the wind with sweet, wild cries. And often the spectral arctic owl may be seen on a height, sitting upright like a column of snow,

its large round head slowly turning from left to right, ever on the alert, watching for the rats that plague the settlement almost as grievously as they did Hamelin town, in Brunswick, five hundred years ago.

How the rats came here first is not known; probably some old ship imported them. They live partly on mussels, the shells of which lie in heaps about their holes, as the violet-lined fresh-water shells lie about the nests of the muskrats on the mainland. They burrow among the rocks close to the shore, in favorable spots, and, somewhat like the moles, make subterranean galleries, whence they issue at low tide, and, stealing to the crevices of seaweed-curtained rocks, they fall upon and dislodge any unfortunate crabs they may find, and kill and devour them. Many a rat has caught a Tartar in this perilous kind of hunting, has been dragged into the sea and killed,—drowned in the clutches of the crab he sought to devour; for the strength of these shell-fish is something astonishing.

Several snowy owls haunt the islands the whole winter long. I have never heard them cry like other owls: when disturbed or angry, they make a sound like a watchman's rattle, very loud and harsh, or, they whistle with intense shrillness, like a human being. Their habitual silence adds to their ghostliness; and when at noonday they sit, high up, snow-white, above the snow-drifts, blinking their pale yellow eyes in the sun, they are weird indeed. One night in March I saw one perched upon a rock between me and the "last remains of sunset dimly burning" in the west, his curious outline drawn black against the redness of the sky, his large head bent forward, and the whole aspect meditative and most human in its expression. I longed to go out and sit beside him and talk to him in the twilight, to ask of him the story of his life, or, if he would have permitted it, to watch him without a word. The plumage of this creature is wonderfully beautiful,—white, with scattered spots

like little flecks of tawny cloud, — and his black beak and talons are powerful and sharp as iron; he might literally grapple his friend, or his enemy, with hooks of steel. As he is clothed in a mass of down, his outlines are so soft that he is like an enormous snow-flake while flying, and he is a sight worth seeing when he stretches wide his broad wings, and sweeps down on his prey, silent and swift, with an unerring aim, and bears it off to the highest rock he can find, to devour it. In the summer one finds frequently upon the heights a little solid ball of silvery fur and pure white bones, washed and bleached by the rain and sun; it is the rat's skin and skeleton in a compact bundle, which the owl rejects after having swallowed it.

Some quieter day, on the edge of a southerly wind, perhaps, boats go out over the gray, sad water after sea-fowl, — the murrets that swim in little companies, keeping just out of reach of shot, and are so spiteful that they beat the boat with their beaks, when wounded, in impotent rage, till they are despatched with an oar or another shot; or kittiwakes, — exquisite creatures like living forms of snow and cloud in color, with beaks and feet of dull gold, — that come when you wave a white handkerchief, and flutter almost within reach of your hand; or oldwives, called by the natives *scoldenores*, with clean white caps; or clumsy eider-ducks, or coots, or mergansers, or whatever they may find. Black ducks, of course, are often shot. Their jet-black, shining plumage is splendidly handsome, set off with the broad flame-colored beak. Little auks, stormy-petrels, loons, grebes, lords-and-ladies, sea-pigeons, sea-parrots, various guillemots, and all sorts of gulls abound. Sometimes an eagle sweeps over; gannets pay occasional visits; the great blue heron is often seen in autumn and spring. One of the most striking birds is the cormorant, called here "shag"; from it the rock at Duck Island takes its name. It used to be an object of almost awful interest to me when I beheld it perched upon White Island

Head, a solemn figure, so high and dark against the clouds as I looked up to it. Once, while living on that island, in the thickest of a great storm in autumn, when we seemed to be set between two contending armies, deafened by the continuous cannonading of breakers, and lashed and beaten by winds and waters till it was almost impossible to hear ourselves speak, we became aware of another sound, which pierced to our ears, bringing a sudden terror lest it should be the voices of human beings. Opening the window a little, what a wild combination of sounds came shrieking in! A large flock of wild geese had settled for safety upon the rock, and completely surrounded us, — agitated, clamorous, weary; we might have secured any number of them, but it would have been a shameful thing. We were glad, indeed, that they should share our little foothold in that chaos, and they flew away unhurt when the tempest lulled. I was a very young child when this happened, but I never can forget that autumn night, — it seemed so wonderful and pitiful that those storm-beaten birds should have come crying to our rock; and the strange wild chorus that swept in when the window was pried open a little took so strong a hold upon my imagination that I shall hear it as long as I live. The lighthouse, so beneficent to mankind, is the destroyer of birds, — of land birds particularly, though in thick weather sea-birds are occasionally bewildered into breaking their heads against the glass, plunging forward headlong towards the light, just as the frail moth of summer evenings madly seeks its death in the candle's blaze. Sometimes in autumn, always in spring, when birds are migrating, they are destroyed in such quantities by this means that it is painful to reflect upon. The keeper living at the island three years ago told me that he picked up three hundred and seventy-five in one morning at the foot of the lighthouse, all dead. They fly with such force against the glass that their beaks are often splintered. The keeper said he found the destruction

greatest in hazy weather, and he thought "they struck a ray at a great distance, and followed it up." Many a May morning have I wandered about the rock at the foot of the tower, mourning over a little apron brimful of sparrows, swallows, thrushes, robins, fire-winged blackbirds, many-colored warblers and fly-catchers, beautifully clothed yellow-birds, nuthatches, cat-birds, even the purple finch and scarlet tanager and golden oriole, and many more beside, — enough to break the heart of a small child to think of! Once a great eagle flew against the lantern and shivered the glass. That was before I lived there; but after we came, two gulls cracked one of the large clear panes one stormy night.

The sea-birds are comparatively few and shy at this time; but I remember when they were plentiful enough, when on Duck Island in summer the "med-rakes," or tern, made rude nests on the beach, and the little yellow gulls, just out of the eggs, ran tumbling about among the stones, hiding their foolish heads in every crack and cranny, and, like the ostrich, imagining themselves safe so long as they could not see the danger. And even now the sandpipers build in numbers on the islands, and the young birds, which look like tiny tufts of fog, run about among the bay-berry-bushes, with sweet scared piping. They are exquisitely beautiful and delicate, covered with a down just like gray mist, with brilliant black eyes, and slender graceful legs that make one think of grass-stems. And here the loons congregate in spring and autumn. These birds seem to me the most human and at the same time the most demoniac of their kind. I learned to imitate their different cries; they are wonderful! At one time the loon language was so familiar that I could almost always summon a considerable flock by going down to the water and assuming the neighborly and conversational tone which they generally use: after calling a few minutes, first a far-off voice responded, then other voices answered him, and when this was kept up

a while, half a dozen birds would come sailing in. It was the most delightful little party imaginable; so comical were they, so entertaining, that it was impossible not to laugh aloud, — and they could laugh too, in a way which chilled the marrow of one's bones. They always laugh, when shot at, if they are missed; as the Shoalers say, "They laugh like a warrior." But their long, wild, melancholy cry before a storm is the most awful note I ever heard from a bird. It is so sad, so hopeless, — a clear, high shriek, shaken, as it drops into silence, into broken notes that make you think of the fluttering of a pennon in the wind, — a shudder of sound. They invariably utter this cry before a storm.

Between the gales from all points of the compass, that

"'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war,"

some day there falls a dead calm, the whole expanse of the ocean is like a mirror, there's not a whisper of a wave, not a sigh from any wind about the world, — an awful breathless pause prevails. Then if a loon swims into the motionless little bights about the island and raises his weird cry, the silent rocks re-echo the unearthly tone, and it seems as if the creature were in league with the mysterious forces that are so soon to turn this deathly stillness into confusion and dismay. All through the day the ominous quiet lasts; in the afternoon, while yet the sea is glassy, a curious undertone of mournful sound can be perceived, — not fitful, — a steady moan such as the wind makes over the mouth of an empty jar. Then the islanders say, "Do you hear Hog Island crying? Now look out for a storm!" No one knows how that low moaning is produced, or why Apple-dore, of all the islands, should alone lament before the tempest. Through its gorges perhaps some current of wind sighs with that hollow cry. Yet the sea could hardly keep its unruffled surface were a wind abroad sufficient to draw out the boding sound. Such a calm preceded the storm which de-

stroyed the Minot's Ledge Lighthouse in 1849. I never knew such silence. Though the sun blazed without a cloud, the sky and sea were utterly wan and colorless, and before sunset the mysterious tone began to vibrate in the breezeless air. "Hog Island's crying!" said the islanders. One could but think of the Ancient Mariner, as the angry sun went down in a brassy glare and still no ripple broke the calm. But with the twilight gathered the waiting wind, slowly and steadily, and before morning the shock of the breakers was like the continuous thundering of heavy guns; the solid rock perceptibly trembled, windows shook, and glass and china rattled in the house. It is impossible to describe the confusion, the tumult, the rush and roar and thunder of waves and wind overwhelming those rocks, the whole Atlantic rushing headlong to cast itself upon them. It was very exciting: the most timid among us lost all sense of fear. Before the next night the sea had made a breach through the valley, on Appledore, in which the houses stand, — a thing that never had happened within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waves piled in from the eastward (where Old Harry was tossing the breakers sky-high), — a maddened troop of giants, sweeping everything before them, — and followed one another, white as milk, through the valley from east to west, strewing the space with boulders from a solid wall six feet high and as many thick, which ran across the top of the beach, and which one tremendous wave toppled over like a child's fence of blocks. Kelp and sea-weed were piled in banks high up along the shore, and strewed the doorsteps, and thousands of the hideous creatures known among the Shoalers as sea-mice, a kind of holothuria (a livid, shapeless mass of torpid life), were scattered in all directions. While the storm was at its height, it was impossible to do anything but watch it through windows beaten by the blinding spray which burst in flying clouds all over the island, drenching every inch of the soil in foaming brine.

In the coves the "yeasty surges" were churned into yellow masses of foam, that blew across in trembling flakes, and clung wherever they lit, leaving a hoary scum of salt when dry, which remained till sweet fair water dropped out of the clouds to wash it all away. It was long before the sea went down; and days after the sun began to shine the fringe of spray still leaped skyward from the eastern shore, and Shag and Mingo Rocks at Duck Island tossed their distant clouds of snow against the blue.

After the wind subsided, it was curious to examine the effects of the breakers on the eastern shore, where huge masses of rock were struck off from the cliffs and flung among the wild heaps of scattered boulders, to add to the already hopeless confusion of the gorges. The eastern aspects of the islands change somewhat every year or two from this cause, and indeed over all their surfaces continual change goes on from the action of the weather. Under the hammer and chisel of frost and heat, masses of stone are detached and fall from the edges of cliffs, whole ledges become disintegrated, the rock cracks in smooth thin sheets, and, once loosened, the whole mass can be pulled out, sheet by sheet. Twenty years ago those subtle, irresistible tools of the weather had cracked off a large mass of rock from a ledge on the slope of a gentle declivity. I could just lay my hand in the space then: now three men can walk abreast between the ledge and the detached mass, — and nothing has touched it save heat and cold. The whole aspect of the rocks is infinitely aged. I never can see the beautiful salutation of sunrise upon their hoary fronts, without thinking how many millions of times they have answered to that delicate touch. On Boone Island, a low, dangerous rock fifteen miles east of the Shoals, the sea has even greater opportunities of destruction, — the island is so low. Once, after a stormy night, the lighthouse-keeper told me, the family found a great stone, weighing half a ton, in the back



entry, which Father Neptune had deposited there, — his card, with his compliments!

Often tremendous breakers encompass the islands when the surface of the sea is perfectly calm and the weather serene and still, — the results of great storms far out at sea. A "long swell" swings indolently, and the great waves roll in as if tired and half asleep, to burst into clouds of splendor against the cliffs. Very different is their hurried, eager breaking when the shoulder of a gale compels them. There is no sound more gentle, more slumberous, than the distant roll of these billows, —

"The rolling sea resounding soft,"

as Spenser has it. The rush of a fully alive and closely pursued breaker is at a distance precisely like that which a rocket makes, sweeping headlong upward through the air; but the other is a long and peaceful sigh, a dreamy, lulling, beautiful sound, which produces a Lethæan forgetfulness of care and pain, makes all earthly ill seem unreal, and it is as if one wandered

"In dreamful wastes, where footless fancies dwell."

It requires a strong effort to emerge from this lotus-eating state of mind. O, lovely it is, on sunny afternoons to sit high up in a crevice of the rock and look down on the living magnificence of breakers such as made music about us after the Minot's Ledge storm, — to watch them gather, one after another,

"Cliffs of emerald topped with snow,  
That lift and lift, and then let go  
A great white avalanche of thunder,"

which makes the solid earth tremble, and you, clinging to the moist rock, feel like a little cockle-shell! If you are out of the reach of the ponderous fall of spray, the fine salt mist will still stream about you and salute your cheek with the healthful freshness of the brine, make your hair damp, and encrust your eyebrows with salt. While you sit watching the shifting splendor, uprises at once a higher cloud than usual; and across it springs a sudden rainbow, like a beautiful thought beyond the reach of human expression. High over your head the white gulls soar, gathering the sunshine in the snowy hollows of their wings. As you look up to them floating in the fathomless blue, there is something awful in the purity of that arch beneath their wings, in light or shade, as the broad pinions move with stately grace. There is no bird so white, — nor swan, nor dove, nor mystic ibis: about the ocean-margins there is no dust to soil their perfect snow, and no stormy wind can ruffle their delicate plumes, — the beautiful, happy creatures! One never tires of watching them. Again and again appears the rainbow with lovely colors melting into each other and vanishing, to appear again at the next upspringing of the spray. On the horizon the white sails shine; and far and wide spreads the blue of the sea, with nothing between you and the eastern continent across its vast, calm plain.

## THE WAY TO SING.

THE birds must know. Who wisely sings  
Will sing as they.  
The common air has generous wings:  
Songs make their way.

No messenger to run before,  
Devising plan;  
No mention of the place, or hour,  
To any man;  
No waiting till some sound betrays  
A listening ear;  
No different voice, no new delays,  
If steps draw near.

"What bird is that? The song is good."  
And eager eyes  
Go peering through the dusky wood  
• In glad surprise.  
Then, late at night, when by his fire  
The traveller sits,  
Watching the flame grow brighter, higher,  
The sweet song flits,  
By snatches, through his weary brain,  
To help him rest:  
When next he goes that road again,  
An empty nest  
On leafless bough will make him sigh:  
"Ah me! last spring,  
Just here I heard, in passing by,  
That rare bird sing."

But while he sighs, remembering  
How sweet the song,  
The little bird, on tireless wing,  
Is borne along  
In other air; and other men,  
With weary feet,  
On other roads, the simple strain  
Are finding sweet.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings  
Will sing as they.  
The common air has generous wings:  
Songs make their way.

## LIFE IN THE BRICK MOON.

[From the Papers of Colonel Frederic Ingham.]

## THEY DECLARE INDEPENDENCE.

HOW astonishing it is to think that we so readily accept a position when we once understand it. You buy a new house. You are fool enough to take out a staircase that you may put in a bathing-room. This will be done in a fortnight, everybody tells you, and then everybody begins. Plumbers, masons, carpenters, plasterers, skimmers, bell-hangers, speaking-tube men, men who make furnace-pipe, paper-hangers, men who scrape off the old paper, and other men who take off the old paint with alkali, gas men, city water men, and painters begin. To them are joined a considerable number of furnace-men's assistants, stovepipe-men's assistants, masons' assistants, and hodmen who assist the assistants of the masons, the furnace-men, and the pipe-men. For a day or two these all take possession of the house and reduce it to chaos. In the language of Scripture, they enter in and dwell there. Then you revisit it at the end of the fortnight, and find it in chaos, with the woman whom you employed to wash the attics the only person on the scene. You ask her where the paper-hanger is; and she says he can do nothing because the plaster is not dry. You ask why the plaster is not dry, and are told it is because the furnace man has not come. You send for him, and he says he did come, but the stove-pipe man was away. You send for him, and he says he lost a day in coming, but that the mason had not cut the right hole in the chimney. You go and find the mason, and he says they are all fools, and that there is nothing in the house that need take two days to finish.

Then you curse, not the day in which you were born, but the day in which bath-rooms were invented. You

say, truly, that your father and mother, from whom you inherit every moral and physical faculty you prize, never had a bath-room till they were past sixty, yet they thrived, and their children. You sneak through back streets, fearful lest your friends shall ask you when your house will be finished. You are sunk in wretchedness, unable even to read your proofs accurately, far less able to attend the primary meetings of the party with which you vote, or to discharge any of the duties of a good citizen. Life is wholly embittered to you.

Yet, six weeks after, you sit before a soft-coal fire, in your new house, with the feeling that you have always lived there. You are not even grateful that you are there. You have forgotten the plumber's name; and if you met in the street that nice carpenter that drove things through, you would just nod to him, and would not think of kissing him or embracing him.

Thus completely have you accepted the situation.

Let me confess that the same experience is that with which, at this writing, I regard the BRICK MOON. It is there in ether. I cannot keep it. I cannot get it down. I cannot well go to it,—though possibly that might be done, as you will see. They are all very happy there,—much happier, as far as I can see, than if they lived in sixth floors in Paris, in lodgings in London, or even in tenement-houses in Phoenix Place, Boston. There are disadvantages attached to their position; but there are also advantages. And what most of all tends to our accepting the situation is, that there is "nothing that we can do about it," as Q. says, but to keep up our correspondence with them, and to express our sympathies.

For them, their responsibilities are reduced, in somewhat the same pro-

portion as the gravitation which binds them down,—I had almost said to earth,—which binds them down to brick, I mean. This decrease of responsibility must make them as light-hearted as the loss of gravitation makes them light-bodied.

On which point I ask for a moment's attention. And as these sheets leave my hand, an illustration turns up, which well serves me. It is the 23d of October. Yesterday morning all wakeful women in New England were sure there was some one under the bed. This is a certain sign of an earthquake. And when we read the evening newspapers we were made sure that there had been an earthquake. What blessings the newspapers are,—and how much information they give us! Well, they said it was not very severe here, but perhaps it was more severe elsewhere; hopes really arising in the editorial mind, that in some Caraccas or Lisbon all churches and the cathedral might have fallen. I did not hope for that. But I did have just the faintest feeling, that *if*—*if*—*if*—it should prove that the world had blown up into six or eight pieces, and they had gone off into separate orbits, life would be vastly easier for all of us, on whichever bit we happened to be.

That thing has happened, they say, once. Whenever the big planet between Mars and Jupiter blew up, and divided himself into one hundred and two or more asteroids, the people on each one only knew there had been an earthquake, until they read their morning journals. And then, all that they knew at first was that telegraphic communication had ceased, beyond—say two hundred miles. Gradually people and despatches came in, who said that they had parted company with some of the other islands and continents. But, as I say, on each piece the people not only weighed much less, but were much lighter-hearted, had less responsibility.

Now will you imagine the enthusiasm here, at Miss Wilby's school, when it should be announced that geography,

in future, would be confined to the study of the region east of the Mississippi and west of the Atlantic,—the earth having parted at the seams so named. No more study of Italian, German, French, or Slavonic,—the people speaking those languages being now in different orbits or other worlds. Imagine also the superior ease of the office-work of the A. B. C. F. M. and kindred societies, the duties of instruction and civilizing, of evangelizing in general, being reduced within so much narrower bounds. For you and me also, who cannot decide what Mr. Gladstone ought to do with the land tenure in Ireland, and who distress ourselves so much about it in conversation, what a satisfaction to know that Great Britain is flung off with one rate of movement, Ireland with another, and the Isle of Man with another, into space, with no more chance of meeting again than there is that you shall have the same hand at whist to-night that you had last night! Even Victoria would sleep easier, and I am sure Mr. Gladstone would.

Thus, I say, were Orcutt's and Brannan's responsibilities so diminished, that after the first I began to see that their contracted position had its decided compensating ameliorations.

In these views, I need not say, the women of our little circle never shared. After we got the new telegraph arrangement in good running-order, I observed that Polly and Annie Haliburton had many private conversations, and the secret came out one morning, when, rising early in the cabins, we men found they had deserted us; and then, going in search of them, found them running the signal boards in and out as rapidly as they could, to tell Mrs. Brannan and the bride Alice Orcutt that flounces were worn an inch and a half deeper, and that people trimmed now with harmonizing colors and not with contrasts. I did not say that I believed they wore fig-leaves in B. M., but that was my private impression.

After all, it was hard to laugh at the

girls, as these ladies will be called, should they live to be as old as Helen was when she charmed the Trojan senate (that was ninety-three, if Heyne be right in his calculations). It was hard to laugh at them, because this was simple benevolence, and the same benevolence led to a much more practical suggestion, when Polly came to me and told me she had been putting up some baby things for little Io and Phœbe, and some playthings for the older children, and she thought we might "send up a bundle."

Of course we could. There were the Flies still moving! or we might go ourselves!

[And here the reader must indulge me in a long parenthesis. I beg him to bear me witness that I never made one before. This parenthesis is on the tense that I am obliged to use in sending to the press these minutes. The reader observes that the last transactions mentioned happen in April and May, 1871. Those to be narrated are the sequence of those already told. Speaking of them in 1870 with the coarse tenses of the English language is very difficult. One needs, for accuracy, a pure future, a second future, a paulo-post future, and a paulum-ante future, none of which does this language have. Failing this, one would be glad of an a-orist, — tense without time, — if the grammarians will not swoon at hearing such language. But the English tongue hath not that either. Doth the learned reader remember that the Hebrew, — language of history and prophecy, — hath only a past and a future tense, but hath no present? Yet that language succeeded tolerably in expressing the present griefs or joys of David and of Solomon. Bear with me, then, O critic! if even in 1870 I use the so-called past tenses in narrating what remaineth of this history up to the summer of 1872. End of the parenthesis.]

On careful consideration, however, no one volunteers to go. To go, if you observe, would require that a man envelope himself thickly in as-

bestos or some similar non-conducting substance, leap boldly on the rapid Flies, and so be shot through the earth's atmosphere in two seconds and a fraction, carrying with him all the time in a non-conducting receiver the condensed air he needed, and landing quietly on B. M. by a pre-calculated orbit. At the bottom of our hearts I think we were all afraid. Some of us confessed to fear; others said, and said truly, that the population of the Moon was already dense, and that it did not seem reasonable or worth while, on any account, to make it denser. Nor has any movement been renewed for going. But the plan of the bundle of "things" seemed more feasible, as the things would not require oxygen. The only precaution seemed to be that which was necessary for protecting the parcel against combustion as it shot through the earth's atmosphere. We had not asbestos enough. It was at first proposed to pack them all in one of Professor Horsford's safes. But when I telegraphed this plan to Orcutt, he demurred. Their atmosphere was but shallow, and with a little too much force the corner of the safe might knock a very bad hole in the surface of his world. He said if we would send up first a collection of things of no great weight, but of considerable bulk, he would risk that, but he would rather have no compact metals.

I satisfied myself, therefore, with a plan which I still think good. Making the parcel up in heavy old woollen carpets, and cording it with worsted cords, we would case it in a carpet-bag larger than itself, and fill in the interstice with dry sand, as our best non-conductor; cording this tightly again, we would renew the same casing, with more sand; and so continually offer surfaces of sand and woollen, till we had five separate layers between the parcel and the air. Our calculation was that a perceptible time would be necessary for the burning and disintegrating of each sand-bag. If each one, on the average, would stand two fifths of a second, the inner parcel would get

through the earth's atmosphere unconsumed. If, on the other hand, they lasted a little longer, the bag, as it fell on B. M., would not be unduly heavy. Of course we could take their night for the experiment, so that we might be sure they should all be in bed and out of the way.

We had very funny and very merry times in selecting things important enough and at the same time bulky and light enough to be safe. Alice and Bertha at once insisted that there must be room for the children's playthings. They wanted to send the most approved of the old ones, and to add some new presents. There was a woolly sheep in particular, and a watering-pot that Rose had given Fanny, about which there was some sentiment; boxes of dominos, packs of cards, magnetic fishes, bows and arrows, checker-boards and croquet sets. Polly and Annie were more considerate. Down to Coleman and Company they sent an order for pins, needles, hooks and eyes, buttons, tapes, and I know not what essentials. India-rubber shoes for the children, Mrs. Haliburton insisted on sending. Haliburton himself bought open-eye-shut-eye dolls, though I felt that wax had been, since Icarus's days, the worst article in such an adventure. For the babies he had india-rubber rings: he had tin cows and carved wooden lions for the bigger children, drawing-tools for those older yet, and a box of crotchet tools for the ladies. For my part I piled in literature, — a set of my own works, the Legislative Reports of the State of Maine, Jean Ingelow, as I said or intimated, and both volumes of the *Earthly Paradise*. All these were packed in sand, bagged, and corded, — bagged, sanded, and corded again, — yet again and again, — five times. Then the whole awaited Orcutt's orders and our calculations.

At last the moment came. We had, at Orcutt's order, reduced the revolutions of the Flies to 7230, which was, as nearly as he knew, the speed on the fatal night. We had soaked the bag

for near twelve hours, and, at the moment agreed upon, rolled it on the Flies, and saw it shot into the air. It was so small that it went out of sight too soon for us to see it take fire.

Of course we watched eagerly for signal time. They were all in bed on B. M. when we let fly. But the despatch was a sad disappointment.

107. "Nothing has come through but two croquet balls, and a china horse. But we shall send the boys hunting in the bushes, and we may find more."

108. "Two Harpers and an Atlantic, badly singed. But we can read all but the parts which were most dry."

109. "We see many small articles revolving round us which may perhaps fall in."

They never did fall in, however. The truth was that all the bags had burned through. The sand, I suppose, went to its own place, wherever that was. And all the other things in our bundle became little asteroids or acrolites in orbits of their own, except a well-disposed score or two, which persevered far enough to get within the attraction of Brick Moon, and to take to revolving there, not having hit quite square as the croquet balls did. They had five volumes of the Congressional Globe whirling round like bats within a hundred feet of their heads. Another body, which I am afraid was "The Ingham Papers," flew a little higher, not quite so heavy. Then there was an absurd procession of the woolly sheep, a china cow, a pair of india-rubbers, a lobster Haliburton had chosen to send, a wooden lion, the wax doll, a Salter's balance, the New York Observer, the bow and arrows, a Nuremberg nanny-goat, Rose's watering-pot, and the magnetic fishes, which gravely circled round and round them slowly, and made the petty zodiac of their petty world.

We have never sent another parcel since, but we probably shall at Christmas, gauging the Flies perhaps to one revolution more. The truth is, that al-



though we have never stated to each other in words our difference of opinion or feeling, there is a difference of habit of thought in our little circle as to the position which the B. M. holds. Somewhat similar is the difference of habit of thought in which different statesmen of England regard their colonies.

Is B. M. a part of our world, or is it not? Should its inhabitants be encouraged to maintain their connections with us, or is it better for them to "accept the situation" and gradually wean themselves from us and from our affairs? It would be idle to determine this question in the abstract: it is perhaps idle to decide any question of casuistry in the abstract. But, in practice, there are constantly arising questions which really require some decision of this abstract problem for their solution.

For instance, when that terrible breach occurred in the Sandemanian church, which parted it into the Old School and New School parties, Haliburton thought it very important that Brannan and Orcutt and the church in B. M. under Brannan's ministry should give in their adhesion to our side. Their church would count one more in our registry, and the weight of its influence would not be lost. He therefore spent eight or nine days in telegraphing, from the early proofs, a copy of the address of the Chataque Synod to Brannan, and asked Brannan if he were not willing to have his name signed to it when it was printed. And the only thing which Haliburton takes sorely in the whole experience of the Brick Moon, from the beginning, is that neither Orcutt nor Brannan has ever sent one word of acknowledgment of the despatch. Once, when Haliburton was very low-spirited, I heard him even say that he believed they had never read a word of it, and that he thought he and Rob. Shea had had their labor for their pains in running the signals out and in.

Then he felt quite sure that they would have to establish civil government there. So he made up an excel-

lent collection of books, — De Lolme on the British Constitution; Montesquieu on Laws; Story, Kent, John Adams, and all the authorities here; with ten copies of his own address delivered before the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society of Podunk, on the "Abnormal Truths of Social Order." He telegraphed to know what night he should send them, and Orcutt replied: —

129. "Go to thunder with your old law-books. We have not had a primary meeting nor a justice court since we have been here, and, D. V., we never will have."

Haliburton says this is as bad as the state of things in Kansas, when, because Frank Pierce would not give them any judges or laws to their mind, they lived a year or so without any. Orcutt added in his next despatch: —

130. "Have not you any new novels? Send up Scribe and the Arabian Nights and Robinson Crusoe and the Three Guardsmen, and Mrs. Whitney's books. We have Thackeray and Miss Austen."

When he read this, Haliburton felt as if they were not only light-footed but light-headed. And he consulted me quite seriously as to telegraphing to them "Pycroft's Course of Reading." I coaxed him out of that, and he satisfied himself with a serious expostulation with George as to the way in which their young folks would grow up. George replied by telegraphing Brannan's last sermon, 1 Thessalonians iv. 11. The sermon had four heads, must have occupied an hour and a half in delivery, and took five nights to telegraph. I had another engagement, so that Haliburton had to sit it all out with his eye to Shubael: and he has never entered on that line of discussion again. It was as well, perhaps, that he got enough of it.

The women have never had any misunderstandings. When we had received two or three hundred despatches from B. M., Annie Haliburton came to me and said, in that pretty way of hers, that she thought they had a right to their turn again. She said this lore about the Albert Nyanza and the

North Pole was all very well, but, for her part, she wanted to know how they lived, what they did, and what they talked about, whether they took summer journeys, and how and what was the form of society where thirty-seven people lived in such close quarters. This about "the form of society" was merely wool pulled over my eyes. So she said she thought her husband and I had better go off to the Bien-thial Convention at Assampink, as she knew we wanted to do, and she and Bridget and Polly and Cordelia would watch for the signals, and would make the replies. She thought they would get on better if we were out of the way.

So we went to the convention, as she called it, which was really not properly a convention, but the Forty-fifth Bien-thial General Synod, and we left the girls to their own sweet way.

Shall I confess that they kept no record of their own signals, and did not remember very accurately what they were? "I was not going to keep a string of 'says I's' and 'says she's,'" said Polly, boldly. "It shall not be written on my tomb that I have left more annals for people to file or study or bind or dust or catalogue." But they told us that they had begun by asking the "bricks" if they remembered what Maria Theresa said to her ladies-in-waiting.\* Quicker than any signal had ever been answered, George Orcutt's party replied from the moon, "We hear, and we obey." Then the women-kind had it all to themselves. The brick-women explained at once to our girls that they had sent their men round to the other side to cut ice, and that they were manning the telescope, and running the signals for themselves, and that they could have a nice talk without any bother about the law-books or the magnetic pole. As I say, I do not know what questions Polly and Annie put; but, — to give them their

due, — they had put on paper a coherent record of the results arrived at in the answers; though, what were the numbers of the despatches, or in what order they came, I do not know; for the session of the synod kept us at Assampink for two or three weeks.

Mrs. Brannan was the spokesman. "We tried a good many experiments about day and night. It was very funny at first, not to know when it would be light and when dark, for really the names day and night do not express a great deal for us. Of course the pendulum clocks all went wrong till the men got them overhauled, and I think watches and clocks both will soon go out of fashion. But we have settled down on much the old hours, getting up, without reference to daylight, by our great gong, at your eight o'clock. But when the eclipse season comes, we vary from that for signalling."

"We still make separate families, and Alice's is the seventh. We tried hotel life, and we liked it, for there has never been the first quarrel here. You can't quarrel here, where you are never sick, never tired, and need not be ever hungry. But we were satisfied that it was nicer for the children, and for all round, to live separately, and come together at parties, to church, at signal time, and so on. We had something to say then, something to teach, and something to learn."

"Since the carices developed so nicely into flax, we have had one great comfort, which we had lost before, in being able to make and use paper. We have had great fun, and we think the children have made great improvement in writing novels for the Union. The Union is the old Union for Christian work that we had in dear old No. 9. We have two serial novels going on, one called 'Diana of Carrotook,' and the other called 'Ups and Downs'; the first by Levi Ross, and the other by my Blanche. They are really very good, and I wish we could send them to you. But they would not be worth despatching."

"We get up at eight; dress, and fix

\* Maria Theresa's husband, Francis, Duke of Tuscany, was hanging about loose one day, and the Empress, who had got a little tired, said to the maids of honor, "Girls, whenever you marry, take care and choose a husband who has something to do outside of the house."

up at home; a sniff of air, as people choose; breakfast; and then we meet for prayers outside. Where we meet depends on the temperature; for we can choose any temperature we want, from boiling water down, which is convenient. After prayers an hour's talk, lounging, walking, and so on; no flirting, but a favorite time with the young folks.

"Then comes work. Three hours' head-work is the maximum in that line. Of women's work, as in all worlds, there are twenty-four in one of your days, but for my part I like it. Farmers and carpenters have their own laws, as the light serves and the seasons. Dinner is seven hours after breakfast began; always an hour long, as breakfast was. Then every human being sleeps for an hour. Big gong again, and we ride, walk, swim, telegraph, or what not, as the case may be. We have no horses yet, but the Shanghaes are coming up into very good dodos and ostriches, quite big enough for a trot for the children.

"Only two persons of a family take tea at home. The rest always go out to tea without invitation. At 8 P.M. big gong again, and we meet in 'Grace,' which is the prettiest hall, church, concert-room, that you ever saw. We have singing, lectures, theatre, dancing, talk, or what the mistress of the night determines, till the curfew sounds at ten, and then we all go home. Evening prayers are in the separate households, and every one is in bed by midnight. The only law on the statute-book is that every one shall sleep nine hours out of every twenty-four.

"Only one thing interrupts this general order. Three taps on the gong means 'telegraph,' and then, I tell you, we are all on hand.

"You cannot think how quickly the days and years go by!"

Of course, however, as I said, this could not last. We could not subdue our world, and be spending all our time in telegraphing our dear B. M. Could it be possible?—perhaps it was

possible,—that they there had something else to think of and to do, besides attending to our affairs. Certainly their indifference to Grant's fourth Proclamation, and to Mr. Fish's celebrated protocol in the Tahiti business, looked that way. Could it be that that little witch of a Belle Brannan really cared more for their performance of Midsummer Night's Dream, or her father's birthday, than she cared for that pleasant little account I telegraphed up to all the children, of the way we went to muster when we were boys together? Ah well! I ought not to have supposed that all worlds were like this old world. Indeed, I often say this is the queerest world I ever knew. Perhaps theirs is not so queer, and it is I who am the oddity.

Of course it could not last. We just arranged correspondence days, when we would send to them, and they to us. I was meanwhile turned out from my place at Tamworth Observatory. Not but I did my work well, and Polly hers. The observer's room was a miracle of neatness. The children were kept in the basement. Visitors were received with great courtesy; and all the fees were sent to the treasurer; he got three dollars and eleven cents one summer,—that was the year General Grant came there; and that was the largest amount that they ever received from any source but begging. I was not unfaithful to my trust. Nor was it for such infidelity that I was removed. No! But it was discovered that I was a Sandemanian; a Glassite, as in derision I was called. The annual meeting of the trustees came round. There was a large Mechanics' Fair in Tamworth at the time, and an Agricultural Convention. There was no horse-race at the convention, but there were two competitive examinations in which running horses competed with each other, and trotting horses competed with each other, and five thousand dollars was given to the best runner and the best trotter. These causes drew all the trustees together. The Rev. Cephas Philpotts presided. His doctrines with

regard to free agency were considered much more sound than mine. He took the chair, — in that pretty observatory parlor, which Polly had made so bright with smilax and ivy. Of course I took no chair; I waited, as a janitor should, at the door. Then a brief address. Dr. Philpotts trusted that the observatory might always be administered in the interests of science, of true science; of that science which rightly distinguishes between unlicensed liberty and true freedom; between the unrestrained volition and the freedom of the will. He became eloquent. he became noisy. He sat down. Then three other men spoke, on similar subjects. Then the executive committee which had appointed me was dismissed with thanks. Then a new executive committee was chosen, with Dr. Philpotts at the head. The next day I was discharged. And the next week the Philpotts family moved into the observatory, and their second girl now takes care of the instruments.

I returned to the cure of souls and to healing the hurt of my people. On observation days somebody runs down to No. 9, and by means of Shubael communicates with B. M. We love them, and they love us all the same.

Nor do we grieve for them as we did. Coming home from Pigeon Harbor in October, with those nice Wadsworth people, we fell to talking as to the why and wherefore of the summer life we had led. How was it that it was so charming? And why were we a little loath to come back to more comfortable surroundings? "I hate the school," said George Wadsworth. "I hate the making calls," said his mother. "I hate the office hour," said

her poor husband; "if there were only a dozen I would not mind, but seventeen hundred thousand in sixty minutes is too many." So that led to asking how many of us there had been at Pigeon Cove. The children counted up all the six families, — the Haliburtons, the Wadsworths, the Pontefracts, the Midges, the Hayeses, and the Ingghams, and the two good-natured girls, — thirty-seven in all, — and the two babies born this summer. "Really," said Mrs. Wadsworth, "I have not spoken to a human being besides these since June; and what is more, Mrs. Ingham, I have not wanted to. We have really lived in a little world of our own."

"World of our own!" Polly fairly jumped from her seat, to Mrs. Wadsworth's wonder. So we had — lived in a world of our own. Polly reads no newspaper since the "Sandemanian" was merged. She has a letter or two tumble in sometimes, but not many; and the truth was that she had been more secluded from General Grant and Mr. Gladstone and the Khedive, and the rest of the important people, than had Brannan or Ross or any of them!

And it had been the happiest summer she had ever known.

Can it be possible that all human sympathies can thrive, and all human powers be exercised, and all human joys increase, if we live with all our might with the thirty or forty people next to us, telegraphing kindly to all other people, to be sure? Can it be possible that our passion for large cities, and large parties, and large theatres, and large churches, develops no faith nor hope nor love which would not find aliment and exercise in a little "world of our own"?

## WO LEE, AND HIS KINSFOLK.

LOOKING out from my car window when we stopped at Promontory on our way to California, I saw this sign: *WO LEE—WASHING AND IRONING*. It was painted on cloth, and nailed over the door of the fourth house from the western end of Main Street; though, truth to tell, Promontory has but a single street, and that is n't one on which a man need be proud to live. Every second house is a gambling-shop and drinking-saloon, and in most of the others gambling and drinking seemed to be the chief business. I did n't see Mr. *Wo Lee*, but I've no doubt he is fitter for the kingdom of heaven than the majority of his fellow-townsmen. His dwelling betrayed no aristocratic tastes; it was made of undressed lumber, and had a canvas roof; it showed but one window, and for the door there was a hasp-and-staple fastening. On the whole, it was as modest and unpretending a domicile as the law ever invested with the dignity of a castle. "*Wo Lee—Washing and Ironing*"; I found my eyes and thoughts running down to that sign over and over again while we waited for the railroad folks to make up the train for Sacramento. The name was the first thing from China that we saw on the journey, and I noted that the man was one of the few in town who appeared to be trying to make an honest living. They told me he did his work well: "charges two dollars a dozen, and collars not counted." I should charge more than that if I had to live at Promontory and take in washing. Mr. Lee is one of the pioneers of his people in their movement to the East, though it isn't likely that he thinks of himself in that light; and the fact that a single Chinaman is dwelling in Promontory renders it possible that the place may sometime be a decent and respectable town.

We stopped a day at Truckee, over in Nevada, and got up an appetite for

breakfast by taking a long stroll through the Chinese section of that wild and bustling village. We found the Lee family largely represented: Hop Lee did washing and ironing, and so did Tae Lee: Quong Lee had a lottery shop on one side of the street, and Sam Lee had a similar shop on the other side; Ah Lee kept a rice store on one block, and Yang Lee dealt in tea and dried fish on the next block; while Guy Lee and Angle Lee were rivals in the medical profession; and How Lee sat sedate and serious on a cobbler's bench at an open door. The Lee women—if, indeed, they were Lees—did n't appear to be wholly desirable members of the community, and one of the doctors had such an air as I fancy belongs to adepts in the black art; but otherwise the Lees and their neighbors looked like worthy and industrious persons,—taking down their shutters, sweeping out their shops and stores, putting things to rights on the sidewalks, and generally going about their business as though they meant business.

I asked one of them where he was at work. "Where me workee?" he answered, repeating the question as is the Chinaman's habit when he speaks but little English. "Yes, where do you work? what do you do?" "Me cuttee—choppee—cuttee," said he, pointing toward the forest across the river. "What wages do you get,—how much money do they pay you a month?" He repeated the question, and, when I bowed assent, replied, "Tirty-five dollar." Then I inquired if that was enough, if he was satisfied; and he said he was. In my six weeks on the Pacific coast, I did n't meet any white man who owned that he was entirely satisfied with the rate at which he was getting rich.

I thus record the fact that the first Chinamen whom we saw were at work. They were neither street vagabonds nor

idle Micawbers; each one of them had a "mission," and in every case it was a mission to labor after some fashion. Loafing is one of the curses of a new community, but there are no Chinese loafers in these new towns along the western end of the great railway. What we found to be true there we also found to be true in Sacramento and Stockton and San José and San Francisco; however else I speak of Wo Lee and his kinsmen, I must credit them with patient and untiring industry.

One morning, at my hotel in San Francisco, I wanted to send out a bundle of clothing to be washed. Standing in the door of my room, I called to a Chinaman at the lower end of the hall, "John! John! O John!" He kept on his way, and I followed. In the next hall I called again, "John! O John! washing!" He didn't turn his head, and I thought he might be deaf, though I don't know that I ever heard of a deaf Chinaman. I ran along, and overtook him on the stairway. "I want you to do some washing for me, John," I said, as I put my hand on his shoulder. "Me not John!" he answered with some dignity, handing me his card, on which I read, "Hop Long." We had some talk as we walked back to my room: "He not 'John,' he Hop Long; that he name; Melican man have name, you call he he name; China man all same; he like he name; he come quick you call he he name; I no come you call 'John'; China man have name all same as Melican man." That's how this washerman from Canton taught me good manners. I didn't nickname "John" another Chinaman while in San Francisco.

And I've come to think we are not fit to deal with our Chinese puzzle or problem till we comprehend that Wo Lee is not "John," but Wo Lee; till we recognize that Chinamen are individuals, with vices and virtues, and hopes and longings, and passions and aspirations and infirmities, like our own; till we get over looking at this Oriental body on the Pacific coast in

the mass, and take some consideration of its separate personalities. The rich merchant, Sing Man, who visited our Eastern cities last summer, is not "John"; no more is the humble washerman of Promontory or the cobbler of Truckee. "Melican man have name, China man all same." It's worth remembering.

To me no event of this century of strange events is more strange than the Chinese emigration to America. I can understand how Wo Lee got up to Promontory from San Francisco; he entered in at the Golden Gate just as the railroad company sent down an order to hire five hundred or a thousand more laborers; his name was put on the list by some one who filled this order; he began work in the mountains, and day by day shovelled his way eastward; in time he reached Promontory and was discharged on the completion of the road; his companions turned backward, but he stopped and put out his sign as a washerman. I can see why he is there and how he got there; but I cannot see the how and why with respect to the first of his kinsmen who came to San Francisco. For Wo Lee and Hop Long and all their fellows are passive, not aggressive; not radical, but conservative; fond of repose, not of excitement; given to standing by the ancient ways; lovers of society; content with small gains; able to live comfortably on a little; believers that whatever is is right; holders of the faith that forms and ceremonies are saving ordinances. Family ties are stronger in China than anywhere else in the world; the traditions of the fathers are venerated as law and gospel; the dress of to-day is like that of a thousand years ago; innovations are not to be tolerated. What quickening of the Chinese mind led to the change that resulted in this wonderful movement to the New World?

Of late, immigration returns are well kept; but it was not so in the old days of Mr. Fillmore and his predecessors. The movement began in 1850; in 1852 it landed about 17,500 Chinamen on



our shores. It is not possible to say just how many have come over, but I have obtained from Mr. Francis A. Walker, the head of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department, the following statement of the number who arrived at San Francisco during the period from January 1, 1854, to September 30, 1869, inclusive:—

Year.	Males.	Females.	Total.
1854	12,427	673	13,100
1855	3,523	2	3,525
1856	4,712	16	4,728
1857	5,493	449	5,942
1858	4,800	320	5,120
1859	2,989	467	3,456
1860	5,424	26	5,450
1861	6,983	510	7,493
1862	2,973	647	3,620
1863	7,181		7,181
1864	2,756	156	2,912
1865	2,899	2	2,901
1866	2,153	1	2,154
1867	3,791	27	3,818
1868	9,699	164	9,863
1869*	11,370	1,058	12,428
Total,	89,173	4,518	93,691

\* From January to October.

Here is an aggregate of 93,691 persons, to which must be added the arrivals at Astoria, Oregon, and those at San Francisco prior to 1854,—not less, I think, than 46,000. We have thus a grand total of about 140,000 as the extent of the Chinese immigration. Of this great host how many are now resident in the country? I made much inquiry, talking with intelligent Americans, and officers of the Six Companies. A reasonable conclusion from their statistical table and the answers to my inquiries is, that we have not far from 95,000 Chinese now living on the Pacific coast, in Oregon, Nevada, and California.

If you fall in with a good stanch Democrat soon after you reach San Francisco from the East, you are tolerably certain to have some talk with him about the Chinese question. A California Democrat of to-day is in one respect much like a pro-slavery man of the days before the war. You could n't travel quietly through the South. Mr. Pro-slavery insisted on giving you his view of the negro and in trying to

find out your view. Mr. Democrat is equally sensitive; he assumes that you must need enlightenment on the Chinese; there is a great hue-and-cry about them; he has lived many years in California, and will be most happy to tell you exactly what sort of people this is, to which you are such a stranger. I found that he had just two ideas. The Chinese are a vastly inferior race, good enough for servants and common laborers, but wholly incompetent to exercise the rights of citizenship "in this great Republic, which is bound to be the foremost nation on the face of the whole earth, sir." Then when I inquiringly and apologetically remarked that they seemed to me quiet and patient and honest and frugal and faithful and teachable and painstaking and economical and industrious,—in a word, had qualities and characteristics that I had been accustomed to regard as fitting a man for all the rights of citizenship,—he smiled benignly and pityingly upon my ignorance, and told me of the Chinese companies, said most of the pigtailed whom I saw on the street were serfs or slaves, that the companies brought them over, sold their services for what price could be got, took their wages without any show or right, ruled them with great severity, and treated them worse than the Southerners ever treated their negroes, sir. So I determined that I would look after these Six Companies and expose their iniquities.

I did look after them, with the sharpest of Yankee eyes. I hunted down the chief officer of one company and the second officer of another; I talked with a Chinese merchant, and a Chinese contractor, and a Chinese apothecary, and a Chinese butcher, and a Chinese cobbler, and a Chinese washerman; I examined one of the Company houses from top to bottom in the leisure of a whole afternoon; I worried half the acquaintances that I made with inquiries about the outrages and tyrannies of the Six Companies. Finally, I got at what seems to me the pith of the matter.

A Chinese company is every bit as bad an institution as a Dorcas sewing-circle or a co-operative housekeeping association, just as cruel and hard-hearted, just as much given to grinding the faces of the poor.

Two of the six companies were organized in 1851, two in 1852, one in 1854, and one in 1862. They are eminently conservative institutions, — conserving home interests, neighborhood fellowships, the brotherhood of Chinamen. Each has the family tie for its basis. They give shelter to the houseless, food to the hungry, rest to the weary, care to the sick, counsel to the distressed, protection to the persecuted. Of course, such oppressive and mischief-breeding organizations ought to be discountenanced.

Let me show just how the Ning Yung Company has treated Win Kang, who came over here from an interior town somewhere back of Canton, being the first member of the Kang family who emigrated. It was signalled from Telegraph Hill one morning, half a dozen years ago, that a steamship had just entered the Golden Gate; in a few minutes another signal told that it was a vessel from China. Then there was a lively time in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco: long before the great ship swung up to her wharf, a thousand Chinamen were gathered in that neighborhood. Among those who first went aboard was the Ning Yung's secretary, who came down to see if there were any passengers from his section of China. Win Kang was sick, and had no friends on the vessel or in the city; the secretary found him, and provided a way for taking him to the company's house on Broadway. There he was fed and nursed for two weeks; when he got well he went into the temple on the upper floor of the building and made thank-offerings to the gods; then the secretary helped him to work near Sacramento. The employer abused him, and he asked for his wages, that he might go elsewhere. This was refused, and he wrote to the secretary about the matter; that person communicated with

a white man in Sacramento who was his friend, or I am not sure but he went there in person. At all events, Win Kang soon got his money and returned to San Francisco. He paid the company five or six dollars for care when he was sick, and the very next day was assaulted and robbed in an alley down on the Barbary Coast. The Ning Yung made the case its own, hunted out the robber, had him arrested, and proved him guilty by the evidence of white persons. Win Kang subsequently found work at San Jose, and it was while living there that he was accused of theft in the matter of certain gold-dust. The case against him had a bad look, and was the town-talk for some days. A Chinese merchant of San Francisco went to San José as the agent of the Ning Yung, and it was clearly shown at the trial that the guilty individual was the employer's own son; he was not punished, but Win was released. Last summer he had a quarrel with a fellow-workman on the ranch. I know nothing of its merits; both men visited San Francisco, and each told his story to a council of three merchants from the advisory committee of the company, by whom, in the course of a few days, the whole difficulty was amicably settled. The company does a good deal of this sort of business, and it is n't often that an American hears of quarrels or misunderstandings between the members.

Each company has three or four paid officers and several permanent committees. Ning Yung's salary bill is two hundred dollars per month, for three persons; another company pays two hundred and twenty dollars, and has the service of four men. Each company has a house, — rented rooms or a building of its own. Ning Yung's is a three-story brick, put up several years ago, with a kitchen in the rear, and a temple in the front part of the upper story. One time when I visited it, a score of men were there, resting from the illness or fatigue of their sea-voyage; two weeks later, when I looked in, all but one had recovered and gone

off to work. While there, such of them as were able to do so prepared their own food, and the others were waited on by friends or the porter. In the building are conveniences for writing, a few Chinese books, and many scrolls of poetry and admonition hung on the walls. Only one room was locked,—that in which the officers and committees meet for business purposes. Meetings are held whenever necessary, and any member of the company can be heard on every question in which he is interested. The officers seem to be in their positions by general consent rather than by formal election, and the affairs of each company are practically managed by a few of the leading men connected therewith. No one is obliged to join, but most of the Chinese on the coast belong to one or another of the companies. Ning Yung is the largest of them, and has on its records something over twenty thousand names. The tie of family and neighborhood generally determines membership: thus the Sam Yap, the oldest of the companies, is composed of persons from Canton and its immediate vicinity; while the Ning Yung represents a large district, mostly in the interior, west and south from Canton. The initiation fee is from five to ten dollars; there are small fees for hiring lawyers, removing the dead, and one or two other purposes, and occasional assessments of fifty cents or a dollar for rents and taxes and repairs. The entire expense of membership for ten years is "maybe fifty dollars, and maybe a hundred," as the treasurer of one company told me. Any member may dissolve his connection with the institution at pleasure; but, so far as I could learn, withdrawals are of very rare occurrence.

The whole body of officials in the Six Companies has an organization of its own. This brings together once or twice a month all the principal Chinamen in the city for consultation on matters of interest to the Chinese as a class. That upper chamber in which these gentlemen meet may not inaptly be spoken of as a whispering-gallery;

within its walls is the echo of whatever is done in California having special significance for these almond-eyed strangers.

A Chinese company is scarcely more than a large Mutual Aid Society. If it is given to acts of oppression, they are not apparent; if it means mischief to anything, its purpose is deeply hidden. It does not import any one, but frequently extends pecuniary aid to those wishing to come over. It does not hold any one in slavery, but uses its weight and influence to make the members faithful to their contracts and obedient to our laws. It does not claim the wages or service of any one, but requires of each member his dues and assessments, as well as a repayment of moneys to him advanced. I heard vague charges that one or two of the companies spent overmuch in salaries, etc.; but on this point I could get no precise information. The Chinese are sticklers for respect to law and custom: the companies often help the civil authorities in bringing offenders to punishment, and I gathered from some talk with Americans that they occasionally deal with their own members for offences overlooked or neglected by the police. One Chinaman gave me to understand that his company would not let him go back to China; and when I asked for an explanation, another told me that he was trying to run away without paying his debts or making provision for their payment.

I have written of these six organizations thus in detail, because they are a very important element in the Chinese problem. What they are now, when the Chinaman has almost no legal rights, they may not be by and by, when he comes into political rights. To the average immigrant they now represent both home and authority. In the Company house he finds care and succor and sympathy; there, too, he meets power and control and restraint. A score of bad men at the head of one of these companies could easily, and without much risk to themselves, make

a great deal of trouble in Sacramento or San Francisco. The word spoken by a company's president is heard in Chinese cabins all over the State; it is tenfold more potent within its range than the word of any civilian of our nationality. Seeing how the company represents authority, one may suggest that it is a dangerous organization for a republic. I answer that at present it more directly represents a holy and tender sentiment, in that it seeks to keep alive memories of the family and the neighborhood, and in that it concerns itself chiefly to minister to the immigrant's safety and comfort and general well-being. Deal fairly with these immigrants, and you have the companies acting as conservators of thrift and education and good order.

Ah Chin's ways are vastly unlike our ways. He is a small man, with long black hair, a sedate, reserved manner, and a grave, impenetrable face, without beard till he is forty-five or fifty years of age. He wears a smock-like garment in place of a coat, wraps his feet and ankles in strips of white cotton, has silk or cloth shoes with curiously stitched felt bottoms an inch thick, gives himself clothing almost uniformly black or dark blue in color. He braids his queue every Sunday, lengthening it out with an interbraiding of silk similar in shade, and goes about the street with it rolled round his head or hanging below his knees. He dotes on pipe and tobacco, never jostles you in the sidewalk, makes a holiday of the Sabbath, is reticent with all white men, decidedly believes that woman is an inferior being, lives frugally on strange dishes of food, is the most courteous man in the world, tells you with pride that every Chinaman can read and write, takes readily to any kind of handiwork, shows much less curiosity about you than you do about him, is always respectful to his elders and his superiors, regards parental authority as the keystone of the civil arch, is not envious of anybody, does not concern his mind with our politics, has never an idea that he can shirk the

work he has agreed to perform, pays his city and national taxes with exactness and promptitude, dwells at peace with all his neighbors, sets great store by his feast-days, makes frequent offerings to the gods, thinks he will go home in three or four years, and religiously hopes that his body may finally have burial in China.

Wo Lee and his kinsfolk live by themselves and in themselves; their relations with the whites are of a business character, and in the smallest possible degree either social or political. They rarely accept invitations to visit Americans, and what visits they do make are ceremonious. If a Chinese gentleman invites you to dine with him, it is to dinner at a restaurant; he will show you his store or his office or his private room, if you are curious to see either; but he accepts none of your overtures for intimacy, and allows you little opportunity to see him in his social relaxations. I think he could not if he would, and would not if he could, repel with rudeness; but he does not give you the least encouragement to advance. He seems content to stand in isolation, is cordial enough in his shop or store and on the street, but does not permit himself to be interested in your social or political or personal affairs. He counts as one in number and in business, but otherwise is a silent quantity in the life of the city and the State. His ten or fifteen years in San Francisco have but slightly Americanized him; in most respects, so far as you can see, he is much such a man as you imagine he was when he left China. Of course he has learned many things, and his view of life is enlarged; but his conservatism remains, and he clings to his old ways with a pertinacity that amuses, perplexes, and astonishes me.

He asks for such rights under the law as will protect him in his life and his business. So far as I heard or observed, he stands with serene dignity, and neither expostulates nor vituperates. See what he said through Fung Tang, a high-minded scholar and one

of his foremost men, socially and in business:—

"We are satisfied with the treaty you have made with our government, and we want the just protection it promises us. We have rich bankers and merchants in China, but we cannot advise them to risk their capital here so long as their agents cannot testify in your courts; for, like your own capitalists, they wish to know that their property will be secure before investing it abroad. Much gold and silver is hoarded in China, which might be profitably used here if our people felt sure we had full and proper protection. We merchants have tried to be fair and honest in our dealings with your merchants here, and have paid our debts as scrupulously to Americans as to our own people. The managers of some of your largest San Francisco firms engaged in the Chinese trade have trusted us with hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time without security, and we have not failed to pay every dollar to them again. We ask nothing but that you treat us justly. We are willing to pay taxes cheerfully when taxed equally with others. We think the tax of five dollars collected from each Chinaman coming into this State is not right if this is a free country. We also think the special tax of four dollars per month collected only from Chinese miners is not according to your treaty with our government. Most of all we want protection to our lives and property. Your courts of justice refuse our testimony, and thus leave us defenceless. Our country can furnish yours with good, faithful, industrious men; if you wish to employ them, and will enact laws to make them feel safe, and insure them equal justice with people of other nations, according to the terms of their treaty with your government. We live here many years in quiet; all we ask for is right and justice."

These explicit and dignified words indicate the Chinaman's attitude. He does not seek admission to our society; he is not concerned about political

rights; but is content to live apart, and asks for nothing but justice. His dress is peculiar and inconvenient in our eyes; he lives comfortably on a sum per diem that would only help me the swifter to starvation; he seems indifferent to what gives me my highest delight and purest gratification; he is no way troubled by my devotion to the ballot as the symbol of human prosperity; but "original equality before the law" is in every article of his jurisprudence, and has been there for thousands of years.

The Chinese quarter of San Francisco is a place of wonderful fascination to all visitors from the Atlantic States. Very many of the Chinese are young men,—men under thirty years of age, and for the greater part unmarried. Only a small proportion of those who are married have their wives and children in this country. The quarter presents, therefore, a community of men. It covers ten or twelve blocks of the flat; and here reside most of the Chinamen in the city. They live largely in boarding-houses: in many buildings there are not less than one hundred; in several there are three or four hundred, while in one or two must be over one thousand. Two thirds of the immigrants are of the peasant class, poor men, though not necessarily of the lowest caste. They know nothing of luxuries, in our sense of the word; they eat the cheapest of food, have n't much use for beds and mirrors and wardrobes, and at night need only a blanket and two feet by five on the floor or in the back yard.

I had a notion that they were a filthy people;—that was a great mistake. There are odors about them, caught from work and the cook-stove, that my nostrils do not at all approve; but personal cleanliness is a rule, with but rare exceptions. Of the floors and walls and ceilings of their houses I can't speak so favorably; I found them smirched and begrimed with the hard and careless usage of many years; not unswept, but unwashed and unpainted; not dirty to the foot or the hand, but

very disagreeable to one's senses of seeing and smelling; needing the white landlord's painter and paper-hanger quite as much as the yellow tenant's scrubbing-brush. These houses are cheaply and poorly furnished, and rarely contain anything in the way of ornament, if I except growing vines and plants. The halls and stairways seemed dirtier than the chambers and dining-rooms, while the areas and back yards were generally unclean and nauseating. The common effect of dilapidation I found enhanced by the numberless fluttering strips of soiled paper hanging everywhere, inscribed with mottoes and admonitions and moral maxims: "Virtue loves its children," "Deal rightly with your neighbors," "The way of virtue is happiness," "The gods approve justice," "The uncharitable prosper not," etc.

Out in the country and in the towns and smaller cities this class of people live even more miserably in some respects than in San Francisco. Travelling about, and looking much into houses and rooms occupied by the Chinese, gives one new ideas as to the value of woman in domestic affairs. The hard and meagre and prosaic life of these men is not necessarily to be charged to their national character; for the life of Americans in mining-camps, where there are no women, is scarcely less barren of comfort and refinement than that of these poor Chinamen.

The country laborers have little more than a mere animal existence, unless they happen to be employed as house-servants. They are at work all day, for, as I have already said, a Chinaman never thinks of shirking; they live with the greatest frugality; in the evening they smoke and sit together for talk; probably they gamble for ten and twenty-five cent pieces; at night they sleep—anywhere. The lowest of them can read and write, for education is all but universal in the old Empire at home, but there are neither books nor papers for them to be had in the country here. The loneliness of that life does not make them seek

the companionship of other races; in the valleys and on the mountains I found them choosing isolation as in the city with its thousands. Everywhere is this reserve and reticence,—going their way with quiet manner, sealed lips, and inscrutable faces, as if walking in a world of their own, beyond the voice and the footstep of the "Melican" man. They are uniformly civil, and sedately satisfy the stranger's curiosity, but they neither seek nor proffer confidence.

One may truly say that these Chinese *seem* to be a clannish people. But is n't that about what the French and the Swiss and the Italians say of us?—founding the conclusion on the fact that when we go to Paris or Berne or Rome we mostly gather in one or two hotels and make up our own society. The Chinaman may be over-fond of himself and his kinsfolk, but we are not yet in a position to sit in his judgment. Just now he must be clannish for his own protection: it is n't possible, as I am bound to say in his behalf, to tell how he will act when we recognize his humanity and give him equality with ourselves in civil rights.

Two of us travellers went one afternoon, in San Francisco, with a note of introduction, to the store of a certain "wholesale and retail dealer in tea, sugar, rice, nut-oil, opium, shoes, and clothing, and China provisions generally." The Chinese merchant was not in when we arrived, and we spent half an hour in looking at his goods and talking with the chief clerk, who was also the book-keeper. He was a young fellow of about eighteen or twenty, able to read and write and speak English with considerable facility, having learned the language, he told us, in six months at an evening school. He received us very politely, readily answered all our inquiries about the goods, showed us his books and explained how he kept and reckoned accounts; doing it all with the most charming lack of pretence and assumption. But he would go no farther: it was impossible to draw him into talk



about himself or his people; he met all our inquiries with perfectly good-natured reserve. He asked my residence and business, not as if he had any concern in the matter, but as if good-breeding required him to do so. At last I became a good deal interested in the lad; — it was curious to see how he kept his own counsel and his amiability. His uncle not coming in, he finally asked us to sit in the back room and wait. I am not quite certain whether he did it from courtesy or from a desire to be rid of our inquisitiveness. Of course we did not decline his invitation, — the first opportunity I had to see the private room of a Chinese gentleman of wealth and position.

It was a room ten or twelve feet square, neat and tidy and orderly as a lady's bedchamber. On one side was a large platform about two feet high, covered with an elegant crimson mat, hung all round with a rich damask curtain. In the centre of this was a smoking-tray, with pipes and cigars and tobacco and a lighted lamp. On another side was a case of shelves whereon were piled books and papers and manuscripts. Opposite were other shelves, with bottles of wine, dried fruits, a teapot, teacups, wineglasses, cake-plates, etc. The floor was handsomely carpeted, and about the walls were hung half a dozen Chinese pictures, an American landscape print, and a good engraving of Lincoln. In the corner behind the door was the bed, — not with pillows like ours, but a long bolster for the neck; not with spread turned down from the top like ours, but snow-white sheet and blankets rolled up from the whole front side. We were still standing when the merchant came in with a couple of friends. The young man introduced us with easy grace, speaking our names distinctly, and mentioning our place of residence; and the merchant, in broken English, expressed pleasure at seeing persons from a place so far away, and at welcoming in his rooms any friends of the person from whom I had a letter, and then asked us all to be seated and

drink a glass of wine with him. His nephew did the honors of the occasion, and as we touched our delicate little glasses, holding scarcely more than a large thimbleful, the merchant hoped we two would have a pleasant visit in San Francisco, and get safely back to our homes. We sat with him for ten or fifteen minutes, talked a little about various matters, accepted cigars, and shook hands with him at the door on parting.

I dropped in there twice afterwards, and was recognized by name at each call. On these occasions I declined wine, but took a cup of tea with the merchant and his nephew from the tiniest cups imaginable, not holding more than a tablespoonful. At one visit I was invited into the private room, and sat on the platform with the young man; at the other we sat in the rear end of the store, while half a dozen persons stood near the street-door till my call was concluded. I visited several other merchants, was received in much the same ceremonious fashion, and found their private rooms not widely different from the one I have described. Wine or tea, with cigars, was always offered, and the manner of my entertainers was invariably marked by great self-respect and high breeding.

Once upon a time, Julesburg, out in the northeast corner of Colorado, — or did they finally decide that it was in Nebraska? — was a town of two thousand inhabitants. Now it is a miserable way-station on the Union Pacific Railway, three hundred and seventy-five miles from Omaha, with a population of one hundred, — of so little consequence that the traveller scarcely notices its existence; but in its day, only two years ago, it had a telegraph-office and kept the reading-public well informed as to its peculiar life of brawls and robberies and stabbings and street-fights and sudden murders. It included three hundred women among its inhabitants, — not women of doubtful or easy virtue, but women who had no virtue at all except that of being able to hold

their own in a gambling-hell row and a bar-room pistol-fight. If a Chinaman had been put down there to study the American woman, what report must he have made to his countrymen at home? Nay, if he were put down to-day at Promontory to make the same study, what would be his conclusion? He is brought up to charity of thought and speech; but with the largest toleration he could n't speak well of her if he had judged her then at Julesburg or last fall at Promontory. Shall we judge the Chinese woman by what we see in California? We demand that he shall put himself in our place; may he not also demand that we put ourselves in his place?

The Chinese women in San Francisco are mostly a disgrace to their country; and if medical men and police-officers with whom I talked are to be credited, this fact is due in no small degree to white men now or heretofore living in that city. When John Smith, a wild young man from New York, got to the Pacific coast he met Tai Loo, just from the Chinese steamer: the silver and the passions of these two and their fellows have made the Chinese woman of California what she is; and, if the balance *must* be struck, the doctors and the police say that Smith is in no position to throw stones at Tai Loo's glass house. For my part, I cannot see that the Chinaman's sin in bringing over these women is any greater than the sin of Smith and his kind in consorting with them after they are domiciled in California. And this is the view taken by that intelligent Chinese person who might have been deputed to report on the American woman from the latitude and longitude of Julesburg.

Look back at the words I have quoted from Fung Tang, and then say if we have given the Chinaman any encouragement to bring his family to our shores. We have taxed him on landing and taxed him if he worked at mining; we have beaten him and stabbed him at will when no white witness was in sight; we have shut the doors of our

court-rooms in his bleeding face; we have put his property at the tender mercy of shysters and sharpers; we have made law an enigma, and justice a mockery, in his eyes; the ruling party in California is even now considering if it can kick him out of the State with a legislative boot. And yet it is imputed to him as a crime and as an evidence of national degradation that his virtuous women on the coast are but one in a hundred.

A few of the married men have their wives and children with them: more families came over last year than in all the other years since Chinese immigration began. It is undoubtedly true that in China the woman is regarded as an inferior, and travellers tell us that custom keeps her secluded, and prevents her from having any part in affairs outside her home. Let us hope that one result of the intercourse between that country and ours may be to give the Chinese a higher opinion of woman's character and capabilities. In going about among what I may designate as the middle class of California Chinese, I saw the inside of four homes, and four married women with their children. In general the Chinese women are not larger than our girls of fourteen or fifteen; those of the town have a somewhat brazen look, but are more modest when on the streets than white women of the same class; the married ones were retiring, diffident, bright-eyed, and pleasant-faced.

One afternoon I dropped into a Chinese wood-carver's shop and had some talk with him about his business. He was a chatty and smiling young man, speaking my language with great difficulty, and seemed quite pleased to have me examine and praise his really fine work. I asked him if he was married, and when he told me he had "wifee and one he," I ventured to say that I should like to see his boy. He looked at me sharply for an instant, and then disappeared into the room back of his shop. Presently he returned, and beckoned me to the door, bowed low as I came up, stood aside for me

to pass, and then followed me in. I found "he" to be a youngster of three or four years, toddling about the floor, chattering to himself and his mother, and not in the least afraid of the stranger. He was a quaint little chap, and his father was evidently very proud of him. The mother stood with her eyes on the floor when I entered, and looked up but once while I remained. That was when I said to the father, "Nice boy,—nice boy," which words, I suppose, he repeated in Chinese, and then his wife glanced quickly at me with a pleased expression in her face. The room was not over eight or nine feet square; there were three or four stools, a plain table, the child's bed of folded blankets, two or three shelves behind a curtain, and the usual scrolls of red paper on the walls.

One evening we looked into a jeweller's store. He was a handsome fellow, spoke English readily, had his show-cases well filled with American and foreign watches, and silver, and notions, and on his work-bench was as complete a set of first-class tools as I ever saw in any jeweller's shop. He had learned his trade in China, seemed perfectly at home in it, and said he had all the work he could do,—quite one half of it coming from others than his own countrymen. He sold an alarm-clock of Connecticut make while we talked, and remarked that his people had to get up early in the morning and liked this kind "right much." As we stood by the counter, a child pattered out from the back room, and the man's wife with a babe in her arms immediately followed. She dropped her eyes on seeing us, but passed behind the case and spoke with her husband, and then sat down on a stool near him. She had a small and intelligent face, and was less diffident than the wood-carver's wife. She could n't use our tongue, but the man seemed from time to time to give her an idea of the desultory talk, and she appeared to find pleasure in what he said immediately after we spoke of the children. The oldest had a wonderfully wise look in his large brown eyes,

and didn't seem quite sure that it would be the proper thing to allow the strangers any familiarities of talk or touch.

I wanted to see one of the real Chinese ladies, a married woman of the upper class. This was not possible. Home is the woman's province, in the opinion of Wo Lee and his kinsmen; her business is to stay there, and these ladies of the higher rank never appear on the street. Mr. Lee is courtesy itself in his store and at his business, but he invites no white man to meet his wife and family. A little inquiry convinced me that there was no way in which I could satisfy my curiosity,—no way, unless I used the eyes of a female friend. And I did that. This was the way, and this the report.

There were three of the ladies, all friends of mine, and they were permitted to call on the wife of a Chinese gentleman. It took two or three days and a great deal of diplomacy to arrange for the visit. He did n't mean they should go, but they conquered him at last, as they have conquered and will continue to conquer white men. Eleven o'clock in the morning, sharp eleven, was the hour fixed, and the husband was to be at his store to conduct them to his residence. They were on hand to the moment, and waited half an hour in the store, chatting with each other and the merchant. Then he led the way and they followed. At the house it was up stairs, and through the hall, and up another stairway, and into a third-story back room. The man has been in California seven or eight years; when he returned from his visit to China two years ago he brought his bride,—of high estate, rich in dower, with the smallest of small feet. She has n't been out of his house since the day he took her there. From the back room the three curious women, one of whom was using her eyes for me, were taken into the front room. Both were plainly furnished; there were chairs and shelves and mats and a table, and scrolls on the walls, and plants in the window, but nothing else

for beauty or ornament. They waited half an hour more for this lady of high birth and breeding. Then she appeared, coming in from a side door, with her head down and a fan before her face, scarcely able to walk because of her tiny feet, half supported by the peasant maid carrying the baby. She was dressed as for a grand occasion. Her hair was braided and plaited and rolled and put up with combs and pins and arrows of gold and silver. The body of her dress was of plain colored silk, loose, high in the neck, elegant of texture, with long and large sleeves turned back from the hands and richly embroidered on the cuffs. The under skirt was also of silk, just touching the floor, narrowly embroidered in bright colors at the bottom and plain above; the upper skirt was of satin, reaching just below the knees, covered with fine and elaborate embroidery; around her waist was a silk sash or girdle, with the ends trailing on the floor. She stood through the brief call, hardly raising her eyes for an instant, not speaking a single word, and holding her open fan in

such a way that my friends caught but a glance or two of her fair and painted face,—enough to see that her eyes were winning and her features regular and delicate. The baby was twelve or fourteen months old, a bright and handsome boy, in whom the father showed delicious pride. It was richly and somewhat fantastically dressed, with many costly and burdensome ornaments of gold and silver given by friends in San Francisco and sent by friends in China,—rings on its chubby hands, tinkling silver bells on its ankles and pendent from ribbons of its quaint cap. The father chatted with the ladies, and was pleased when they petted his boy, shrugged his shoulders when they suggested that he take wife and baby out riding, and at the end of ten minutes ceremoniously conducted them down the stairways and out into the street; they wondering how the young wife found life endurable in the confinement, year on year, of her three or four barren rooms,—wondering,—and then, when they thought of baby and motherhood, not wondering.

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#### EDWIN M. STANTON.

IT is too soon to write the history of the great Rebellion. We have been too deeply involved in the details and issues of the strife. We are yet too near, and the angle of vision is yet too large, to enable us to see perfectly its vast proportions, or correctly estimate its individual acts and actors in their true relations to each other and to the grand result. Time must elapse before that view can be taken.

Equally necessary is time for a true estimate of its costs and sacrifices. Mr. Commissioner Wells estimates its expense at nine billions of dollars. Admitting that figure to be pecuniarily correct, immense as it is, it falls lamentably short of all the nation has been

called to pay for the Rebellion and its results. That immense aggregate is growing all too rapidly, as day after day adds its contribution. Indeed, every hour brings its quota, as widows and orphans struggle with the poverty which the strong arms of those who fell in the conflict would have warded off. Soldiers, crippled and diseased in the service, looking helplessly on the work they would gladly perform, wearily succumb in the unequal struggle. Funeral processions are everywhere telling of the fearful price the nation is paying for the Slaveholders' Rebellion.

But the war brought with it, and has left behind it, large and priceless compensations. Great and grievous as have

been its cost and sacrifices, the nation would hardly consent, if it were possible, to be placed again where it stood when the fires of civil strife were kindled. For advantages unparalleled in history have been secured through its agency. Slavery has been utterly extinguished, and for the first time the nation is consistent with its creed. Out of the nettle danger it may be hoped it has plucked the flower safety; and it stands forth before the world in 1870, widely differing from the nation of 1860.

The war was a furnace that tested alike the character of the nation and of individuals. While many, entering it with fair repute, failed in the hour of supreme trial, others found in it that opportunity, never vouchsafed before, for personal development and achievement, and performed signal and lasting service for their country, making for themselves names the people will not let die.

Prominent among these was Edwin M. Stanton. The Rebellion found him a private citizen and a successful lawyer, but without experience in public affairs, and without a national reputation. Called to the Cabinet, he instantly developed administrative abilities of the highest order. There, for more than six years, he gave time and toil without stint, turning night into day and day into night, in labors unremitting, exhausting, and almost incredible. Indeed, so complete was his self-abnegation that, when released, he went to his home with impaired fortunes, and a body shattered by disease, as really contracted in the service as was ever that of the soldier in the camp, in the battle-field, or in the Rebel prison. And when, on the 27th of December, he was borne through the streets of the capital to his last resting-place in Oak Hill Cemetery, the people felt that they were following a martyr to his tomb no less than when Sedgwick, Wadsworth, and Lincoln were carried through the same streets to their burial.

When time shall have elapsed, and

the passions and prejudices engendered by the strife shall have subsided, when the records of events and acts shall come to light, and the philosophic historian shall, with those records, lay bare the motives and purposes of the actors in that conflict, Edwin M. Stanton will stand forth conspicuous among the illustrious characters of the era. It will then be seen that he wielded vast power, and largely influenced results. I now propose simply to speak of Mr. Stanton as I knew him, of his services as I saw them, and of his characteristics as they revealed themselves to me in the varying phases of the struggle. While he was in the cabinets of Lincoln and Johnson, it was my privilege to occupy the position of chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate, and our official relations were necessarily intimate and confidential. The legislation requisite for raising, equipping, and governing the armies, and the twenty-five thousand nominations of officers, from the second lieutenants up to the General-in-Chief, which passed through my committee while he was in the War Department, were often the subject of conference and consideration between us. His office was open to me at all times by day and night. I saw him in every circumstance and condition of the war, in the glow of victory and in the gloom of defeat. Of course his modes of thought, his methods of business, and his moods of feeling were open to my close observation and careful scrutiny. I came to understand, I think, his motives and purposes, to comprehend his plans, and to realize something of the value of his public services.

I first knew Mr. Stanton during the closing hours of Mr. Buchanan's weak and wicked administration. On the election of Mr. Lincoln, South Carolina, trained for thirty years in the school of treason, leaped headlong into rebellion. Other States followed her example. Southern senators and representatives came to Congress, and, with official oaths on their perjured

lips, plotted against the peace and unity of their country. Conspiracies were rife in the Cabinet, in Congress, in the departments, in the army, in the navy, and among the citizens of the capital, for the overthrow of the government and the dismemberment of the Union.

Day by day, during that terrible winter, loyal men in Congress saw with profound sorrow their riven and shattered country sinking into the fathomless abyss of disunion. The President and his Attorney-General surrendered the government's right of self-preservation by assuring the conspirators that "no power had been delegated to Congress to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw, or which has entirely withdrawn, from the confederacy." The Secretary of the Treasury was deranging the finances and sinking the national credit. The Secretary of War was scattering the little army, and sending muskets, cannon, and munitions of war where they could be clutched by the conspirators. The Secretary of the Interior was permitting the robbery of trust funds, and revealing to traitors the action of his government. A New England Secretary of the Navy was rendering that arm of the service powerless for the national defence. Northern politicians were ostentatiously giving pledges "never to vote a man or a dollar for coercion," and assuring the conspirators, who were seizing forts, arsenals, and arms, and raising batteries for assault or defence, that troops, raised for the subjugation of the South, "must pass over their dead bodies." Officers of the Senate and of the executive departments were members of secret organizations that nightly plotted treason in the national capital.

It was a time of peril, anxiety, and gloom. Patriotic men can hardly recall those days of apostasy without a shudder. President Buchanan was weak and wavering. Mr. Stanton, whom he had consulted before the meeting of Congress, had advised him to incorporate into his message the doctrine

that the Federal government had the power, and that it was its duty, to coerce seceding States. But timid and treasonable counsels prevailed, and the patriotic and vigorous advice of Mr. Stanton was rejected. The plottings and intrigues of the secessionists and the fatal weakness of the President alarmed the veteran Secretary of State. With large intelligence and experience, General Cass had little strength of will or tenacity of purpose. But whatever may have been his faults and shortcomings, he was a true patriot, and ardently loved his native land. The threatening aspect of public affairs greatly excited the aged statesman. The secession leaders sought to impress upon the mind of the President the idea that his Secretary of State was losing his mind; but a loyal Democrat, to whom the President communicated his apprehensions, aptly replied that General Cass was the only sane man in his Cabinet. Feeling that he could no longer serve his country by continuing in the Cabinet, the Secretary retired, leaving to Joseph Holt, then Postmaster-General, the pressing injunction to remain, and, if possible, save the endangered nation.

On his retirement, Attorney-General Black, who had pronounced against the power of the government to coerce a seceding State, and who maintained that the attempt to do so "would be the expulsion of such State from the Union," and would absolve all the States "from their Federal obligations," and the people from contributing "their money or their blood to carry on a contest like that," was made Secretary of State. In the terrible conflict through which the nation has passed, there has been a general recognition, by men not given to superstition, of the hand of God in its progress. And in that eventful history nowhere did the Divine interposition appear more evident than in the appointment of Mr. Stanton as Attorney-General. That the vacillating President, at such a crisis, with his disloyal Cabinet and traitorous associates, should have of-



ferred the vacant Cabinet office to that strong, rugged, downright, patriotic man, was strikingly providential.

On the evening of the day when he took the oath of office, he said to a friend that he had taken the oath to support the Constitution of his country, and that he would keep that oath in letter and in spirit. Faithfully did he keep his pledge amid the apostasies that followed. He was a marvel of resolution and rigor, of industry and vigilance. His words and acts were instinct with the loyalty which glowed in his bosom. His soul seemed on fire. He saw treason in every part of the government, and sought to unmask those who were plotting its overthrow. He set his face sternly against the conspirators, and showered upon their heads his withering rebukes. Rising in that crisis above the claims of partisanship, he consecrated himself to the lofty duties of an exalted patriotism. In the Cabinet he urged bold and decisive action. He counselled often with the aged veteran, General Scott, and with leading statesmen, and he gave patriotic advice to the members of the Peace Congress.

He went even farther. He put himself in communication with the Republicans in Congress, and kept them well informed of what was going on in the councils of the administration directly relating to the dangers of the country. The House of Representatives had raised a committee to investigate treasonable machinations and conspiracies. Howard of Michigan and Dawes of Massachusetts, zealous Republicans, were upon it. So was Reynolds, an earnest and patriotic member from New York; Cochrane from the same State, then much of a Democratic partisan; and Branch, who was killed fighting in the ranks of the Rebels. Mr. Stanton was so anxious to baffle the conspirators, that he made an arrangement by which Messrs. Howard and Dawes were informed of whatever occurred tending to endanger the country, and which he desired should be thwarted by the friends of the in-

coming administration. He believed that Mr. Toucey, Secretary of the Navy, was false to his country, and that he ought to be arrested. The resolution concerning him, introduced into the House by Mr. Dawes, was inspired by Mr. Stanton.

A committee of vigilance was organized by the more active Republican members of Congress. I was a member of that committee, as was also Mr. Colfax. It was in that time of intense anxiety and trial that I became acquainted with Mr. Stanton, and consulted with him, and received from him warnings and suggestions. He was in almost daily consultation, too, with members of both Houses. In one of the most critical periods, Mr. Sumner, who made his acquaintance soon after entering Congress, visited Mr. Stanton at the Attorney-General's office. Being surrounded by false and treacherous men, who watched his every word and act, he led Mr. Sumner from his office, told him that he did not dare to hold conversation with him there, and made an appointment to call upon him at one o'clock in the morning. At that hour, he made the promised call, and explained to him the perilous condition of the country, and suggested plans of action for the loyal men in Congress.

Of course such intense patriotism, sleepless vigilance, and tireless activity brought him in conflict with disloyal men both in the Cabinet and in Congress. Scenes of thrilling interest were sometimes enacted in the Cabinet. Floyd, who had administered the War Department so as to disarm the nation and weapon the rising Rebellion, had expected that Colonel Anderson, a Southern man, would carry out the Secretary's purposes in the interest of treason. When that officer abandoned Fort Moultrie, which he could not hold, and threw his little force into Fort Sumter, which he hoped to hold, Floyd, whose corruptions were coming to light, appeared in the Cabinet, raging and storming like the baffled conspirator he was. He arraigned the President and

Cabinet, and charged them with violating their pledges to the secessionists. The President,—poor, weak old man,—trembled and grew pale. Then it was that Stanton met the baffled traitor and his fellow-conspirators with a storm of fierce and fiery denunciation. His words, voice, and bearing are said to have been in the highest degree impressive, and those who knew the men can well imagine the thrilling moment when treason and loyalty grappled in the persons of such representatives. Floyd at once resigned his commission, slunk away from the office he had so prostituted into the Rebellion, where he achieved neither credit nor success, and soon sank into an obscure and dishonored grave. Some time afterwards Mr. Stanton drew up a full and detailed account of that Cabinet scene. It was read to Mr. Holt, and pronounced by that gentleman to be truthful and accurate. It was in the form of a letter to a leading Democratic politician of the city of New York, but it was never sent. It is hoped, however, that for the sake of history, it may soon be placed before the public eye.

To this noble fidelity of Edwin M. Stanton, sustained as it was by the patriotism and courage of Joseph Holt and John A. Dix, the country is largely indebted for its preservation from the perils which then environed it, and for the transmission of the government into the hands of the incoming administration.

After weary months the Fourth of March gladdened the longing hearts of patriotic men who had clung to their country when darkness was settling upon it. The riven and shattered government passed from the nerveless hand of that weakness which betrayed like treason, into the strong and faithful grasp of Abraham Lincoln. His stainless record, and the records of those who gathered about him, gave assurance to all the world that, in accepting the guardianship of their imperilled country, they would cherish and defend it with all their hearts. The administration was quickly forced

by the Rebels, who held in their hands, as they were solemnly assured by Mr. Lincoln in his Inaugural, "the momentous issues of civil war," to summon troops into the field for national defence. Large armies were created and vast quantities of arms and munitions were provided.

But vigorous as was this action of the government, and prompt as were the responses of the people, the military movements did not fully answer the public expectation. Mr. Stanton, then pursuing his profession in Washington, deeply sympathized in this general feeling. His knowledge of the public dangers and his earnest and impulsive nature made him impatient of delays. To ardent friends who, like him, chafed at what seemed to them inaction, he expressed his profound anxieties, and he joined them in demanding a more vigorous and aggressive policy. More fully than most public men, he comprehended the magnitude of the struggle on which the nation had entered, and fathomed, perhaps, more deeply its causes. His position in Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet had revealed to him the purposes of the Rebel leaders and the spirit of the Rebellion, and he knew that slavery was its inspiration.

Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, was in advance of the President on the slavery question, not perhaps in sentiment and feeling, but in the matter of policy. In his first annual report he recommended freeing and arming the slaves. Deeming this, however, a delicate matter, he submitted the important passage to several of his friends, all of whom, except Mr. Stanton, disapproved of the policy proposed. He cordially indorsed it, and, taking his pen, modified one or two sentences, remarking that he would "fix it so that the lawyers will not carp at it." This portion of the Secretary's report, it will be remembered, did not meet the views of Mr. Lincoln, and he required its suppression.

The impatience of the public mind at the delays found expression in harsh

and generally undeserved criticisms upon the War Department. Mr. Cameron felt the pressure of the multiplied labors that crowded upon him, and he was not insensible to adverse criticisms. He proposed to resign, provided some one should be appointed not unfriendly to his policy. He suggested the appointment of Mr. Stanton. The President acted upon his suggestion, accepted his resignation, and tendered him the mission to Russia. Mr. Stanton was then named Secretary of War, with the hearty concurrence of every member of the Cabinet, excepting Montgomery Blair, who bitterly opposed the appointment.

When Mr. Stanton entered the Cabinet he was in the maturity of his physical and intellectual powers. Without fancy or imagination, or any of the lighter graces, he had been distinguished, as a lawyer, for his immense industry, for the thoroughness of his preparation, and the mastery, both of law and facts, he exhibited in his treatment of the causes entrusted to his care. He carried into the War Department great capacity for labor, almost incredible powers of endurance, rapidity of decision, promptitude of action, and inflexibility of purpose, all inspired and impelled by a vehement and absorbing patriotism.

He entered at once upon an exhaustive examination of the numbers and condition of the military forces, and of the amount of war materials necessary for arming, equipping, feeding, clothing, and transporting them. He then vigorously engaged in the work of rendering these means available for the spring campaign. He met, by appointment, the Military Committee of the Senate, in their room at the Capitol, and, in the strictest confidence, made to them a full exhibit of the number of the troops and the condition of the armies, of the amount of arms and munitions of war on hand and required. He then explained his purposes and plans. He had found more than a hundred and fifty regiments scattered over the country, only partially filled and but slowly

filling up. For the sake of economy, and for the purpose of bringing these bodies early into the field, he proposed their consolidation. He was convinced, however, that this task would be a difficult one. Many persons who were engaged in recruiting, and who hoped to be officers, would be disappointed. They and the State authorities would strenuously oppose consolidation. To husband resources of money and men, and to make the troops already enlisted available at the earliest possible moment, he proposed to suspend enlistments, though only for a few weeks. Thinking it might lead to some misunderstanding in Congress, he desired to explain his reasons for the measure, and to solicit the support of the committee in carrying it into effect. The promised support was promptly given. The order was issued, and, though it was misunderstood and sharply criticised, it unquestionably added much to the efficiency of the army. In this, as in all other matters during the war, the Secretary and the committee were in accord, and their relations were perfectly amicable. Though composed of men of differing political sentiments, the committee never divided politically, either on nominations or measures. When the strife had ended, it was a source of great gratification to its members that they had always complied with the Secretary's wishes, and promptly seconded his efforts. To me it has been, and will ever be, among the cherished recollections of my life that I gave to the great War Secretary an unstinted support, and that there was never misunderstanding or unkindness between us.

Having mastered the details of his department, Mr. Stanton pressed with great vigor the preparations for the active campaign of 1862. He strove to enforce an active prosecution of hostilities, and urged forward the work of suppressing the Rebellion by every practicable means in his power. Early and late, often through the entire night, he was at his post, receiving reports, information, requests, and suggestions by

telegraph and mail, holding personal consultations with the military and civil officers of the government, and others having business with his department, and in issuing orders and directions. As he did not spare himself, he was exacting in his demands upon others. He tolerated no laggards or shirks about him. He infused into the chiefs of the bureaus and their clerks something of his own industry and devotion; and his became a department of intense activity and unceasing toil, continuing thus throughout the war.

But all did not possess Mr. Stanton's iron will, capacity for labor, and powers of endurance, and many sank beneath these exactions and accumulated labors. He brought into his office, as Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Watson, a devoted personal friend, a lawyer of eminence, and a man of strong constitution and large capacity for work. Mr. Watson zealously seconded Mr. Stanton's efforts, but was soon forced to leave office, worn out by the demands made upon him. Mr. Walcott, who had been Attorney-General of Ohio, took Mr. Watson's place. But he, too, after a few months, left the office, and went home to die. The vacant place was then taken by Mr. Dana, a gentleman accustomed to the exacting toil of a leading daily journal, and possessing great executive force, who rendered his chief most valuable service. His labors were lightened by the establishment of the office of Solicitor of the War Department, to which the innumerable legal questions constantly arising were referred. The duties of that office were ably performed by Mr. Whiting of Massachusetts, who sacrificed the income of a lucrative profession without other reward than the consciousness of serving his country in her time of peril.

It is not my purpose to recount the acts of Mr. Stanton's administration of the War Department during the Rebellion. That must be the task of the historian. When this is faithfully and fully accomplished, it will be seen that he performed an amount of organizing

and administrative labor as far exceeding the achievements of Carnot and other war ministers, as the gigantic proportions of the Rebellion exceeded those of the military events with which their names are associated. Mr. Stanton was moreover compelled to organize the forces of a people unaccustomed to war and unskilled in military affairs. Vast armies were to be raised from peaceful communities, large amounts of war material were to be provided, great distances were to be traversed, and an impassioned and brave people were to be subdued. The work which the soldiers and statesmen of Europe pronounced impossible was done, and well done. I shall not attempt to describe that work. I only propose to delineate some of Mr. Stanton's leading characteristics as they appeared to me, and as they were illustrated by some of the acts of his administration.

His official position, his vigilance, his industry, his mastery of details, and his almost intuitive perceptions gave him, perhaps, a clearer insight into the characters and services of men in the army, in the national councils, and in State governments, than that possessed by any other public man. With the impulsiveness of his nature, he distrusted and condemned perhaps too hastily, and sometimes unjustly, but never, I am sure, from interest or prejudice. Swift in his judgments, often doubting when others confided, he sometimes made mistakes, though events commonly vindicated the correctness of his estimates. He had no favorites, and he measured men according to his idea of their value to the public service.

Singularly unselfish in his purposes, careless of his own reputation, and intensely devoted to the success of his country, he was ever ready to assume, especially in critical moments, the gravest responsibilities. Neither the interests of political friends, nor the wishes of army officials, could swerve him from his purpose. He said no to the President quite as often and quite as emphatically as he did to the people, to members of Congress, or to officers of

the army seeking undeserved preferment or safe places at the rear. He knew Mr. Lincoln's yielding nature and kindness of heart; and even the President's requests, though amounting almost to positive orders, and borne by governors of States, members of Congress, and even by associates in the Cabinet, were frequently laid aside, and sometimes promptly and peremptorily refused.

There were many signal illustrations of this characteristic. Shortly after the disastrous battle of Chickamauga, a despatch stating the perilous condition of the army, and the pressing need of immediate reinforcements, was received at the War Office from General Garfield. After the hour of midnight, the President, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Seward were summoned by Mr. Stanton. It was a most critical and trying moment. In answer to questions, General Halleck revealed the fact that few troops operating in the West could be sent in season to the relief of Rosecrans. The facts disclosed perplexed, if they did not dishearten, all but Mr. Stanton, who was never downcast, who never doubted the triumph of the loyal cause, who seemed to take heart as dangers thickened, and who now surprised his listeners by proposing to take thirty thousand men from the Army of the Potomac and place them in Tennessee within five days. The President and General Halleck doubted, hesitated, and opposed. But Mr. Stanton, sustained by Mr. Chase and Mr. Seward, carried his point. Telegrams were at once sent to General Meade and to railroad-managers, and, in a few days, General Hooker, with more than fifteen thousand men, was thrown into Tennessee. When he arrived within supporting-distance of Rosecrans, Bragg was making movements which he believed would result in the utter destruction or defeat of that general's army. Chief Justice Chase, who has recorded in his diary the doings of that midnight council, and who has, since the war, spoken of it with officers of the Rebel army, expresses the opinion that Mr. Stan-

ton's bold counsels and decisive action saved the army of Rosecrans, and that he then rendered greater service to the country than was rendered by any civilian during the war.

On the eve of his second inauguration, Mr. Lincoln expressed to members of his Cabinet his purpose, in case General Grant should be victorious at Richmond, to allow him to negotiate terms of peace with the Rebel leaders. From this Mr. Stanton strongly dissented, and in explicit and unequivocal terms declared that no peace ought to be negotiated by generals in the field, or by any one other than the President himself; and he pretty distinctly intimated that, if the President permitted any one to enter into such negotiations, it was hardly necessary for him to be inaugurated. Mr. Lincoln at once assented to the views of his faithful and far-seeing Secretary, and orders were immediately transmitted to General Grant to hold no conferences with General Lee on any questions not of a purely military character. The sagacity of Mr. Stanton was soon again put to the test. After the surrender of Richmond, President Lincoln visited that city, and, while there, assented to the assembling of the Rebel Legislature of Virginia by General Weitzel. Mr. Stanton, who had no confidence in the good faith of the Rebels, held that they should not have any voice in fixing the terms of peace and reconciliation, and should not be permitted to meet at all. His earnest protests were heeded, his counsels prevailed, and the impolitic and dangerous scheme was abandoned.

Mr. Stanton's course touching the arrangements between General Sherman and the Rebel General Johnston afforded another signal illustration of his readiness to assume responsibility when the safety and honor of the nation were at stake. He gave that arrangement a prompt, peremptory, and emphatic disapproval. While he held General Sherman in high esteem for his brilliant services in the field, he felt constrained to advise President Johnson to set aside that officer's un-

fortunate diplomacy, and to declare to the country the reasons for so doing. Although General Grant was sent to North Carolina to announce the action of the government, General Sherman and several of his generals took umbrage, and on the arrival of their army at Washington indulged in severe denunciations of the Secretary of War. But the indomitable Secretary, conscious of the integrity of his purpose, bore in silence these criticisms and the denunciations directed against him by a portion of the press. In the light of subsequent events, few loyal men will question the wisdom of his action, or distrust the motives that prompted it.

Innumerable instances of a similar kind might be adduced. A single additional example will be mentioned. When in the winter of 1863 the faithless Legislature of Indiana was dissolved, no appropriations had been made to carry on the State government or aid in putting soldiers in the field; and Governor Morton was obliged, without the authority of law, to raise more than a million and a quarter of dollars. In his need he looked to Washington for assistance. President Lincoln wished to aid him, but saw no way to do it, as no money could be taken from the treasury without appropriation. He was referred to Mr. Stanton. The Secretary saw at a glance the critical condition in which the patriotic governor, who had shown such vigor in raising and organizing troops, had been placed. A quarter of a million of dollars were needed, and Mr. Stanton took upon himself the responsibility, and drew his warrant upon the treasury for that amount, to be paid from an unexpended appropriation made, nearly two years before, for raising troops in States in insurrection. As he placed this warrant in Governor Morton's hands, the latter remarked: "If the cause fails, you and I will be covered with prosecutions, and probably imprisoned or driven from the country." Mr. Stanton replied: "If the cause fails, I do not wish to live."

The money thus advanced to the gov-

ernor of Indiana was accounted for by that State in its final settlement with the government.

The remark just cited illustrates another prominent trait of Mr. Stanton's character, — his intense and abounding patriotism. It was this which emboldened him in his early struggle with treason in Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, upheld him in his superhuman labors through the weary years of war, and kept him in Mr. Johnson's cabinet when not only was the President seeking his removal, but the tortures of disease were admonishing him that every day's continuance was imperilling his life. It was this patriotism which invested the Rebellion, in his view, with its transcendent enormity, and made him regard its guilty leaders and their sympathizers and apologists at the North with such intense abhorrence. It also made him fear the success of a party of which he was once a member, and which now embraces so many who participated in the Rebellion or were in sympathy with it; and he was loath to remove the disabilities of unrepentant Rebels, or to allow them a voice in shaping the policy of States lately in insurrection. This feeling he retained till the close of his life. On the Saturday before his death, he expressed to me the opinion that it was more important that the freedmen and the Union men of the South should be protected in their rights, than that those who were still disloyal should be relieved of their disabilities and clothed with power.

This patriotism, conjoined with his energy, industry, and high sense of public duty, made him exacting, severe, and often rough in his treatment of those, in the military or civil service, who seemed to be more intent on personal ease, promotion, and emolument than upon the faithful discharge of public duty. It led him, also, warmly to appreciate and applaud fidelity and devotion, wherever and however manifested. Honest himself, he, of course, abhorred everything like dishonesty in others; but his patriotism intensified



that feeling of detestation in cases of peculation or fraud upon the government. He laid a strong hand upon offenders, and no doubt saved millions of dollars to the nation, by thus restraining, through fear, those who would otherwise have enriched themselves at their country's expense. This spirit of patriotic devotion indeed often inspired measures which brought upon him great and undeserved censure. The people were anxious for war news. The press were anxious to provide it. Mr. Stanton knew that the enemy largely profited by the premature publication of such intelligence, and he was anxious to prevent this. Consequently he made regulations which were often embarrassing to newspaper correspondents, and sometimes he roughly and rudely repelled those seeking information or favors.

Towards the close of the war his intense application began to tell on even his robust constitution, developing a tendency to asthma, which was exceedingly distressing to him and alarming to his friends. Consequently he looked forward to the cessation of hostilities, anxious not only that his country might be saved from the further horrors and dangers of civil war, but that he might be released from the burdensome cares of office. After the election of Mr. Lincoln and a Republican Congress, in 1864, which he justly regarded as fatal to the Rebellion, he often avowed his purpose to resign at the moment hostilities should cease. When, therefore, the news of Lee's surrender reached Washington, he at once placed his resignation in the President's hands, on the ground that the work which had induced him to take office was done. But his great chief, whom he had so faithfully and efficiently served, and who, in the trials they had experienced together, had learned to appreciate, honor, and love him, threw his arms around his neck, and tenderly and tearfully said: "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant; and it is not for you to say when you will no longer be

needed here." Bowing to the will of the President so affectionately expressed, he remained at his post. Little did he then imagine that, within a few hours, his chief would fall by the assassin's hand, and the Secretary of State lie maimed and helpless, and that the country, in that perilous hour, would instinctively turn to him as its main reliance and hope. Andrew Johnson, too, who then intended to make treason odious and punish traitors, leaned on the strong man for support.

Mr. Stanton now resolved to remain in the War Office till the army should be disbanded; and that great work was accomplished with an ease and celerity which surprised and gratified the country and astonished the world. It was indeed one of the most marvellous achievements of the war. That was hardly accomplished, when the work of reconstruction began to loom up in all its vast proportions. Indications, too, of the President's apostasy began to appear. Mr. Johnson had been smitten with the idea of a re-election by means of the reorganization of parties, in which, to use his own words, "the extremes should be sloughed off," and a new conservative party be formed which should accept him as its leader.

Mr. Stanton was a just and humane as well as a patriotic man. He had earnestly pressed upon Mr. Lincoln the policy of emancipation, had applauded his Proclamation, approved the enlistment of colored troops, and was a warm supporter of the Thirteenth Amendment, forever prohibiting slavery. Although he had never, before the war, acted with antislavery men, yet he had early imbibed antislavery sentiments. He was of Quaker descent. His grandparents were from New England, and his grandfather provided in his will for the emancipation of his slaves whenever the laws of his adopted State would permit it. Benjamin Lundy, the early Abolitionist, was a frequent visitor at his father's house; and Mr. Stanton once told me that he had often sat upon that devoted philanthropist's knee when a child, and listened to his

words. Nearly thirty years ago, in the streets of Columbus, Ohio, he familiarly accosted Mr. Chase and said to him, referring to antislavery sentiments the latter had just put forth, that he was in entire agreement with him, and hoped he should soon be able to take his place by his side. Though he never did so, but continued to act with the Democratic party, yet he always maintained his intimacy with Mr. Chase, and after he came to Washington was a frequent visitor at the house of Dr. Bailey, editor of the "National Era," where he met antislavery men and members of the Republican party.

The Rebellion of course absolved him from all allegiance to the Democratic party, and then his early impressions were revived. The events of the war intensified them, and he became a consistent and persistent supporter of the rights of the colored race. He saw that Mr. Johnson's reactionary policy was imperilling the interests of the freedmen as well as the safety of the nation, and he resolved to remain in the Cabinet and save, as he once said to me, what he could of "the fruits of the war." It was, indeed, a critical period, and he wisely counselled moderation. Premature action would have been disastrous. To break with the President before he had fully revealed his purposes would, he thought, place the Republicans in a false position before the people, and inure solely to the advantage of Mr. Johnson. At the same time he did all he could to secure, in the elections, the success of those who had loyally stood together during the war. This policy, of combining and keeping intact the Republican party, and of giving the President an opportunity to convince the people, as he did in his speech of the 22d of February, of his premeditated treachery, subjected Mr. Stanton and those who concurred with him in that policy to the sharp criticism of more hasty and less discerning men. It was, however, a complete success, and subsequent events vindicated its wisdom.

By such firmness, fidelity, and saga-

city, Mr. Stanton incurred the dislike of the President, who determined, if possible, to eject him from the Cabinet. The more clearly this purpose appeared, the more determined was the Secretary to retain his position; not from a love of office,—for he longed to escape from its thralldom,—but from a sense of duty. If need be, he was ready to bear, not only the burdens which his failing strength made more trying, but personal insults and indignities, and, hardest of all, to occupy an equivocal position which subjected him to the distrust and criticism of some of his associates.

In the summer of 1867 his friends began to fear that his health was hopelessly failing, and that unless he took the needed relaxation his life was in imminent and immediate peril. He was repeatedly urged to leave the heated atmosphere of Washington, and seek at least temporary relief at the seashore or in the mountains. As I was pressing this upon him one day, he replied that duty required him to remain at his post, that he believed the President to be a bad and dangerous person, who was heeding the counsels of designing and unscrupulous men, and no one could foresee what he would do. "Life," he said, "is at best a struggle, and of no great value. We are but the instruments of Providence in working out its purposes. It matters not when, where, or how we die, if we are only performing faithfully our duty. I will remain here, if I die in this room."

A few days before his suspension by the President, while I was at his office, General Grant came in. Mr. Stanton was suffering much, and seemed anxious and perplexed. At that time he was not a little annoyed by the adverse criticisms of two or three Republican journals upon his remaining in the Cabinet. "They will some time see," he said, "that I am right, and appreciate my motives and vindicate my action." An act of the President, showing his hostility to the Secretary of War, and his want of confidence in the General of the Army, had

just come to light. Mr. Stanton remarked that, during the war, he had never felt so anxious about public affairs and the condition of the country as he did then; that, in the war, he knew what to depend upon and what to do: but no one could depend upon the action of the President. General Grant expressed his entire concurrence in that sentiment. A few days later, Mr. Stanton was suspended, and General Grant made Secretary of War *ad interim*. The former had long held the office from patriotic motives; and the latter, in accepting it, was actuated by the same high considerations. By the action of the Senate, Mr. Stanton was brought back into the War Department. When the President attempted to thrust him forcibly from it, he, though the hand of disease was weighing heavily upon him, exhibited another characteristic evidence of his inflexible adherence to principle, and pertinacity of purpose, by encamping in the War Office during more than forty days. When, however, the Senate failed to convict the President, he bowed before the decision therein implied, retired from the position he could no longer maintain, and left the responsibility where it rightfully belonged.

Mr. Stanton has been the subject of the sharpest criticism and of unmeasured censure. The disloyal, the lukewarm, the incapable, the selfish, and the corrupt have heaped upon his head their coarsest invectives and their fiercest denunciations. Nor, indeed, had they much occasion to love him; for towards such the evidences of his disapprobation were unequivocal and strong. His natural energy and impulsiveness of character, the continuous pressure and exhausting nature of his duties, made him often brusque in manner and curt in speech, even to those in whose loyalty, fidelity, and purity he had all confidence. But he seemed ever ready to correct mistakes, and make amends to those whom he had wounded or aggrieved by hasty words or acts. His heart

was full of tenderness for every form of suffering and sorrow, and he always had words of sympathy for the smitten and afflicted. Many a sick and wounded soldier, and many a family, bereaved by the war, will gratefully cherish the remembrance of his considerate regard. The same characteristics were exhibited in the hearty support he gave to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, which did so much to relieve suffering and sorrow, and in his ready co-operation with the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau in their efforts for the newly emancipated race.

After his retirement from office, Mr. Stanton struggled with mortal diseases fastened upon him by the immense responsibilities and labors of the war. His closing hours, however, were brightened by the high appreciation of the government and the flattering manifestations of popular regard. The Republican members of the Senate and House, with singular unanimity, joined in recommending his appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. The recommendation was sincere and hearty. The Chief Magistrate, accompanied by the Vice-President, called upon him, tendered him the office, and cordially urged its acceptance. His assent having been given, the President at once sent his nomination to the Senate, and it was confirmed without the formality of a reference. This unsolicited action of the members of Congress, and the cordial and courteous conduct of the President, were approved by a loyal press and applauded by a loyal people. Congratulations flowed in upon Mr. Stanton, and he realized, perhaps for the first time, the hold he had upon the nation, and the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen. But in that moment of triumph he was stricken down. As Lincoln fell when the rejoicings of the nation over the capture of the Rebel army were ringing in his ear, so fell his trusted counsellor, companion, and friend, amid these demonstrations of public favor. So passed from earth Edwin Macy Stanton, to take his place in the hearts and memo-

ries of the people, among the most illustrious, honored, and loved of his countrymen.

But large as is my estimate of Mr. Stanton, and high as is the value I place upon his unsurpassed public labors, I do not believe that he was absolutely essential to the salvation of the nation. The government that survived the death of Lincoln and the life of Johnson did not, during the Rebellion, depend for existence on any one

man, or any score of men. Its preservation must ever redound to the glory of the people, whose great uprising, inspired self-sacrifice, and sublime endurance astonished the world. The principles involved in that conflict were too vast and grand, too vital to humanity and a Christian civilization, to be suffered to fail through the dismemberment and death of this nation. God and the people saved the Republic of the United States.

## REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

### *Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The Designs by P. KONEWKA. Engraved by W. H. MORSE; Vignette by H. W. SMITH. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

KONEWKA's illustrations in *silhouette* to "Faust" were a wonder of vivid action and refined expression; but whoever looked at them must have felt a fear that what could give such an exquisite surprise must fail in repetition or in wider application. The power that lay in mere tenderness and beauty of outline — all the rest that goes to make up the charm of a picture being hidden from the eye in the massive black-upon-white of the work — was so much of a revelation that one suspected it a trick, — marvellous, delightful, yet a trick. Could it be done twice, and not weary? This was the question, and here is the answer. Yes, it can be done twice, and be just as fascinating as at first. We do not know but the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is better than the "Faust." It certainly has greater variety, and affords more scope for the exercise of Konewka's curious art, which is here playful and pathetic and comical, while it was there tragical and grotesque. Our reader imagines the scenes and figures which have been chosen from that beautiful vision of fairy-life and lover-life in the woods, and from the passages in which Bully Bottom and his friends appear; but without looking at the illustrations he can have no idea of the delicacy and strength, the *cunningness* and humor, with which all this airiest sport of Shakespeare's genius is interpreted. Yet there is nothing but

densest black upon white, save here and there a semi-transparent wing, or floating mantle, a dangling knot of ribbon, a little light let through the ringlets of the women, or the men's beards, or between expanded fingers or under slightly lifted arms. The outline of the nude fairies is clear and soft like that of sculpture, while in the draperies is much of the vivacity of painting. We did not mean to name any particular illustration, but we cannot help speaking of that in which Puck and a Fairy meet from opposite sides of a thistle-stalk as surpassingly pretty, unless that where Hermia is shown "a Vixen when she went to school" — fighting the larger and timider Helena — is even more taking in its sauciness. The best of the comical folk is "The Moon" appearing with the thornbush, lantern, and dog, in which there is even finer delineation of character than in the others, though character is delicately and clearly suggested in all, and no less in the pathetic than in the droll people. With a little parting of the lips, the whole bewilderment and heart-break of the lovelorn maids is portrayed; and with the gesture of hands or arms, the half of whose action is lost in the black of the figure, the pleading and the repulsion of the enchanted lovers is shown.

We forebode ever so much imitation of Konewka's work by inferior hands, and possibly enough to make us weary of the original; but in the mean time no one need deny himself the enjoyment of it. Perhaps this enjoyment is all the keener because it cannot be called satisfaction, there being in these performances a mystery and sugges-

tiveness that continually provoke the imagination.

We must not leave speaking of the book without mentioning the head which adorns the title-page, and which is alike admirable as a steel engraving and as a face of life-like beauty and sweetness.

*Miscellanies.* [Five Volumes.] By W. M. THACKERAY. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

*Catherine; A Story.* By IKEY SOLOMONS, Esq., Junior. [W. M. Thackeray.] Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

WHETHER Thackeray's novels or his shorter stories and sketches are better is a question each reader will settle in favor of whichever he happens to be reading. We, for example, do not think he wrote anything more perfect than "The Luck of Barry Lyndon"; but then we have just been reading that over again, and it is some time since we looked at "Henry Esmond." We will only be certain that nearly all he did was masterly, and is inestimably precious now that he can do no more. They may say that his later gifts were somewhat poor and stale in quality; but we would rather have the rinsings — if "Philip" is to be so called — of that magical flask out which he poured such wonderful and various liquors, than the fulness and prime spirit of many a famous tap we could name. We will own even that he had not a good knack at invention: what need had he of it who could give us real men and women, and could portray life so truly that we scarcely thought of asking about a plot? We almost think that if he who rarely struck the wrong note in character had often been out of time and tune there, there would have been enough delight in his style to have atoned for all, — so much it seems compact of what is vigorous in men's daily speech and what is simple and elegant in literary art.

This style was never better than in the different tales and studies which are known as Thackeray's *Miscellanies*, and which are here produced anew with various papers not previously collected. Here is its earlier brilliancy and its later mellowness; and in these stories and essays is also to be noted that gradual change of Thackeray's humor, from what he called the "hump-tiousness" of the period in which he laughed poor Bulwer to scorn, and fiercely attacked social shams in the "Book of

Snoobs" and other places, to the relenting or the indifference of the time in which he wrote the "Roundabout Papers" and "Philip." But what a marvellous savor in all! The first line is an appetizer that carries you hungry through the feast, whatever it is, and makes you wish for the time being there were no other dish but that in the world. Over "Barry Lyndon," or "Major Gahagan," or "Dennis Haggarty," you lament that he ever wrote anything but stories of Irish character (what lamentable comedy, what tragical mirth, are in the first and the last!); and, delaying yourself as much as you can in "The Four Georges," you feel that a man who could revive the past in that way ought to have written only social history. In the riot of his burlesques, and the caricatured Fitz-Boodle papers, he is not seen at his best, but his second-rate is much better than the first-rate of any one else in the same way. He has set up many smaller wits in that sort of humor which he may be said to have invented; and we cannot in our weariness of them do him complete justice; but this is not his fate in the quieter essays and sketches where no one could follow him. "From Cornhill to Cairo," "Coxe's Diary," the "Little Travels," "The Irish Sketches," "The Paris Sketch-Book," "Sketches and Travels in London," are still sole of their kind; and as for "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," some people think that not only stands alone, but is unsurpassed among its author's works. These may be people who have just been reading it, or who like the company of rather a greater number of kind-hearted and sensible women than Thackeray commonly allows us to know; but certainly he has not portrayed a finer and truer fellow than Samuel Titmarsh, and we do not dispute any one's good opinion of the book, while we do not relinquish our own concerning different ones.

Not that we are inclined to a great affection for the story of "Catherine," though this is very different from the tale last named. There is not a lovable person, high or low, in it, — not a soul to respect or even pity; and such purpose as Thackeray had in rebuking the romantic use of rascality in fiction, by depicting rogues and their female friends in their true characters, would seem to have been sufficiently served by it. We are far enough now from the days of "Eugene Aram" and the novels with murderers for heroes, but we have by

no means got rid of immoral heroines, and the unvarnished adventures of "Catherine" may still be read with profit. She is in brief a bad young person, pretty, vain, and heartless, who becomes the mistress of a nobleman, and who, when deserted by him, marries an old rustic lover, and survives to meet her paramour many years after. In hopes of becoming his wife, she murders her husband with the help of her natural son, in whose company she is hanged. It is a horrible story from first to last; so horrible that there seems no sufficient reason for suppressing (as has been done by Thackeray's English publishers, whom Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have naturally followed) the account of the murder and execution, which Thackeray copied from newspapers describing actual occurrences, and the effect of which the reader misses. In this dreadful history, the author tears from the essential ugliness of sin and crime the veil of romance, and shows them for what they are; but while there is not the least glamour of sentiment in the book, it is full of the fascination of his wonderful art. The scene is laid in that eighteenth century which he loved to paint, and he has hardly ever caused certain phases of its life to be better acted or costumed. The Count Galgenstein, Catherine's lover, the handsome, stupid profligate, with all the vices of the English and German blood that mingled in his veins, who lapses at last into a garrulous, sickly, tedious, elegant old reprobate; Catherine, with no more morality or conscience than an animal, — pretty, ambitious, scheming, thrifty, and fond of her brutal son, who grows to manhood with whatever is bad from either parent become worse in him; Brock, Galgenstein's corporal and her Majesty's recruiting-sergeant, subsequently convict, and highwayman, and finally accomplice in the murder of Catherine's husband; this husband himself, with his avarice and cunning and cowardice, — are persons whose character and accessories are powerfully painted, and about whom are grouped many others more sketchily drawn, but still completely suggested. The book is one that will not let the reader go, horrible as it is, and little as it is to be liked for anything but its morality. This is admirable, to our thinking; it is very simple and obvious, as the morality is in all Thackeray's books; whence those who think that there is some mighty subtle difference between right and wrong have begun to say he is a shallow moralist.

Among the books satirized in "Catherine" is "Oliver Twist," and Nancy is laughed at as an impossibility. The reader will remember how a sort of reparation is afterwards made in "The Newcomes," where this novel is praised. We believe Thackeray felt no compunctions concerning Bulwer's romances, which here come in for a far larger share of his scorn.

*Memoirs and Letters and Journals of Major-General Riedesel, during his Residence in America.* Translated, from the original German of MAX VON ELLKING, by WILLIAM L. STONE. Albany: Munsell.

In a former number of the Atlantic, we noticed Mr. Stone's translation of the admirable Memoirs of Madame Riedesel, of which the present work may be said to be the complement. In all that relates to military affairs, it is, however, of far greater value. General Riedesel commanded the German auxiliaries who formed so large a part of Burgoyne's luckless army of invasion. Here, therefore, we have the story of that momentous campaign from a point of view new to most American and English readers, and at the same time absolutely essential to a correct knowledge of one of the most critical periods of the War of Independence. Mr. Stone has by no means limited himself to the mere translation of his original. He has added illustrative papers found by him in Germany, and has carefully explored the site of the principal events, traced the stages of Burgoyne's march, examined the several battle-grounds on the Hudson, corrected the errors of preceding writers, and established the landmarks in a manner so precise and satisfactory as to deserve the gratitude of every writer who may hereafter treat the subject. The failure of that grand effort to put down the revolt of the Colonies was plainly due in great measure to the incompetency, the indecision, and, as Riedesel more than intimates, to the drunkenness of Burgoyne.

Interesting and valuable as the book is from the military stand-point, it is no less so in the curious view it gives of society and manners in the various Colonies during the troubled period of the war; for the captive German officers in this involuntary march from Saratoga to Boston, and from Boston to Virginia, had numberless opportunities of curious observation, which Riedesel, at least, seems to have used in a sufficiently candid spirit. Now and then, the



generals in the American service moved him to astonishment, and he records the alacrity with which one of them, who had a pair of new boots, jumped from his horse, pulled them off, and swapped them, for a sufficient consideration, with a German officer, whose own were in the last extremity. The reader will be entertained with his account of New England life at the time of his enforced sojourn at Cambridge. It seems that the curious notion prevailed then as now, that shopkeeping is more respectable than farming, and that, in consequence, the cultivation of the soil was in a very languishing state. But we have no room to say more, and the book will best tell its own story. Here and there we find in it some anomalies of style, and the printer sometimes makes queer work of extracts in foreign languages; yet, take it for all in all, it is the most valuable contribution that has been made to Revolutionary history for a long time.

*The Holy Grail, and other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

HAS the poet lost somewhat the power to please, or his readers the grace of being pleased? Have they, if they no longer care for certain arts, grown wiser, or colder merely? Can the imitations of a school make the master's work appear poor and stale at last? Do these new poems of Tennyson please the dreaming and hoping age as other poems of his pleased it when they were new and certain people were younger? But is there no absolute standard, then?—is inexperience best fitted to pronounce a poem good or bad, and is the perception of delicate and beautiful feeling the privilege of youth alone? Forbid it, most respectable after-life! Yet something of these doubts may well attend the critic, who is proverbially a disappointed and prematurely aging man: he will be all the pleasanter, and may be a little the wiser, in his judgments for a touch of self-distrust. He will do well to ask himself, "Should I have liked any of these idyls of Tennyson's as much as I liked 'Morte d'Arthur' if I had read them, as I did that, long ago, before editors rejected my articles and my book failed?" We cannot answer confidently for such an ideal critic; but we think that at least one of these stories is put at no disadvantage by comparison with

the beautiful poem mentioned (which is here repeated, with a new beginning and ending, in its proper place among the legends of King Arthur), and that the poet is seen in one of his best moods in "Pel-leas and Ettarre." In this the reader has not the sense of being in

"A land where no one comes,  
Or hath come since the making of the world,"

which takes from his delight in the other idyls, and most afflicts him in "The Holy Grail." The people have been,—and still are, for that matter; and time and place seem not so irrecoverable. Upon the solid foundation, the fabric rises fairer, and there are throughout the poem such pictures of nature and men as almost win one back to earlier faith in Mr. Tennyson as the poet to be chiefly read and supremely enjoyed. No one else could paint a scene at once so richly and simply as one we must give here: we doubt if he himself ever wrought more skilfully to the end aimed at. Sir Pelleas of the Isles, going to be knighted by Arthur,—

"Riding at noon, a day or twain before,  
Across the forest call'd of Dean, to find  
Caerleon and the king, had felt the sun  
Beat like a strong knight on his helm, and reel'd.  
Almost to falling from his horse; but saw  
Near him a mound of even-sloping side,  
Whereon a hundred stately beeches grew,  
And here and there great hollies under them.  
But for a mile all round was open space,  
And fern and heath: and slowly Pelleas drew  
To that dim day, then binding his good horse  
To a tree, cast himself down; and as he lay  
At random looking over the brown earth  
Thro' that green-glooming twilight of the grove,  
It seem'd to Pelleas that the fern without  
Burnt as a living fire of emeralds,  
So that his eyes were dazzled looking at it.  
Then o'er it crost the dimness of a cloud  
Floating, and once the shadow of a bird  
Flying, and then a fawn; and his eyes closed."

And here he lies dreaming and longing for some lady to love, and fight for, in the coming tourney; when,—

"Suddenly waken'd with a sound of talk  
And laughter at the limit of the wood,  
And glancing thro' the hoary boles, he saw,  
Strange as to some old prophet might have seem'd  
A vision hovering on a sea of fire,  
Damsels in divers colors like the cloud  
Of sunset and sunrise, and all of them  
On horses, and the horses richly trapt  
Breast-high in that bright line of bracken stood:  
And all the damsels talk'd confusedly,  
And one was pointing this way, and one that,  
Because the way was lost."

Is not this exquisitely touched? What tender light, what lovely color, what sweet and sun of all summers past, what charm

of the wildness and elegance which we dream to have once coexisted, are in the picture! After which we have this, also exceedingly beautiful, and quite as delicate, with its deeper feeling:—

"For large her violet eyes look'd, and her bloom,  
A rosy dawn kindled in stainless heavens,  
And round her limbs, mature in womanhood,  
And slender was her hand, and small her shape;  
And but for those large eyes, the haunts of scorn,  
She might have seem'd a toy to trifle with,  
And pass and care no more. But while he gazed,  
The beauty of her flesh abash'd the boy,  
As tho' it were the beauty of her soul:  
For as the base man, judging of the good,  
Puts his own baseness in him by default  
Of will and nature, so did Pelleas lend  
All the young beauty of his own soul to hers,  
Believing her; and when she spake to him,  
Stammer'd, and could not make her a reply.  
For out of the waste islands had he come,  
Where saving his own sisters he had known  
Scarce any but the women of his isles,  
Rough wives, that laugh'd and scream'd against  
the gulls,  
Makers of nets, and living from the sea."

Other pieces of descriptive art in the poem have pleased us hardly less than these, though all the rest are slighter. It is a tragical theme, Ettarre not being what she should be; but the story is best left to the poet's consummate art of telling little and withholding nothing. All the characters in the poem are clearly and firmly drawn, especially that of Pelleas, the most difficult of all, and the portrayal of the pure soul's shame and anguish in others' guilt is as strong and good as the descriptive parts.

The other legends of Arthur's knights here given are "The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," and "The Passing of Arthur." The last is the old "Morte d'Arthur," newly set as we have mentioned, and neither of the other two is so good as "Pelleas and Ettarre," both being clouded in a remoteness even from the sympathies of men, which go out willingly enough to unrealities of place and time, if only there be human beings there; though barren shapes of uncertain parable repel them, however fair to see. We get little use or pleasure from "Lucretius," one of the poems in this book, for much the same reason that makes the seekers for "The Holy Grail" a trouble to us; and for the reason that we like "Pelleas and Ettarre," we feel the beauty and excellence of "The Golden Supper." The story is that old one of Boccaccio's—when will he cease to enrich the world?—about the lover who found his lady not dead as her husband thought, and pos-

sessed himself of her only to restore her to her lord, with a great magnificence, at the banquet he gave before leaving his land forever. The tale is richly and splendidly told, with that grace and tenderness which we should expect of such a theme in the hands of such a poet, yet with fewer lines or passages than usual to gather up, out of its excellence, for special admiration. We are tempted to give the close, not so much because we are certain it is the best part, as because we know it to be good. The reader is to understand that Lionel is the husband, who has declared that if a supposed analogous case had happened no one could have any claim but the lover, when suddenly his wife appears with her child (born since what seemed her death), and Julian says:—

"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;  
And were it only for the giver's sake,  
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,  
Yet cast her not away so suddenly,  
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:  
I leave this land forever! Here he ceased.

"Then taking his dear lady by one hand,  
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,  
He slowly brought them both to Lionel.  
And there the widower husband and dead wife  
Rush'd each at each with a cry, that rather seem'd  
For some new death than for a life renew'd;  
At this the very babe began to wail;  
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in  
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him  
With kisses, round him clos'd and clasp'd again.  
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself  
From wife and child, and lifted up a face  
All over glowing with the sun of life,  
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this  
So fought our good friend, that turning to me,  
And saying, 'It is over: let us go'—  
There were our horses ready at the doors—  
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these,  
He past forever from his native land."

*Discourses on Various Occasions.* By the REVEREND FATHER HYACINTHE, late Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, and Preacher of the Conferences of Notre Dame. Translated by LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON. With a Biographical Sketch. New York: G. P. Putnam and Son.

JUDGING Father Hyacinthe by these efforts, one finds him a man by no means so great as he appears in the act which has lately caught the attention of mankind. We do not think the reader will be struck by the clearness, the force, or the eloquence of his style; these traits, which he has in

degree, seem to have been exaggerated in the enthusiasm and affection of his hearers; as happens with the merits of most preachers. As to Father Hyacinthe's liberality, it is the charity, the toleration, which has been felt by many good men of his church for those they consider in error; but it means nothing like Protestantism, and does not allow for anything but an ecclesiastical Christianity. The morality he preaches is very pure and sweet, and you feel the thorough excellence of a warm-hearted, poetical-minded man in all he says. But the value of his life is not in what he has said, but in what he has done; and his future course alone can fix this value. At present he has for conscience' sake disobeyed the orders of the Carmelite general, and is excommunicated. The logical conclusion of this is entire separation from the Roman Church, and union with the Christians who believe that conscience is the church in every soul. But Father Hyacinthe has not as yet followed his act to a logical conclusion; he has simply performed an act of magnanimous defiance. We must all wait; but in the mean time we can all honor him, perhaps not as a very profound or acute mind, but as a pure and courageous spirit, which has so far been true to itself.

The sermons here are almost entirely upon secular topics, and are rather more remarkable for political than religious liberality, for they distinctly pronounce against the personal government and military spirit of Caesarism. The biographical sketch is slight, but interesting.

*The Elements of Tachygraphy.* Illustrating the First Principles of the Art, with their Adaptation to the Wants of Literary, Professional, and Business Men. Designed as a Text-Book for Classes and Private Instruction. By DAVID PHILIP LINDSLEY. Boston: Otis Clapp.

WE have a real pleasure in speaking of this system of shorthand, to which the inventor has given the longest and ugliest name he could contrive. Its principles are so clear and simple that they can be understood with an hour's study; and a week's practice will put the student in possession of an art which will relieve him of half the pain and labor of writing. Until a writing-machine is invented (without which our century is still as benighted, in one respect, as any since the invention of the alphabet),

Mr. Lindsley's system must seem the greatest possible benefaction. Phonography is a science to which months of study must be given, and in the acquirement of which the memory is burdened with a multitude of arbitrary and variable signs; while in Tachygraphy the letters are almost invariable, and as easily memorized as the ordinary Roman characters; a single impulse of the hand forms each letter; there are as few detached marks as in ordinary chirography; and the writing is fluent and easy. As with other easy writing, the hardness is in the reading; not because each letter is not perfectly distinct and intelligible, but because words in the common printing and writing are less assemblages of letters speaking to the mind than pictures appealing to the eye. This, however, will trouble the beginner only; and the art is at once available in the careful kinds of literary work, where the writer copies and copies again. Of course, in Tachygraphy the lunatical vagaries of English orthography are unknown; the spelling is phonetic, — and this is another drawback, so used are we to the caprices of an orthography of which no burlesque can be half so absurd as itself. But this difficulty also is easily overcome, and, after a little practice, the learner finds himself spelling sanely with a sensation of absolute pleasure.

The chirography which Mr. Lindsley has invented is very graceful; and we should think that it could never be so ill written as the ordinary kind. What degree of speed may be attainable in it, or whether it could advantageously supplant phonography in reporting, we do not know; but we feel certain that to editors, clergymen, and the whole vast and increasing body of literary men, it must prove a great advantage; and we commend it to the attention of teachers as a system which might very well be taught in schools.

*Memoir and Writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli.* New and Complete Edition. New York: The Tribune Association. 6 vols. 12mo.

IT is very fitting that a new and permanent edition of the writings of Margaret Fuller Ossoli should proceed from the New York Tribune Association. It was the Tribune which first gave her a wider public than her Boston coterie; and perhaps no other newspaper would then have ventured to enlist such genius and such cul-

ture as hers for the production of "human nature's daily food" in the way of book-notices. It was putting Pegasus in harness; and some of us can still remember how Pegasus reared and plunged, and snorted defiance to other winged steeds, which snorted yet more violently back. But after all it was a great epoch when she lingered in that harness; and the authoring of to-day, turning over these brilliant and pungent pages, must wish that some successor of Margaret Fuller yet lived, to pronounce his doom with as superb a scorn. We have more deliberate and more judicious critics still among us, and some quite as impulsive; but who pronounces doom so brilliantly? Who wields a scymitar so keen as hers, by which, as in the Arabian tale, the victim was decapitated without knowing it until he shook his head?

Utterly free from unfair personalities herself, she had yet an occasional superciliousness of manner, even when she aimed at humility; and this brought down very bitter personalities on her head. Before these were at their height, she had left America, and had exchanged literature for life, as she ere long exchanged time for eternity. But the literary antagonisms she called forth may have only added zeal to the friendships she won,—and no American woman perhaps has had so many or so honorable friendships. The memoirs which precede this edition are a sort of votive offering of personal regard; and coming as they do from some of the most gifted among the men of her time, they constitute just the tribute her nature would have craved. The other volumes contain all of her writings that are likely to be preserved for posterity, and these were selected with the greatest care by her brother Arthur, who has since died a death almost as dramatic as her own.

The essay on "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," with some companion papers, fills one volume; the three others being respectively devoted to her travels, under the name of "At Home and Abroad"; to her papers on "Art, Literature, and the Drama"; and to other papers not very distinct in character from these, under the vaguer title of "Life Without and Life Within." These all show the same qualities,—a varied but rather irregular and unequal scholarship; wonderful "lyric glimpses" of thought, as Emerson called them; a steady elevation of aim; an impatience, not always courteous, of shallowness or

charlatanism in others; a high appreciation of artistic excellence, without the constructive power necessary for its attainment. For want of this, an impression of inadequacy and incompleteness attaches to her completest works; yet the latest are usually the best, and indicate the steady literary progress that would probably have been hers had not a higher step in progress occurred instead. As it is, there is probably no American author, save Emerson, who has planted so many germs of high thought in other minds.

It is certain that in many high literary qualities she has left no equal among American women, and very few among American men. With the generation that knew her will depart much of the prestige of her personal influence, and all the remembrance of whatever unattractive qualities may have alloyed it. This will leave her purely intellectual influence to exert its full weight, for a time at least, on those who are to come. She will still be, for a generation certainly, one of the formative influences of the American mind. How her reputation, or anybody's, will endure the terrible winnowing of a hundred years is something which no contemporary can foretell.

*Art-Thoughts. The Experiences and Observations of an American Amateur in Europe.* By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

THERE are two ways of educating the public in a knowledge and appreciation of the Fine Arts: one, by making it actually familiar with the best works of art; the other, by right statement and criticism of what has been done, and speculation on what should be done, by artists in their several departments of work. The first is indispensable, if any high standard of excellence in art is to be attained. The second is of less importance, but still highly useful. The beautiful in art, no less than in nature, "is its own excuse for being," and will sooner or later find a response in the popular mind. Still, so long as some people will say of a work of art, "This is so," and others, "It is not so," we owe a debt always to those who, combining a love and knowledge of art with the capacity of writing well about it, publish the results of their thoughts, and help us to some means of judging it.

We confess to never having got much

satisfaction from mere theorizing and philosophizing about art. Mr. Ruskin did excellent service in deposing some of the idols of the past, and placing Claude, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, and others, just where they belong; but we could not accompany this iconoclast when he lifted up Turner as a greater idol, and offered incense to him alone, as the completest genius of the age. And as to those didactic essays in the second volume of his *Modern Landscape Painters*, such efforts are little better, it seems to us, than most treatises of doctrinal theology. The true artist will find his art-creed expressed in a very few words, just as the Christian believer may sum up his faith in the simple formula of the New Testament, "Love to God and man."

We hear it frequently asserted by artists, provoked by the stings and arrows of outrageous criticism in the papers, that no person but an artist should undertake to be an art critic. There may be some truth in this assertion. So far as criticism is concerned with the form, the style, and execution of the work, artists should be the best critics, for the very good reason, namely, that their knowledge is experimental. But art is idea as well as expression. And it may be said that, of the idea embodied in a work of art, those who are "outsiders" may be as competent to judge as the artist. It is even argued that they may be better qualified, for the very reason that they are not tempted, as the artist is, to sink the idea in the sensuous expression. However this may be, it is clear enough that those who write of art should at least have a natural love of it; they must have the artistic temperament and eye, and a long familiarity, through observation and study, with what they propose to talk about. Certainly, if the artist be intelligent and cultivated, in a larger than a mere professional way, his thoughts about art should have special weight. The artists at any rate should take the initiative in the field of criticism. If we could collect all that is said candidly and without prejudice by *all* of them, say at some public exhibition, and have it clearly expressed, we should come nearer getting the *cream* of criticism than in any other way.

This, however, does not seem to be the popular notion. Anybody, it is thought, who can write well, and uses his eyes, can write about art. None but scientific students should criticise a work on science; none but financiers are held qualified to

speak of finance; none but musical people may speak authoritatively of music; none but literary people, with a love for poetry, and capacity for appreciating it, should review a poem. But any scribbler in the daily papers can rush into the artist's studio, or the Academy of Design, and dash off a popular bit of art criticism. It only needs good eyes, and a little familiarity with sculpture and painting, it seems, to judge of art. Why should it require more than is needed to judge of the aspects of nature?

In America, unfortunately, very few persons of literary power trouble themselves with writing about art. It is not yet made a specialty as in Europe. Here the standard of art is not fixed. It has entirely changed during the last quarter of a century, and is still changing. Names and reputations which then loomed up as the brightest have been eclipsed by those of younger men. In the landscape department especially, our painters have gone far ahead of what passed for excellent when Cole, Durand, and Doughty were the fashion. In every department of art there is a demand for higher themes and better works. The conventional, the academic, pale before subjects drawn fresh from nature, and embodying some original idea or sentiment, in exactness and finish of execution. Besides, American art has to compete with European art. Our best private collections of pictures are drawn chiefly from France, Belgium, and Germany.

Art criticism with us is very much inferior to the average criticism on books, far behind that on music and musical performers. Such is the prevalent uncertainty in the public mind as to what is really good in art, that editors and their readers are apt to welcome any clever writer who undertakes to do the "art notices" for them. Mr. Jarves's books are about the only earnest and authoritative works of this kind we know of in America. In the papers and magazines we have had a great deal of so-called criticism, from the soft "mush-of-concession" style to the intensely patronizing, the satirical, the carping, the savage; of genuine, wise, large, appreciative art criticism, almost nothing. We are disposed, therefore, to make the most of a writer who enters this difficult field with sound and various knowledge, and a zeal nearly always balanced by a sense of justice.

The author of "Art-Thoughts" has long been known, here and abroad, as a learned

connoisseur and collector, chiefly of pictures by the old masters, and as a writer whose opinions are enlightened, earnest, and independent. Though not, like Mr. Ruskin, an artist, he shows that he is familiarly acquainted with art, old and new; and his evident knowledge and appreciation of his subject, his usually excellent criticisms, his clear and vigorous style, entitle him to a high rank as a writer in this department. In this, his latest book, he goes over a very wide space historically, treating of the Pagan and Christian idea in art, the art and religion of Etruria, comparing classical and Christian art, and discussing architecture, modern Italian art, life and religion, the art of Holland, Belgium, Spain, Germany, England, Japan, China, France. He has something, but not much, to say of American art; and his closing chapters treat of Minor Arts, Amateurship, and the Art of the Future. On all these topics he has excellent things to say. His tone is thoughtful and discriminating. He is not unduly biassed by any clique or school. He shows a healthy tendency to appreciate the idea in art, and yet a delicate and acute sense of what is best in style and execution. We find ourselves agreeing with him generally in his thoughts about the old masters, and in his characterization of most of the modern French and English painters. There is truth, too, in what he says of American art. Yet there is here a tone of depreciation which shows less thorough acquaintance with our best works. Such observations as the following we regard as out of keeping with Mr. Jarves's usual sound judgment:—

"Indeed, it is not uncommon to find successful artists, as regards making money, who have begun life as traders, mechanics, or writers. There is so little real artistic fibre as yet, that most of those engaged in the one career would have met with equal success in the other, had circumstances drawn them to it. Of art, as genius, we have none; as the expression of an æsthetic constitution and ambition, very little; of conscientious study and profound knowledge, even less; but, as the fruit of the demand-and-supply principle of business, much. An increasing number of persons engage in art for no sincere purpose except speedily to become rich; their credit, like that of merchants, being based on the amount of business they do."

There is no doubt a certain amount of truth in these statements, but it is exagger-

ated. Besides, it applies no less to European than to American artists. The mercantile spirit among artists is peculiar to no one country. And we regret to see Mr. Jarves make the mistake of asserting that it exists any more among Americans than among any other people. He has been misled by having his attention drawn too exclusively to the pecuniary successes of a few of our painters and sculptors, whose works happen to be very popular. Then, as to money-making, how can Mr. Jarves suppose that art as a *business*, bringing sure and solid pecuniary profit, can be, except in very rare cases, in the remotest degree comparable with the thousand other avenues to wealth, open to enterprise and industry in America?

Another error we think he falls into, namely, that artists in general are not the best judges of art. We have already indicated our views on this point. Mr. Jarves says:—

"The best judges of objects of art in general are found, not among artists, but those who stake their money and reputation on them as dealers, restorers, or connoisseurs. Most artists limit their instruction to a speciality of their epoch. Seldom do they interest themselves in what does not immediately concern their own studies or aims. As a class, they are more indifferent to old art of any kind, and less versed in its history, character, motives, and methods, than amateurs."

But in his subsequent observations he indirectly admits that amateurs and collectors are apt to fall into mistakes about the real value of objects of art. Artists, it is true, may be easily deceived as to the *authenticity* of this or that "old master"; for to become a sharp detective in this line requires a training rather outside an artist's legitimate education. This is the connoisseur's work. But as to the *genuine worth* of objects of art, old and new, irrespective of names and reputations, it seems to us educated artists are far less liable to err, because with them a perception of form, drawing, color, tone, style, composition, light and shade, and in fine all that goes to make up a picture (and the same applies to sculpture), is the result of mental constitution and long and habitual training *in the direction of nature and art*, and not, as with the collector, founded on mere study and comparison of works of this or that school, or age, or country.

Among the small mistakes of the author



is that of classing William Page with the idealists in painting. To our mind Mr. Page stands as one of our foremost realists. He does nothing well unless the original is always before his eye. Again, Mr. Jarves makes Messrs. Moore and Farver exact literalists as to "truth in design and *hue*." Now, whatever excellence may be claimed for them as draughtsmen, few have discovered that they succeed in getting anywhere near the *color* of natural forms. This literal color of the landscape is just where they fail. Nor are we any better satisfied with what seems to us an underestimate of Mr. Story, and an over-estimate of Miss Hosmer, as sculptors.

Not the least of Mr. Jarves's merits as a critic is the constant prominence he gives to the idea in art, as well as to the harmony which should subsist between it and the expression.

We feel that though the formula of soul and body, substance and form, idea and expression, applicable to all art, is trite enough, it has nearly always been practically ignored, and especially in this age, which is so fertile in easy material for thought to work in. In art the idea or sentiment must be embodied in a *definite* and prescribed form, which form is imposed with unyielding strictness. Yet by these limitations art is not fettered, but rather assisted. The painter is not restrained by the size, shape, and flatness of his canvas. The sculptor is not balked by his sticky clay or his hard marble. The musician uses his rules of counterpoint as so many necessary stepping-stones, piers, or abutments for the golden bridge of his divine symphony. The poet blesses the fourteen-line prison of the sonnet. The form must be impregnated with the idea, but must always remain perfect as form. So, in proportion as thought scorns its limits and overflows its dikes and breaks down its barriers, it degenerates from true art, no less than when it fails to fill out the form, and dribbles away in puny rills or stagnates in dull pools.

The artist's work differs from that of the prophet, the preacher, the political editor, the reformer, the philosopher, and all who seek to impress by the simple enunciation of an idea, or by a process of ratiocination. Theirs is the blast of the bugle or the play of a melody,—the meaning uttered almost anyhow, so that it be understood. But the artist is concerned about *harmonious* utterance. He presides not over the speaking-trumpet or the Al-

pine horn,—though a thousand echoes answer,—but over some grand organ, or whatever instrument may best represent the complete orchestral beauty and harmony of inspired thought. From a necessity of his æsthetic constitution, he must hold his thought in suspense till it is fitly embodied in a beautiful form; and, this done, the form must not prove so fascinating as to enervate and subjugate the fresh vigor and truth of his thought.

When we come to apply this test to the works of art of the century, it will be found that those which fulfil the large requirements hoped for in respect to truth and beauty of expression are but a slender proportion of the whole.

Somehow the age seems to groove out channels for art in a material, rather than an intellectual and æsthetic, direction. The idea and sentiment are lost in the embodiment, till the body is gradually vitiated by hopeless mannerism.

Powers makes us a statue or bust which is a faultless form, no more. The French painters carry cleverness of manipulation to intolerable excess. The triumph of the English school in water-colors makes mannerists of them, and infects their oil-painting with feebleness and falsity. The German landscapes seem nearly all ground out of the same mill. Music runs into strained effects, and excessive flourish and ornament; and those are accounted the best performers who astonish most by musical gymnastics and pyrotechnics. Poetry loses its simplicity of thought and feeling, and degenerates into exquisiteness of rhythm, or stilted and artificial diction. The artist's hand gets the better of his thought, and runs away with him, the thought being too puny to inspire and guide it. And so, as Emerson says, "Man is subdued by his instruments."

Go into our galleries, and you will see line after line of pictures where there is absolutely the washiest dilution of thought, the feeblest gleam of feeling, while in many cases the painting may be perfect as painting. You will see the same sort of thing repeated over and over again, with little variation, till you wonder if there be any originality or freshness, any force of invention, left among the painters. Exceptions, of course, there are. We only speak now of the general tendency to tame, monotonous levels of thought. We would rather see the artists content themselves with sketches, rough and vigorous, or soft and tender, where there is nevertheless a sentiment expressed,

or, on the other hand, adopt the extreme hard realistic style of treating nature, than have this perpetual surfeit of mannerism, — these annually recurring *réchauffés* of something already done, — these crowds of eye-pleasing canvases, signifying nothing, exciting no thrill of delight, and having no magnetic attraction for us after we have once passed them.

For the test of a true work of art is the power it has to draw us again and again into its presence. This holds in painting and sculpture, as in music and poetry. Something must be there which, over and above the material form, fascinates the soul. Without this, the beautiful body of art can never fulfil to the mind its promise to the eye.

The artists seem generally more occupied with their vocabulary than their idea. The old complaint against them comes up continually, that they tend to be too academic. They need the influence of a more realistic school. While they grapple with the difficulties of art, they must, Antæus-like, touch earth again and again, forever drawing new strength and refreshment from Nature.

The reaction toward realism has shown itself to some extent in America; but its decided exhibition has been confined to certain peculiar little pictures, by a few young landscapists, who have apparently spurned all the rules and teachings of the masters, and have struck out what they call a "new path" for themselves. If we take any pleasure in their works, it is solely that we see an earnest attempt to get at the literal truth of nature, in a way entirely outside all

accepted canons. After our surfeit of vapid and conventional pictures, there is refreshment even in some of these raw productions. But there are signs of a healthier and more enlightened realism among us, — a realism which accepts those rules in art founded on law (the laws of color and tone, for instance, which are quite as imperative as the laws of harmony in music), and rejects only rules derived from a pedantic academicism.

On the other hand, we are not insensible of the value of the old masters to the artist. For we do not think any artist has completed his education till he has attained some familiarity with the best of them. But even *their* value is to be tested by the same law by which we test all art. Here, we think, Mr. Jarves shows a tendency to confound the connoisseur with the critic in art. The connoisseur may live so long among the old masters, genuine or copies, as to come to imagine the learning of the *expert* and the knowledge and perception of the artist to be one and the same thing. However, the broad and healthy tone of Mr. Jarves's book shows that he is generally free from undue bias in the direction of the old masters solely on the ground of their reputation.

We cannot conclude this notice without testifying to the fresh and elevated tone of thought running through this book. Mr. Jarves's theological views are enlightened and humane; his idea of man's nature and destiny large and cheering; and the future he foresees for America is one of the highest culture and development.

